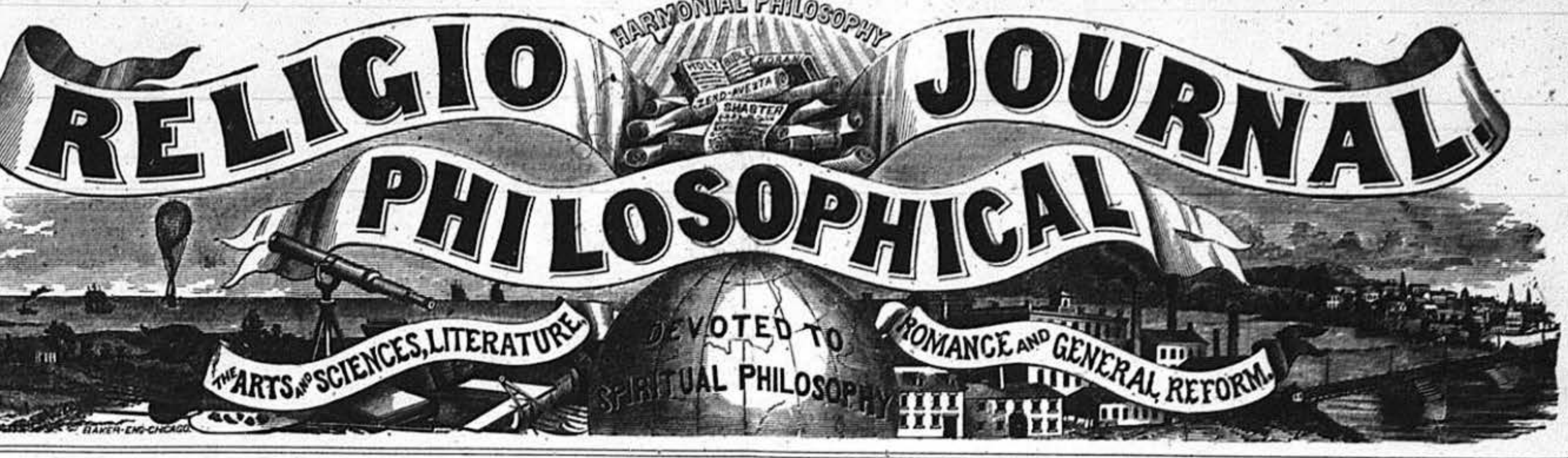

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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Immortality from the Standpoint of the Modern World.

Rev. Minot J. Savage's Easter Sermon, Delivered in Unity Church, Boston.

On Easter Sunday, April 13th, the Rev. Minot J. Savage delivered, in the Church of the Unity, Boston, the following sermon:

> For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures;
> And that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures;
> And that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve;
> After that he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep.
> After that he was seen of James; then of all the apostles.
> And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time. —*I. Cor., xv.*, 3-8.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" asks the old poet author of the book of Job. And it is safe to assume that no other one question has so long and so deeply stirred the heart of man. Since the first father, mother, friend, looked down on the first white, dead face and wondered what it all meant, until to-day, men have tried to lift at least a corner of the leaden curtain of darkness and silence. They have peered, they have listened. Some have said they caught the sudden gleam of a face, or the swift beckoning of a hand; or that they heard a low whisper out of the stillness. Others have taken all these things to be only the subjective impressions of an excited brain, or a longing fancy. So, after all these thousands of years, a large part of the world is waiting and asking still.

For perfect clearness and accuracy of thought, we need, from the outset, to bear in mind one important distinction. Even if we could prove to demonstration that some soul had survived the dissolution of the body, we should not then have established immortality. This means endless continued existence. And it is, at any rate, quite conceivable that a soul might continue through many such changes as that we call death, and still come to an end at last. This distinction, however, is important only for clearness of thought. If we could be quite certain that this first stupendous change does not mean the cessation of conscious, personal existence, the most of us would confidently take our chances as to the results of any future crisis beyond that. To this one point, then, let us address ourselves, and see how it looks from the standpoint of the modern world. The disciples of Jesus claimed that he reappeared to them after his death; that they saw him, talked with him, and made themselves sure of his identity; and all this on more than one occasion. This is the most notable instance of the kind on record, for it was made the foundation-stone of a great religion, and this religion is the one which has coincided with the greatest civilization of the world. Paul says: "If Christ be not risen, then your faith is vain"—the basis of Christianity is gone. We will take this claim, then, as our starting point. Let us refresh our memories with the outlines of the familiar story. Jesus had been with his disciples for three—to them—precious years. They had come to believe that he was, indeed, the

PROMISED MESSIAH OF THEIR RACE,

who was to establish on earth a perfect condition of human society which they called "the kingdom of heaven." But at last, disappointed and dismayed, they find him in the hands of the Roman power. This power, urged on by the influential and official portion of his own people, has put him to an ignominious death, the death of a common criminal. This is Friday afternoon. And now—as we see in the case of the two friends who, through the cool of the evening, walked to Emmaus—the disciples have given up all hope. With an undertow of exceeding sadness and disappointment, we hear them saying: "We trusted that this had been he who should have redeemed Israel." But it is plain that the trust is gone. They read in the cross only one more terrible failure. But on Sunday morning they are startled by the report that somebody had seen him alive again. He suddenly appears to the wondering little company, though the doors be shut; and, after a brief conversation, as suddenly vanishes again. At another time, he eats with them, and shows them his wounded hands and side, telling them he is no spirit only, but has flesh and bones like themselves. And then, long after, when they supposed him to be with God in the skies, he appears to Paul in a vision, and he talks of having "seen" him, as truly as had the rest of the apostles. As the immediate result of these "appearances," their hopes revive again. In the confident assurance that they are the disciples of a living master, they start out to preach their "good news," that the reign of death is ended; that Jesus is only withdrawn into the heavens for a little time, and that he will quickly return to reign over the kingdom of their grandest hopes. These later expectations, we know, have not been fulfilled. But our concern, for to-day, is only with this story of the reappearance. Let us then note two or three things concerning their report. What is the nature and value of their testimony? Reverently, and with perfect frankness, we must deal with this from the standpoint of the modern world. Though they be Jesus's own words, we cannot agree with them, when he says: "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." We do, indeed, believe many things which we have not seen; but when it is a question of material fact, like the alleged coming to life of the dead, this is no matter of legitimate faith, but calls for adequate evidence. We must respect Thomas, then, for being a doubter until the proof was forthcoming. The world has suffered too much by "taking things for granted" for us any longer to consider it a virtue. As, then, we look over the evidence of the four gospels, we find it confused and extraordinary. No matter if it be on minor points—as, for example, as to whether it was Peter or Mary Magdalen who first saw him; or as to whether it was before light or about sunrise. The Holy Spirit does not make mistakes as to matters of fact. This much, however, may well be said. Though the contradictions are utterly inconsistent with divine inspiration, they are not such as to necessarily impeach the accuracy of the story from a merely human point of view. These variations of detail are only such as we are all familiar with in the testimony of honest people concerning things that we know are true. But if Jesus actually reappeared, it is a fact of a very strange and unusual kind. And extraordinary facts require extraordinary testimony, both as to quantity and quality. You may reasonably believe almost anybody when he asserts facts of common, daily occurrence. But when a person asserts that very strange and unusual things have happened, it is only common sense and common sanity to demand a proof that is adequate. People may be very honest and yet very greatly mistaken. Were not this principle adopted in our courts,

JUSTICE WOULD MISCARRY

much oftener than it actually does. Have we then, here in our New Testament, reasonably satisfactory evidence that Jesus really appeared to his disciples after his death? Frankly, we must admit that we have not. We do have abundant evidence in the records and in the history of Christianity that the disciples honestly believed that he was still alive after his crucifixion. But for this belief the course of human history would have been changed. But Christianity is not the only religion that is rooted in what seems so doubtful a soil. Had not the followers of Mohammed believed in his supernatural claims, had he not believed in them himself, it is doubtful if there would have been any Mohammedanism. A similar thing may be said of Buddhism, of Mormonism, and of many another movement in human history. But what is the precise nature of this testimony? To give us rational ground for belief to-day we need a great deal of remarkably good evidence. And it is hardly too much to say that we do not have it. We are not sure of the testimony of one single eye-witness. The gospels are anonymous, and contain only hearsay. We cannot trace one single witness to his home, find his name, his standing in the community, his carefulness as an observer, or his means for a knowledge of the facts. The apostle Paul is the only even apparent exception to this statement. He tells us, in what are undoubtedly his own words, that "last of all, he was seen of us also." But this supposed seeing was long after the alleged ascension into heaven. It was on the occasion of his vision on the road to Damascus; and he distinctly tells us in another place that he had never known Jesus "after the flesh."

The church does not help us any in this matter, for all her Easter ceremonials, and even the date itself, are older than Christianity, and are palpably borrowed from pagan sources. On such testimony then as the New Testament furnishes us for so stupendous a claim as the reappearance of Jesus no modern court would convict a criminal of petit larceny. A thousand times more evidence in favor of spirit return in the modern world is offered us by the despised and outcast body of Spiritualists. And yet thousands believe an alleged fact 1851 years old, while rejecting a good deal better testimony for alleged facts on the part of their next door neighbors. In the next place, if the Orthodox claim be true, and Christ was God, his rising from the tomb after lying in it only two nights, would hardly be good evidence that we shall rise from our graves after having gone back to dust for thousands of years. A wholly exceptional case like this is hardly good ground on which to base a common hope for our common race. But, once more, if he was a man like ourselves, and if we can find reason to think he really did appear to his friends after his death, then we may reasonably hope. For one such fact would prove that death is not necessarily the

DISSOLUTION OF OUR PERSONALITY.

If one man survives the shock, then

> "We are (not) such stuff as dreams are made of, and
> Our little lives are (not) rounded with a sleep."

Then we might shout, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" But for this ancient story, alas! we have no such satisfactory evidence. Do you not want such evidence? I most certainly do. Yet there are in this modern world many true, sweet souls who, like Harriet Martineau, say they have had enough. They do not quarrel overmuch with life; but they get tired and only ask for sleep. I, too, get tired, and often I feel oppressed with "the weight of all this weary world." But still I want to live. The wonder and the love of all this conscious existence are very strange and very sweet to me. The mystery and glory of the world sweep over me at times, until I feel, for days together, like a child at a show, looking with wide-eyed wonder at the visible embodiment of an endless fairy tale. Even if this is all, I am glad with every breath to be alive. And do not think that this is because I walk through no darkness and thrill with the agony of no sorrows. Few, perhaps, are more sensitive; for, if I know the heights of heaven, I have also walked the gloom of hell. But I have stood on sunny mountain peaks of experience, when one swift moment's ecstasy was pay enough for years of sorrow. I need no heaven then as payment for earthly trials. So I have no sympathy with the doleful wail of Tennyson:

> "Shall he,
> "Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
> Who battled for the true, the just,
> Be blown about in desert dust,
> Or sealed within the iron hills?
> "No more? A monster then, a dream,
> A discord. Dragons of the prime
> Who tore each other in their slime,
> Were mellow music matched with him."

But I want still to live and labor and think and love. What will the world be in a thousand years? I want to know, and to help on, if I may, in whatever sphere, the process of evolution. I want to travel this wondrous universe, explore its deeps and stand on its light-crowned heights. So, standing here on the lower one of

> —"The world's great altar stairs
> That slope through darkness up to God,"

I want to climb and see if the mystery resolves itself, and so find the key to this great enigma of life. Let us then address ourselves anew to our problem. It is 1851 years since the alleged reappearance of Jesus. How stands the matter to-day? Though the church claims that Jesus was God, and that he came on purpose to establish a divine kingdom among men, only a small part of the human race knows anything about him, and but a fraction of even this small part accepts the claims that are made on his behalf. From the church's standpoint it looks dreadfully like

A DISASTROUS FAILURE.

The average Christian seems but half in earnest about it Paul says, "To die is gain," and "to depart and be with Christ is far better" than to live. But church members to-day do not at all act as though they really believed it. Very little is the apparent consolation they find in the hour of death. With crape on their doors, they wail over going to heaven, as though it were the last great disaster that crowns with gloom a Christian's life. I think it will be the honest testimony of both doctors and ministers, that the Christian dies no more peacefully than other men. I have just learned that my old father of 90, after more than seventy years of active work as an Orthodox church member, is now mourning by the day over the fear of going to hell. "Miserable comforters are ye all," may we well say of this great promising group of orthodox doctrines that claim to speak for God. After this 1851 years, then, we find a world divided—so far as our purpose needs to take account of it—into three great camps. On the one hand is the great army of science. Its greatest leaders are agnostic—they simply say, "We do not know." In personal conversation with Herbert Spencer he has given to me his opinion that, concerning the matter of a future life, science can neither affirm nor deny. "Evolution," he says, "does not necessarily touch the question. It stands just where it did before." Such, in substance, also, is the opinion of Huxley, of Tyndall, of John Fiske and the other great exponents of modern thought, both in Europe and America. Personally they may believe or doubt, but no wise or cautious man among them will claim any scientific warrant for positive affirmation either way. At the other extreme stands the great army of Spiritualists. In spite of frauds and delusions, which are only too numerous; in spite of all the "exposures," false or true; in spite of learned "explanations" of all the strange phenomena, it is still true that this army is on the increase. Converts of science, the church and the world are swelling their ranks. Only still more evidence of depravity, thinks the church; only another swelling toward the flood of the overturning tide of popular superstition, thinks science. In any case, it is true the tide is rising, whatever be the cause. Scientists, philosophers, physicians, statesmen, novelists, poets, artists, jurists, people of every rank and country, are declaring their conviction that those we call the dead do live, and that they can send back proofs of both their existence and their identity. Between these two great armies stands traditional orthodoxy. It possesses the advantages of neither side, and between them, as though they were upper and nether millstones, its crumbling and inconsistent material is in danger of being ground to powder. It has neither the logical method of science nor the present-claimed proofs of Spiritualism. It drifts down the

CURRENT OF THE CENTURIES,

swept on by the force of tradition. But, like an iceberg at sea, however bravely it may glitter, it is getting into latitudes too light and too warm for it, and is destined to melt away. The great question of the modern world is as to whether this is a material or a spiritual universe. And this question the church cannot help us to settle. Science has a vast body of truth capable of constantly repeated verification. Spiritualism has a large body of asserted truth that she at least claims to be able to prove by ocular and tangible demonstration. As against these, orthodox Christianity has only the traditional testimony of certain unknown men long since dead. In talking with one of America's best known literary men the other day, he expressed his conviction in—as nearly as I can remember—words like these: "The battle, it seems to me, has got to be fought out between the agnostic scientists and the Spiritualists. Orthodoxy is now only a tradition, and does not count." So far as this great problem of continued existence is concerned, I agree with him. Let us see then if we can justify this opinion, and see where a rational man may stand in this modern world. A few words more as to the orthodox position. As fine a morality and as profound and tender a spirituality of character as the church can show are to-day found on every hand outside its walls. It has no monopoly of the anti-materialistic philosophy of the world. As a church, then, it contributes to the solution of our problem only an alleged fact of reappearance after death, testified to by inaccessible and unknown witnesses. Science rules the testimony out of court, and declares it to be incompetent. While Spiritualism, on the other hand, claims that she can offer a thousand similar facts, testified to by living witnesses, at the same time she rejects the body of doctrine that the church has built up. Even if her asserted fact be granted, either science or Spiritualism can assimilate and use it for their own purposes, while rejecting all else that is special or peculiar. We will leave it out of account, therefore, and see what the others have to say. We pass then to consider the attitude of science. I take science first, because if it can prove that the belief in continued existence is not true, or that, even if it is true, we can never find it out except by dying, why then of course the discussion is at an end. In speaking of the attitude of science I need to define myself. The spirit of dogmatism is not confined to any one section of humanity. So we need not be surprised to find scientific dogmatists as well as religious ones. Men like Clifford and Haeckel and Buchner are ready to declare very vigorously that all hope of future existence after death is absurd. But in so doing they violate the spirit of science and go beyond the facts. When they say such things, you may comfort yourselves by reflecting that you are listening to their individual voices and not to the voice of science. For it has gone to the utmost limit of its legitimate warrant when it has modestly said, "I don't know." But this is by no means the end. For, in the first place, the belief has the field; and it has a right to retain it until it is driven out by fact and argument. And, in the next place, all that science knows on the subject is open to the investigation of

ANY INTELLIGENT MAN;

and he is at liberty to put his own construction on the facts, so long as he does not contradict any established principle of reason. And it is my opinion that the facts and reasonings of science are by no means all on the side of doubt. Let me hint a few points for your consideration. To my mind, it is much that science cannot disprove the hope that

> "Springs eternal in the human breast."

Then this hope itself is a fact produced by, and springing out of, the universe, a fact that must be accounted for, at least, before it is rejected. And though some of the forms that this hope has assumed may have been explained, the fact itself has not. The dominant science of the world is anti-materialistic, through and through. The demonstration of the law of the persistence and correlation of forces demonstrates the immateriality of mind. Thought and feeling, that which is highest and most distinctive in man, the materialist can give no rational account of. Mind—an insoluble mystery—is found in company with matter—an insoluble mystery; and that is all that science knows about it. If any man shall confidently attempt to "explain" either of them to you, you may set him down at once as an ignoramus. Since, then, science cannot explain mind as the result of putting together cunningly devised particles of matter, it cannot assert that this same mind will cease to be when the material particles are taken to pieces. It is open to any man to say that he has never seen any mental action that was not associated with a brain. And then it is equally open to you to tell him that there are, doubtless, a great many other things that he has not seen, which things may, nevertheless, be true. Col. Ingersoll said the other day: "I don't know much about it, for I live in one of the rural districts of the universe." That thought may well make all of us modest. Then again, science demonstrates that the invisible and intangible forces of the universe are mightier than all we can see and handle. And it proves that all so-called facts and phenomena are the outcome and product of an unseen and eternal energy that we cannot think of or figure as material. It only needs to make this eternal energy prescient and loving, and we have the God of the highest thought of Jesus—He who is "spirit," and who is to be "worshiped in spirit and in truth." And once more, for all that any man knows to the contrary, this earth may be surrounded, encompassed and accompanied in its mighty sweep through space by an invisible, intangible, though intensely active world—a world beautiful in form and color, and peopled by wise and loving intelligences akin to ourselves. On what looks like indubitable evidence, science asks us already to believe as wonderful things as this. For example, the interplanetary and interstellar spaces

SEEM TO US QUITE EMPTY.

But the undulatory theory of light, which science regards as established, asks us to believe that this apparently empty space is filled with a luminiferous ether that, Prof. Stanley Jevons says, is "immensely more solid and elastic than steel." The pressure of this ether upon each square inch of the earth's surface has been calculated by Sir John Herschel to be about 17,000,000,000 pounds. "Yet," says Prof. Jevons, "we live and move without appreciable resistance through this medium, infinitely harder and more elastic than adamant." Beside the difficulty of imagining such facts as these to be true, the passing of matter through other matter, the wonders of clairvoyance or magnetism, or any claimed power of mind over matter, seem easily credible. In presence of such facts, Prof. Jevons adds: "All our ordinary notions must be laid aside; yet they are no more than the observed phenomena of light and heat force us to accept." We know that the ordinary pressure of the atmospheric air upon our bodies is about 15 pounds to the square inch. And through this the wave movements that we call light—when they are translated into consciousness—beat upon the sensitive nerves of the eye at the rate of from five hundred to eight hundred millions of millions of times in a second. By so wondrous a process do we perceive the beauty of a rose, or answer back the glances of one we love. "We see, then," says Prof. Jevons once more, "that mere difficulties of conception must not in the least discredit a theory which otherwise agrees with facts; and you must only reject hypotheses which are inconceivable in the sense of breaking distinctly the primary laws of thought and matter." And Dr. Young, the discoverer of the universally accepted theory of light, commits himself distinctly to the opinion that other inhabited spheres may be all about us. It is, then, strictly in accord with all we know that the soul may be represented as saying:

> "I know there are voices I do not hear,
> And colors I do not see;
> I know the world has numberless doors,
> Of which I have not the key."

Science, then doesn't negative such a belief; and she compels us to accept a universe quite as wondrous. If one will believe only plain and simple things, he will believe very little in a universe like this. To the wise man it is all wonder. Leaving science, then, let us pass to what is known as modern Spiritualism. Without fear or favor, I shall try to treat this fairly, as I endeavor to all other subjects.

And at the outset, let me remark that it is too big a factor in modern life to be ignored. Thousands and thousands in Europe and America believe in its central claim. There are thousands of silent believers who do not like to be called knave or fool, and so keep still about it. Like Nicodemus they come by night, "lest they be cast out of the synagogue." It is my conviction that, whether true or false, it

OUGHT TO BE INVESTIGATED

by competent minds. If it is true, ignoring it will not blot it out. If false, the thousands of deluded victims ought to be helped to find it out, and so be delivered from its bondage of error and folly. What are some of the attitudes that men take toward it? Crowds of people pooh pooh it, as all nonsense. Many are afraid of it with a sort of superstitious fear. Many, like Prof. Phelps of Andover, admit the claimed facts, but say, "It is the work of the devil." Many look at it askance because it is not "respectable."; just as churchmen in England would have nothing to do with Darwinism until Darwin himself was buried in Westminster Abbey. Now it has been recognized by "society," and they will condescend to look at it. In the presence of a great fact, it seems to me that all these attitudes are unwise. And whatever else we may say about it, that large masses of people do believe in Spiritualism is a fact. It is a fact big enough to touch and shape a large part of our modern life. Do you wish to know my own attitude toward it? I have nothing to conceal, and am willing to tell you frankly. I would like to believe its central claim. That is, I would like to know that the continued existence of the soul was demonstrated as a fact. I hope to believe, but I would like to know. Beyond that I have no prying curiosity. If I never had a single message from beyond, it would give me great content to be demonstratively certain that there is a beyond. I count my faith as very strong already. I doubt if any clergyman in Boston has a stronger belief. But if any man says he knows, on the basis of any old-time doctrine, I know that he is saying what he does not know. If he says he feels

Continued on Eighth Page.

OLD LADY MARY.

A story of the Seen and the Unseen.

[Blackwood's Magazine.]

[CONTINUED.]

VII.

Mary, when she left her kind friend in the vicarage, went out and took a long walk. She had received a shock so great that it took all sensation from her, and threw her into the seething and surging of an excitement altogether beyond her control. She could not think until she had got familiar with the idea, which, indeed, had been vaguely shaping itself in her mind ever since she had emerged from the first profound gloom and prostration of the shadow of death.

She had never definitely thought of her position before—never even asked herself what was to become of her when Lady Mary died. She did not see, any more than Lady Mary did, why she should ever die; and girls, who have never wanted anything in their lives, who have had no sharp experience to enlighten them, are slow to think upon such subjects. She had not expected anything; her mind had not formed any idea of inheritance; and it had not surprised her to hear of the Earl, who was Lady Mary's natural heir; nor to feel herself separated from the house in which all her previous life had been passed. But there had been gradually dawning upon her a sense that she had come to a crisis in her life, and that she must soon be told what was to become of her. It was not so urgent as that she should ask any questions; but it began to appear very clearly in her mind that things were not to be with her as they had been. She had heard the complaints and astonishment of the servants, to whom Lady Mary had left nothing, with resentment. Jervis, who could not marry and take her lodging-house, but must wait until she had saved more money, and wept to think, after all her devotion, of having to take another place; and Mrs. Prentiss, the housekeeper, who was cynical, and expounded Lady Mary's kindness to her servants to be the issue of a refined selfishness; and Brown, who had sworn subdued oaths, and had taken the liberty of representing himself to Mary as "in the same box" with herself. Mary had been angry, very angry at all this; and she had not by word or look given any one to understand that she felt herself "in the same box." But yet she had been vaguely anxious, curious, desiring to know. And she had not even begun to think what she should do. That seemed a sort of affront to her god-mother's memory, at all events, until some one had made it clear to her. But now, in a moment, with her first consciousness of the importance of this matter in the sight of others, a consciousness of what it was to herself, came into her mind. A change of everything—a new life—a new world; and not only so, but a severance from the old world—a giving up of everything that had been most near and pleasant to her.

These thoughts were driven through her mind like the snowflakes in a storm. The year had slid on since Lady Mary's death. Winter was beginning to yield to spring; the snow was over and the great cold. And other changes had taken place. The great house had been let, and the family who had taken it had been about a week in possession. Their coming had inflicted a wound upon Mary's heart; but everybody had urged upon her the idea that it was much better the house should be let for a time "till everything was settled." When all was settled things would be different. Mrs. Vicar did not say, "You can then do what you please," but she did convey to Mary's mind somehow a sort of inference that she would have something to do it with. And when Mary had protested, "It shall never be let again with my will," the kind woman had said tremulously, "Well, my dear!" and had changed the subject. All these things now came to Mary's mind. They had been afraid to tell her; they had thought it would be so much to her—so important, such a crushing blow. To have nothing—to be destitute; to be written about by Mr. Furnival to the Earl; to have her case represented—Mary felt herself stung by such unendurable suggestions into an energy—a determination—of which her soft young life had known nothing. No one should write about her, or ask charity for her, she said to herself. She had gone through the woods and round the park, which was not large, and now she could not leave these beloved precincts without going to look at the house. Up to this time she had not had the courage to go near the house; but to the commotion and fever of her mind every violent sensation was congenial, and she went up the avenue now almost gladly, with a little demonstration to herself of energy and courage. Why not that as well as all the rest?

It was once more twilight, and the dimness favored her design. She wanted to go there unseen, to look up at the windows with their alien lights, and to think of the time when Lady Mary sat behind the curtains, and there was nothing but tenderness and peace throughout the house. There was a light in every window along the entire front, a lavishness of firelight and lamplight which told of a household in which there were many inhabitants. Mary's mind was so deeply absorbed, and perhaps her eyes so dim with tears that she could scarcely see what was before her, when the door opened suddenly and a lady came out. "I will go myself," she said in an agitated tone to some one behind her. "Don't get yourself laughed at," said a voice from within. The sound of the voices roused the young spectator. She looked with a little curiosity, mixed with anxiety, at the lady who had come out of the house and who started, too, with a gesture of alarm, when she saw Mary move in the dark. "Who are you?" she cried out in a trembling voice, "and what do you want here?"

Then Mary made a step or two forward and said, "I must ask your pardon if I am trespassing. I did not know there was any objection—" This stranger to make any objection! It brought something like a tremulous laugh to Mary's lips.

"Oh, there is no objection," said the lady, "only we have been a little put out. I see now; you are the young lady who—you are the young lady that—you are the one that—suffered most."

"I am Lady Mary's goddaughter," said the girl. "I have lived here all my life."

"Oh, my dear, I have heard all about you," the lady cried. The people who had taken the house were merely rich people; they had no other characteristic; and in the vicarage, as well as in the other houses about, it was said when they were spoken of, that it was a good thing they were not people to be visited, since nobody could have had the heart to visit strangers in Lady Mary's house. And Mary could not but feel a keen resentment to think that her story, such as it was, the story which she had only now heard in her own person, should be discussed by such people. But the speaker had a look of kindness, and, so far as could be seen, of perplexity and fretted anxiety in her face, and had been in a hurry, but stopped herself in order to show her interest. "I wonder," she said impulsively, "that you can come here and look at the place again after all that has passed."

"I never thought," said Mary, "that there could be—any objection."

"Oh, how can you think I mean that? how can you pretend to think so?" cried the other impatiently. "But after you have been treated so heartlessly, so unkindly—and left, poor thing! they tell me, without a penny, without any provision—"

"I don't know you," cried Mary, breathless with quick-rising passion. "I don't know what right you can have to meddle with my affairs."

The lady stared at her for a moment without speaking, and then she said, all at once. "That is quite true—but it is rude as well; for though I have no right to meddle with your affairs, I did it in kindness, because I took an interest in you from all I have heard."

Mary was very accessible to such a reproach and argument. Her face flushed with a sense of her own churlishness. "I beg your pardon," she said; "I am sure you mean to be kind."

"Well," said the stranger, "that is perhaps going too far on the other side, for you can't even see my face to know what I mean. But I do mean to be kind, and I am very sorry for you. And though I think you've been treated abominably, all the same I like you better for not allowing any one to say so. And now, do you know where I was going? I was going to the vicarage—where you are living, I believe—to see if the vicar, or his wife, or you, or all of you together, could do a thing for me."

"Oh, I am sure Mrs. Bowyer—" said Mary, with a voice much less assured than her words.

"You must not be too sure, my dear. I know she doesn't mean to call upon me, because my husband is a City man. That is just as she pleases. I am not very fond of City men myself. But there's no reason why I should stand on ceremony when I want something, is there? Now, my dear, I want to know— Don't laugh at me. I am not superstitious, so far as I am aware; but— Tell me, in your time was there ever any disturbance, any appearances you couldn't understand, any—well, I don't like the word ghosts. It's disrespectful, if there's anything of the sort; and it's vulgar if there isn't. But you know what I mean. Was there anything—of that sort—in your time?"

In your time! Poor Mary had scarcely realized yet that her time was over. Her heart refused to allow it when it was thus so abruptly brought before her; but she obliged herself to subdue these rising rebellions, and to answer; though with some *hauteur*. "There is nothing of the kind that I ever heard of. There is no superstition or ghost in our house."

She thought it was the vulgar desire of new people to find a conventional mystery, and it seemed to Mary that this was a desecration of her home. Mrs. Turner, however (for that was her name), did not receive the intimation as the girl expected, but looked at her very gravely, and said, "That makes it a great deal more serious," as if to herself. She paused, and then added, "You see, the case is this. I have a little girl who is our youngest, who is just my husband's idol. She is a sweet little thing, though perhaps I should not say it. Are you fond of children? Then I almost feel sure you would think so too. Not a moping child at all, or too clever, or anything to alarm one. Well, you know, little Connie, since ever we came in, has seen an old lady walking about the house—"

"An old lady!" said Mary, with an involuntary smile.

"Oh, yes. I laughed, too, the first time. I said it would be old Mrs. Prentiss, or perhaps the charwoman, or some old lady from the village that had been in the habit of coming in the former people's time. But the child got very angry. She said it was a real lady. She would not allow me to speak. Then we thought perhaps it was some one who did not know the house was let, and had walked in to look at it; but nobody would go on coming like that with all the signs of a large family in the house. And now the doctor says the child must be low, that the place perhaps doesn't agree with her, and that we must send her away. Now, I ask you, how could I send little Connie away, the apple of her father's eye? I should have to go with her, of course, and how could the house get on without me? Naturally we are very anxious. And this afternoon she has seen her again, and sits there crying because she says the dear old lady looks so sad. I just seized my hat, and walked out, to come to you and your friends at the vicarage to see if you could help me. Mrs. Bowyer may look down upon a City person—I don't mind that; but she is a mother, and surely she would feel for a mother," cried the poor lady vehemently, putting up her hands to her wet eyes.

"Oh, indeed, indeed she would! I am sure now that she will call directly. We did not know what a—" Mary stopped herself in saying, "what a nice woman you are," which she thought would be rude, though poor Mrs. Turner would have liked it. But then she shook her head and added, "What could any of us do to help you? I have never heard of any old lady. There never was anything—I know all about the house, everything that has ever happened, and Prentiss will tell you. There is nothing of that kind—indeed, there is nothing. You must have—" But here Mary stopped again; for to suggest that a new family, a city family should have brought an apparition of their own with them, was too ridiculous an idea to be entertained.

"Miss Vivian," said Mrs. Turner, "will you come back with me and speak to the child?"

At this Mary faltered a little. "I have never been there—since the—funeral," she said.

The good woman laid a kind hand upon her shoulder, caressing and soothing, "You were very fond of her—in spite of the way she has used you?"

"Oh, how dare you, or any one, to speak of her so? She used me as if I had been her dearest child. She was more kind to me than a mother. There is no one in the world like her!" Mary cried.

"And yet she left you without a penny. Oh, you must be a good girl to feel for her like that. She left you without— What are you going to do, my dear? I feel like a friend. I feel like a mother to you, though you don't know me. You mustn't think it is only curiosity. You can't stay with your friends forever—and what are you going to do?"

There are some cases in which it is more easy to speak to a stranger than to one's dearest and oldest friends. Mary had felt this when she rushed out, not knowing how to tell the vicar's wife that she must leave her, and find some independence for herself. It was, however, strange to rush into such a discussion with so little warning, and Mary's pride was very sensitive. She said, "I am not going to burden my friends," with a little indignation; but then she remembered how forlorn she was, and her voice softened. "I must do something—but I don't know what I am good for," she said, trembling, and on the verge of tears.

"My dear, I have heard a great deal about you," said the stranger; "it is not rash, though it may look so. Come back with me directly, and see Connie. She is a very interesting little thing, though I say it—it is wonderful sometimes to hear her talk. You shall be her governess, my dear. Oh, you need not teach her anything—that is not what I mean. I think, I am sure, you will be the saving of her, Miss Vivian; and such a lady as you are, it will be everything for the other girls to live with you. Don't stop to think, but just come with me. You shall have whatever you please, and always be treated like a lady. Oh, my dear, consider my feelings as a mother, and come; oh, come to Connie! I know you will save her; it is an inspiration. Come back! Come back with me!"

It seemed to Mary too like an inspiration. What it cost her to cross that threshold and walk in, a stranger, to the house which had been all her life as her own, she never said to any one. But it was independence; it was deliverance from entreaties and remonstrances without end. It was a kind of setting right, so far as could be, of the balance which had got so terribly wrong. No writing to the Earl now; no appeal to friends—anything in all the world, much more honest service and kindness, must be better than that.

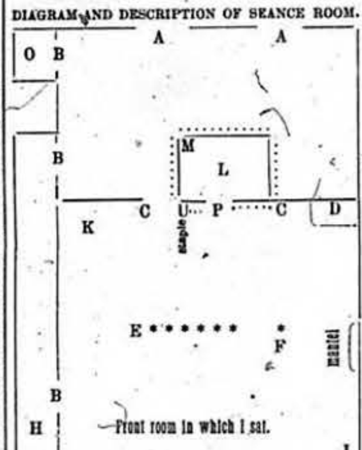
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Remarkable Manifestations Through the Mediumship of Mrs. E. C. Hatch.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I beg space to lay before the readers of your valuable journal the results of a materializing séance which I held privately with Mrs. E. C. Hatch, 281 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, on the evening of April 12th, 1884. I will premise by saying that I was exact in making test conditions, which rendered it absolutely beyond the possibility of a doubt, as to the honesty of the medium and exact genuineness of the manifestations, all which I am prepared, should occasion require, to verify. I will further add, that neither the medium nor myself were in such condition, physically, as to warrant expectation of favorable results at the séance. I did not know of the medium's illness until after the close of the séance, and it is well that I did not; for had I, I should not have held the séance at all, as I should have expected a total failure; but as to my own extreme illness at the time, it was an incentive to me to attend, since my spirit friends, upon consultation on the morning of that day, advised me to attend, promising to come and cure my sickness, which, as the sequel will show, they did. In these days of anxiety, development and doubts, I hardly know how to write in order to be believed. I shall, therefore, avoid the least speculation on my part, and only record with judicial exactness the actual facts as they transpired during the evening. Mr. George P. Mayridge only, was present to assist in furnishing the necessary music for the occasion.

DIAGRAM AND DESCRIPTION OF SEANCE ROOM.



Shawmut Avenue Front.

A A A A, windows; B B B, doors; N, front door; C C, folding doors between the two rooms; the space to the left I had fitted with a door as shown which slipped over a staple in front of cabinet L. This I closed, locked it with a padlock, and kept the key. Both doors in the hall I locked and kept the keys. D, organ; E, chairs for the spirit guests; F, my own chair; H, hallway, doors communicating with it I locked, and kept the keys; I, table on which I had my light; K, Mr. Mayridge's chair; L, cabinet, made of inch boards, nailed and screwed to a substantial frame, and strap-irons, L shaped, screwed on inside; then strong strips nailed all about it on the floor, and the bottom of the cabinet securely nailed to the strips, so that it would have been and is as utterly impossible for a single person to have gotten into the cabinet as it would have been for them to have penetrated a foot thick brick wall. The top of the cabinet was also fastened together by two heavy cross-pieces screwed to the boards, which were matched and fastened to the sides of the box; then angle irons screwed on inside. The dotted lines about the cabinet show the base, nailed to the floor, and to which the cabinet itself is nailed. M, medium's chair in cabinet; O, closet, door fastened as noted above; P, door of cabinet. The size of front room, I should judge, is about 18 or 19 feet; I did not measure it.

The séance was to commence at seven o'clock. I went there at six, long before dark, sent for Mr. Mayridge, and the medium. Mayridge and myself were there alone. I closed and locked all the doors, and we remained there until it grew dark and time for the séance to commence. It would be utterly impossible for any séance to be made more secure against fraud than this was. All arrangements were made by my order and at my expense. No one entered or left the room during the séance. The séance commenced at 7:15 P. M., and shortly after the medium's control appeared at the curtains and gave directions for adjusting the screened lights in the far corner of the room. She then returned, and it was a full hour before any further manifestations were made, owing to the very unfavorable conditions; I mean the physical conditions of the medium, and I became exceedingly anxious, which rendered it still more difficult for the spirits to manifest. Finally my sister Mary came out of the cabinet, and without an instant's hesitation came directly to me, as I was sitting in the center of the room. I recognized her at once, and we embraced each other with affection. She seated herself beside me, and we entered into conversation which lasted for fifteen or twenty minutes. She then left me, saying it was difficult to materialize to-night, but did not state the cause. She gave me valuable information concerning the laws of materialization, the sensations of the spirit upon taking on the form, and also the fainting sensations attendant upon dematerialization, and she gave me instructions which she had promised two weeks previously in writing through the mediumship of Dr. Flint, of New York. This was certainly a good test, as no one knew of that promise but myself. As she entered the cabinet she remarked, "I will not bid you good-by, for I want to come again"; but she was not able to do so during the evening.

About a half hour passed before any further manifestation was made, and then my mother came and seated herself beside me, and entered into conversation with me concerning my own family and other dear earthly friends, as well as those dwelling in the spirit-land, and the thought that my own dear mother—for it was her—who had left earth-life many years previously and was considered by her orthodox friends dead, had returned not only in spirit, but also in tangible bodily form, to mingle the love of her warm, motherly heart with that of a devoted child, overwhelmed me, and I could not avoid shedding tears of joy, causing me to pour out my thank-offering to the giver of all good for creating laws which provided for such manifestations of spirit power over matter. My mother remained with me for, perhaps, ten minutes; upon her leaving, my niece, Ellen Holland, came, and without the least hesitation approached me, and gave me a hearty greeting. Seating herself beside me, she entered directly into conversation, desiring me to give her love to all our earthly friends, mentioning some of them by name. She spoke of her beautiful home in spirit-life, of her delightful employments, and referred to scenes in my own experiences that were known to no soul in Boston. She remained quite a while, and, upon leaving, said my uncle, Dr. Bridgman, was there and would materialize and treat me for the physical disability under which I was then suffering. Immediately upon her leaving, my uncle did come, and I requested him to take a chair. He said, "No. I told you this morning I would cure you to-night, and I have come here for that purpose. Partially disrobe yourself that I may get at you." It may not be improper to state here that the night previous I was suddenly taken with an extreme hemorrhage of the bowels; it was exceedingly profuse, and weakened me greatly, so much so that I was somewhat alarmed. I involuntarily, as it were, called upon my spirit friends to stop the flow of blood, and it ceased as suddenly as it came. I was alone in my room at my hotel, and did not take any medical remedies, but obtained very little rest during the night. The following morning, the morning of the day of my séance, I consulted my spirit friends upon the propriety of attending the séance in my present condition. They directed me to do so, and my uncle said he would materialize himself and cure me. I was greatly debilitated, and remained as quiet as possible through the day, though I was compelled to attend to business until one o'clock P. M. I had grave doubts as to the expediency of going to the séance as evening drew nigh.

As I have stated, my uncle came, and preparing my clothing to suit, he commenced treating me with his hands, working with all his might for twenty minutes or more, in the meantime calling Mr. Mayridge, and placing his right hand on my shoulder and his left on the Doctor's shoulder, so as to make a circuit of the magnetism, remarking: "Charles, this is worth a hundred magnetic treatments by a mortal. I have great power in this direction, and besides there are several spirits in the cabinet assisting me. You have too much blood. You have been making blood too fast recently; change your diet for a while to cereals; but I will cure you." His hands produced a burning sensation which seemed to penetrate clear through my body. After he had finished the treatment, he called for a half glass of water. Mr. Mayridge brought it to him, and he entered the cabinet, saying, "I will mix you a dose of medicine that will fix you all right." In a moment or two he returned, and holding the glass in his left hand, he would thrust his open hand into the atmosphere and clasp his fingers together, then moving his fingers as if sifting an impalpable dust into the glass. This he did five times; then he called for something to stir it with. I gave him my knife. He stirred it, saying as he did so: "I mustn't make it too strong, for this is the very quintessence of medicines." Then holding it up to the light and looking through it, he handed it to me, saying, "Drink it, and you will be all right." I did drink it, and am all right. Within five minutes, my full strength returned, and I felt like a new man. He was thus occupied for a full half-hour, and upon leaving he requested me the next time I came to bring an empty bottle, and he would give me some medicine such as I required. He also turned to Mr. Mayridge, saying: "I see you are ill. I will also prepare some medicine for you."

Soon after he left, and, in fact, before he entered the cabinet, my Grandmother Holland came. I had a most delightful reunion with her, for several minutes. Following her, Mr. Mayridge's mother came and greeted her son as only a mother can. She remained seated, and in conversation with Mr. Mayridge quite a while. After her came the beautiful Empress Josephine. I knew her from her pictures, though at first the gorgeousness of her apparel, and her charming appearance, startled me. Presently I seemed to have an impression that it was none other than the beautiful but cruelly treated wife of the great Emperor; "and," said I, "is this the Empress Josephine?" She bowed, and smiled, saying, "Yes." I invited her to a seat, but she declined, and taking my arm, walked majestically about the room several times. Her dress was an ash-colored silk, very beautiful, with long trail, with a vail or mantle of ash-colored silk lace, which was placed over her head, hanging gracefully at her sides and back, and over her arms, leaving her face and front of her dress bare. She had upon her head a diamond crown, with, I should judge, not less than one hundred brilliant gems; it was magnificently elegant. She had diamond earrings and a very large and elegant diamond bosom pin, and diamond bracelets, and she seemed greatly pleased at the compliments which I gave her.

After her, a very beautiful woman came, dressed in pure white silk, with a trailing dress, and a gold crown upon her head. She was elegant and stately, taller than Josephine. Upon inquiring her name, she replied, "Queen Bess." I invited her to a seat, but she also declined, and taking my arm, walked with a stately tread around the room several times. While thus engaged with her, other forms appeared, and one man came and engaged in wrestling with Mr. Mayridge. After Queen Bess had left, I turned my attention to the stranger who was then wrestling with Mr. Mayridge, handling him pretty roughly. He spoke to me: "Play the organ, Doctor; we want to dance." I did so, and they danced a few moments. He then called for a drink, and Mr. Mayridge poured him a glass of water which he drank, and entered the cabinet. Presently he returned, and seating himself at the organ, he played quite a while, or rather fingered the notes, but played no tune. He then arose, and taking my hat from the organ, put it upon his head and entered the cabinet. Presently he came to the cabinet window, and calling both Mr. Mayridge and myself to him, he remarked to me: "Doctor, take your overcoat off the organ, and hold it folded in your hands."

I did as desired, and he then said:

"You have a white handkerchief in your pocket, haven't you?"

I replied, "Yes."

"Look and see," he remarked.

I did, and it was there.

"Now," said he, "you will find it on the floor under the table in the far corner of the room."

It was so.

"Now," said he, "you have a blue silk handkerchief in another pocket, haven't you?"

I examined and found it there.

"Well," said he, "it isn't there; it's on that bird cage on the opposite side of the room," and so it was. He then directed me to give the silk handkerchief to Mr. Mayridge, which I did, and laid my overcoat upon the organ. I then inquired his name and he said it was Stephen Wadsworth, from South Boston.

About this time my charmingly beautiful lady friend, Mary Caswell, came. I knew her, but she was dressed differently from former time. She sat beside me, and we were having a pleasant time, when Wadsworth came, and bringing a chair up behind us, seated himself and said to me:

"Tell her what I did."

I told her, and she remarked:

"He is a smart spirit."

Wadsworth then requested me to get my silk handkerchief from Mr. Mayridge and hand it to him. I did so, and he remarked:

"I am going to disintegrate it."

With one breath it was gone, and I said to Mary Caswell:

"I have lost my silk handkerchief."

She laughed heartily, and Wadsworth said:

"Your handkerchief is in your overcoat pocket."

I looked and found it there. He then called for a glass tumbler, and taking it, he entered the cabinet, and calling me to the window, handed me a trunk key and some silver change. I asked Mr. Mayridge if he had lost anything. Thrusting his hand in his pocket, he said: "Yes; I have lost my key and change, and that tumbler is in my pocket."

Wadsworth laughed heartily and bade us good-by. Again Mary Caswell appeared, and requested me to be seated, saying: "I shall now show you two illuminated children, and one of them is your little grandson." Presently an old man, my grandfather Holland, came and held aside one curtain while Miss Caswell held aside the other, and showed us standing, with hands clasped, two beautifully illuminated children. Several other spirits appeared just before this. Following this, an illuminated man came to the curtain, and remained quite a while for our inspection (it was a very brilliant illumination); and thus ended the séance, twenty-two forms appearing during the evening, but doubtless as great magnetic power was employed by my uncle, Dr. Bridgman, as would be required for the formation of all the forms combined, and under the weak and painful conditions which I afterwards found the medium to have been in all the while, I wonder at such remarkable results. Could I, can any one, doubt after such evidences, the power of spirits, when favorable conditions are made, to materialize in human form and appear as veritable persons to their friends on earth, make themselves known and felt to our consciousness, talk with us as a man talketh with his friend; thus assuring us not only of the truth of immortality, but also giving us intelligent information concerning that, to many, "undiscovered country," making known to us that, from conception, we come under the operations of nature's laws, and that all intelligences, whether dwellers on earth or in the more advanced spiritual spheres are subject to the inexorable laws governing and controlling in such spheres; that while in the earth sphere the spirit clothes itself with a material body, that is itself subject to laws controlling matter. When the spirit leaves the first or earth sphere, and enters the second sphere, it clothes itself with a spiritual body, which is subject to the laws governing in that sphere, and yet it can return in that body to the first or earth sphere, and when it has progressed sufficiently to enter the third sphere, it puts off that body and clothes itself with a still more glorious body subject to the laws governing in the third sphere, and yet can return to the second and first spheres, and so on; and all in harmony, beauty and order throughout the realms of the infinite, and all is adjusted according to laws which cannot be changed by any theological decree, or controlled by the caprice of any man or body of men.

I will add a thought or two by way of argument, in proof of the genuineness of the manifestations, aside from the extra precautions I took to render fraud absolutely out of the question, and aside, also, from my absolute knowledge of my mother and sister, and the miraculous cure wrought by him, whom I know absolutely to be my uncle, Dr. Wm. Bridgman. As to the expensive apparel of the Empress Josephine alone, were her diamonds genuine, as they certainly appeared to be, her outfit could not have cost less than $100,000. If her jewelry were composed of Alaska stones, her outfit could not have cost less than two thousand dollars, and the figures could not all be put upon the stage, as they appeared that evening, at a minimum expense, for less than five thousand dollars. I know I did not furnish the expense, and the medium had not a dollar in the world to do it with.

C. HOLLAND.

Grand Union Hotel, New York.

Christening.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

At the South Side meeting of Spiritualists, yesterday morning, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Parker had their infant son christened, Mrs. Fellows-Ahrens performing the ceremony. There were two sponsors, a lady and gentleman, the gentleman handing the infant to Mrs. Ahrens, saying: "As sponser, I present you this child for baptism." Many remarked that they had witnessed many christenings, but had never seen a ceremony so beautiful as this one. The high character of the parents and the sponsors was delicately expressed, and the import of the ceremony eloquently pronounced. It was explained that christening meant an initiation into the spiritual.

After the ceremony, excellent mediums in the audience described spirits they saw forming part of the office. As the parties came up the aisle, the mediums saw eight spirit children preceding, and they scattered a profusion of flowers over the rostrum. They observed that the ceremony attracted a spirit mother to attend the child all through this life. One of the mediums saw that the child was to be a medium, and saw in its years, that three, eight and twenty-four were marked; that at three years it would manifest a distinct phase of mediumship; at eight another clear phase, and at twenty-four years of age, a phase would be unfolded which should be unlike anything at present known.

E. W. BALDWIN.

Chicago, Ill., April 21st, 1884.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DRANK WITH SODA WATER

is delicious. All druggists have it. It is refreshing and cooling. Try it often.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

(METUCHEN, N. J.)

A LITTLE WORD.

A little word in love expressed,
  A motion or a tear,
Has often healed a heart depressed,
  And made a friend sincere.
A word, a look, has crushed to earth
  Full many a budding flower,
Which had a smile but owned its birth,
  Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
  A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
  A heart may heal or break. —*Anon.*

True charity is that which helps a person to help himself. To accept alms is not always to be helped. As growth is from within, outward, so is real assistance that which gives the recipient the power to do for himself. Institutions of charity and even private benefactions, sometimes do injury by not understanding this law of human nature. A healthy limb will soon become nearly useless if unexercised. So the person who allows himself or herself to be supported in idleness, will lose all capacity or desire for industry and self support How many a delicate woman, sheltered with tenderness and used to every luxury, has learned to be strong, brave, self-reliant, by those very storms of adversity which, at first seemed too harsh for her to buffet. She summoned up all her energies and went to work, finding that power developed with its use. She became a marvel to herself, and grew to be a centre of influence, in turn helping those who desired to be aided to the means of self-support.

It is true many fall on the way, too feeble to encounter the pitiless storms of life. To such there is tenderness and love and comfort in that land where no rude blasts ever wither the frailest flower. But it is better to wax strong, to attain equipoise, to be able to dispense blessings on those who, in turn, need a little encouragement. Sometimes it is only sympathy or fellowship that is wanted, as plants want the soft spring sunshine in order to grow strong and blossom freely. Sometimes it is only a little material aid to tide over the bare places of life, and sometimes it is advice, a head to plan, an experience to give counsel and show the path that should be trodden.

However or whatever it may be, let woman be a friend to woman, even when the latter is not wise enough to be a friend to herself. Let not one child of our common Father go on her sorrowful way, sad and careworn, unsoothed by a sister's tender sympathy. Let us give of our best, solicitude, thoughtfulness, care and generous love. No man can fill a woman's place, no matter what we have been taught upon this subject. There are noble men, but women are safer friends for their own sex, unless they are of the undeveloped class who are still uncured of the plague-spots of jealousy and envy. They are maternal in their affections toward the unfortunate and suffering, and have an intuitive understanding of character and circumstance.

The charities of society will one day be dispensed by women. The work of those few who have been appointed physicians in asylums, or serve on charities and corrections, has been a surprise to all who have watched them.

A GOOD WORK.

A writer in a late Cincinnati *Gazette*, fills three columns with a record of Woman's work. Among other meetings is described the "Mother's meeting" under the care of the Cincinnati Union Bethel. On every Monday evening the teachers meet the poorest mothers of the city, in order to give them sympathy, instruction and material aid. In the words of the writer:

"Pinched faces, stolid faces, dogged countenances were scattered through the company. Women, old or middle-aged, poorly clad, gathered from homes of poverty, some with faces bearing marks of dissipation, some with careworn brows from which shone a strange peace, some with wild eyes that roamed like the eyes of hunted creatures, others with that touch of refinement which, inborn, no circumstances can wholly obliterate.

"And what do you suppose the topic of the evening was? What do you suppose these rich women, some of whom came in elegant carriages from their suburban homes down to this river-front meeting—what do you suppose these favored ladies talked about to the careworn workers? About "woman's influence"—woman's influence to the huddled off-scouring of the earth? It came with satirical force to an on-looker. But when Mr. Lee said, in his hearty way, 'There are no women in our community more respected than our Bethel mothers,' and one saw the new dignity come into those faces, and the lifting of drooping shoulders, one gained a new idea. 'Every woman has an influence either for good or bad,' said another speaker. No one could gainsay that."

After words of cheer and encouragement, a pot of handsome flowers and a bright picture card were given, together with a new bonnet, to each visitor, and all went away with cheer and happiness, and a new sense of the beauty of life.

"One person, with a marred face and a repulsive countenance, bearing traces of past debauchery, bent over her flower with a fondness that was almost caressing, and the hardened hands brushed a bit of mud off the mottled leaves as tenderly as if she already loved the beautiful crimson-crowned plant that was to live with her in her meagre room. One could scarcely have believed that people so used to ugly and hard and common things would have appreciated the exquisite beauty of a flower. And yet, not one of those women but had made some effort at personal adornment—had tried to make herself beautiful for this dear mothers' meeting."

This work elevates all who are connected with it, bringing nearer together those who are sisters in one common humanity.

A SYRIAN WOMAN.

Layah Barakat is the name of a beautiful and highly educated Syrian woman, whose eloquence as a public speaker is rousing enthusiasm in some cities of America. She was born near Mount Lebanon, and grew up with five others, children of a poor widow, to be educated by an American teacher. She became learned in the Arabic tongue. It is said that she is a most brilliant and phenomenal scholar, and was sent as a teacher into a Protestant school in Egypt on the Upper Nile. Her descriptions of the slave caravans from Central Africa, in her lectures, were very vivid. The long lines of women on their desert march, driven like sheep; each cheek cut in three gashes, the mark of slavery. They are bought and put into the cellar kitchens of the native houses, never seeing the light again, as long as they live. After marrying a native of Damascus, the little family of Layah narrowly escaped massacre at the sacking of Alexandria. With much difficulty Layah with her husband and baby escaped, took passage for America, and finally wandered to Philadelphia, where they had an acquaintance. In one of the churches of that city, Layah, not long ago, told her story in a simple, eloquent way, before the very Sunday school whose weekly contributions had given her means for an education. The Syrian woman, not yet much over twenty, will soon return to be a teacher among her own people.

WOMAN IN MORMONISM.

Mrs. C. M. Churchill's *Queen Bee*, the brightest paper of Colorado, is fighting a good fight against those wrongs and vices which press most closely upon women. It is done in that piquant way which insures reading—tart, spicy and always effective. In a late issue occur the following extracts from a letter from Emily Faithful, written from Salt Lake City to England, during her last visit to this country:

"After detailing her visit to the Tabernacle and her ideas about the attendant ceremonies, Miss Faithful says: 'Nothing could exceed the courtesy shown me by the leading Mormons, and the President gave a large luncheon party in my honor at the Gard's House, once known as the Amelia Palace, for it was built by Brigham Young for his favorite wife—his thirteenth!

"'When we arrived at the house one of the daughters met us, and on entering the drawing room the President presented me to a lady, "one of my wives" being the strange formulary! We soon found ourselves in the thick of apostles, priests and priestesses. Foremost among the latter was Sister Eliza Snow, who celebrated her eightieth birthday two or three days previously, but who has lost none of her vigor or enthusiasm, as she fully showed in an effort she made at the conclusion of the luncheon for my conversion.

"'It is impossible to convey any idea of my strange experiences, both during this visit and the calls I received from the "plural wives," as the ladies living in polygamy are called, who declared they found peace and happiness in thus "doing the Lord's will, crucifying the earthly selfishness which induces a Gentile wife to claim the undivided love and attention of her husband." But one can not look into their faces without realizing the painful struggles they have gone through, and the expression, "kissing the Lord's rod," which is perpetually on their lips, is an unconscious but pathetic betrayal of the heartaches experienced in the effort to accept practically the doctrine taught by their so-called spiritual pastors and masters, namely, that a woman cannot hope for exaltation in the life to come, save through the intervention of the man to whom she is married or sealed. The Mormons boast that not only does the first wife give her consent to the other marriages, but she actually takes part in the ceremony, But not only had I the testimony of some given in fear and trembling, and under the promise that I would not give their names, that such consent was forced, but I hold the copy of a sermon preached by Brigham Young himself, in which he says: "It is frequently stated that the women are not happy. Men will say, 'My wife, though an excellent woman, has not seen a happy day since I took another wife,'—and then, after an indignant protest, this gentleman, who had nineteen wives in Salt Lake City alone, gave the 'women,' as he termed them, a fortnight to think over it."

"They were to settle down to their duties without murmuring or whining, or to go their ways, but how could the victims of the system go forth into the wilderness with their children? They naturally succumbed to Brigham Young, who was one of the greatest despots that ever lived, and even under the gentler sway of the present day, you can see by the depressed faces of the wives the martyrdom they are passing through. How best to free them is another matter. Here and there is a woman who has had sufficient courage to take her life in her own hands and go forth with her children from the home to which another wife has been brought, but these women are exceptionally brave, and pen can not describe the sufferings and privations they have encountered.'

"After commenting upon the non-action of our government in the matter, Miss Faithful concludes by saying: 'No one can hate more than I do the employment of force and law against mistaken beliefs in religion and politics, but polygamy as practiced in Utah is such a crime against nature, involving such terrible degradation, that those who have the interest of women at heart can never rest satisfied until they have been freed from the worst form of slavery the heart of man ever yet invented and justified on biblical and religious grounds.'"

Dr. A. B. Spinney's Work in Sparta, Michigan.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have just returned from Sparta, Mich., where I have been the past few days to attend the lectures given by Dr. A. B. Spinney. I have been for years intimately acquainted with him and his earnest work in our cause. During that time I have carefully watched his efforts to find the truth, as well as to determine the best method of giving it to the world.

His course consists of eight public lectures on "Physiology, Hygiene, and all that Relates to the Laws of the Body." He gives us knowledge of how to avoid disease without the use of medicine. In all these public lectures he holds constantly before the people the idea that the mind, and not the body, is the supreme power, and he tries to impress upon them the importance of making the body a fit temple of self-control, discipline and use.

On Sunday evening, April 6th, he addressed a union meeting composed of members of the different churches, on the subject of "Temperance." More than one hundred went away for want of room. He treated the subject from a scientific stand-point, which gave me some new ideas. His audiences were large, and many inquirers wished him to speak on our philosophy. He said he would do so on Sunday afternoon. When the Baptist minister heard of it, he offered him the use of his church in the evening. The Methodists also gave up their service at that time. The church was filled before the time for the lecturer to commence; many could not get in. The subject was: "The Scientific Proof of Immortality." He handled the subject in a masterly manner. The audience was held spell-bound for an hour and a half, many saying, "I wish he had spoken longer." He showed the falsity and pernicious effects of Materialism, and the true beauty and purity of the spiritual philosophy. He did not ignore spirit phenomena, but plainly said that it alone did not elevate man; it was only a fact, like many others, which taught a truth. He did not ignore, abuse or flatter the members of the different systems of faith, which caused them to be true to their external nature. He said that living a true life is the way to prepare for the change called death. He took the ground that the real world of causes is the spiritual; that the real force and power of the universe is the Infinite All-Soul; that the real man is the spiritual body, which is incorporated into, and is the moving power of, the physical.

His appeal for each one to live a true, higher and more moral life, thrilled the whole audience. His words cheered those who mourn for lost ones, and the beautiful picture of the higher spheres where they have gone, was full of comfort, strength and hope.

His course of lectures, which I have heard, fully convinces me that the people are ready—yes, are starving for truths that will teach them in a practical, philosophical and moral way, how to live and do their life work. They are ready for spiritualistic truths; ready to treat with respect our teachers, and receive their instructions, if they only make their own lives honest, clean, virtuous and moral.

The Doctor tells me that he thinks of leaving the lecture field, but I hope he will not. I trust that Spiritualists, temperance workers and those that want scientific lectures, will call for him all over our State, until he will think it his duty, as he sees the demand, to continue in this field of labor as a teacher. I feel as I never did before, that we need one like him, who will teach the pure principles of right living. We need such a teacher to help us all.

SARAH GRAVES.

Grand Rapids, Mich., April 14, 1884.

Magazines for May Continued.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Contents: The Sins of Legislators, by Herbert Spencer; The Beaver and His Works, by Dr. G. A. Stockwell; The Progress of the Working-Classes in the Last Half-Century, by Robert Giffin, LL.D.; An Experiment in Prohibition, by Edward Johnson; The Milk in the Cocoa-Nut, by Grant Allen; Longevity of Astronomers, by Albert B. M. Lancaster; The Chemistry of Cookery, by W. Mattieu Williams; How Flies Hang on, by Dr. J. E. Rombouts; Where Did Life Begin? by G. Hilton Scribner; Christian Agnosticism, by the Rev. Canon Curteis; The Beginnings of Metallurgy, by Dr. E. Reyer; Our New Skin and Cancer Hospital, by W. J. Youmans, M. D.; The Morality of Happiness, by Thomas Foster; Was he an Idiot? by Rev. W. A. Cram; Sketch of Mary Somerville; Correspondence; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany; Notes.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (The Century Co., New York.) Contents: Portrait of Chief Joseph, the Nez Perce; The Salem of Hawthorne; Lady Barberina; The Metopes of the Parthenon; Power against Power; The Slave Woman; British Fertility; Recent Architecture in America; Evening Song in May; A Parable; Dr. Sevier; A Marriage; Rose Madder; An Average Man; Lord's Day; The Bay of Islands, in Calm and Storm; "In After Days"; The Women of the Bee-Hive; One Way of Love; On the Training of Parents; The Reproach; Trades-Unionism in England; One Sea-side Grave; Chief Joseph, the Nez-Perce: Topics of the Time; Open Letters; Bric-a-Brac.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. (Cassell & Co., New York, London and Paris.) Contents: "Home Sweet Home;" Syon House; "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured"; "A Silent Colloquy"; A Greek Dressing-Case; Pictures at Leeds; The "Royal Academy" of China Painting; The Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy; The Lower Thames; The Lace School at Burano; The Sword; "By the Fireside"; The Chronicle of Art; American Art Notes.

THE MODERN AGE. (The Modern Age Publishing Co., New York.) Contents: Hamlet and Don Quixote; A Russian Marriage; The Red Cap; "Sans Merci"; Vegetarianism; The New School of American Fiction; My Horse Brutus; American Politics; A Dish of Truffles; A Pilgrim to Parnassus; Sayings and Doings; Books and Book Men; Stage and Studio; Examination Papers.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (Magazine Co., St. Louis, Mo.) Contents: A Sailor's Narrative; The Absent Lover; Balzac and his Struggles; Belle Gilmore's Love Ladder; A Question; Bought with a Price; A Mid April Song; If We Had No Heart; Home and Society; Queen May; Editorial Marginals; Light Moods.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES. (S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H.) The Notes and Queries have answers in all departments of literature and will be found of interest to Teachers, Pupils and Students.

THE ANTI-COMPULSORY-VACCINATION REPORTER. (Geo. F. Poole, 15 Bennington St., Cheltenham, Eng.) A Monthly having for its aim the repeal of the Compulsory Vaccination Laws.

THE VACCINATION INQUIRER. (E. W. Allen, 4 Ave Maria Lane, London, Eng.) The organ of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY. (American Magazine Pub. Co., Chicago.) A Magazine devoted to the free discussion of Literature and Science, Politics and Religion.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY. (The Russell Publishing Co., Boston.) A monthly for young readers, containing pretty, short stories and illustrations.

THE NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT AND MONTHLY REVIEW. (Weller and Son, Chicago.) An exponent of Swedenborganism.

BABYLAND. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston). As usual this number has many short stories for children just beginning to read.

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More people than is generally supposed have some form of kidney trouble. We do not wish to frighten any one needlessly, for that would be simply cruelty, and no business considerations could excuse it. Still, what we have said remains true. That terrible malady, Bright's disease, is not new, although the discussion of it is comparatively so. Thousands have perished of kidney disease, whose deaths practitioners have attributed to other causes. The chief danger in kidney disease is that it so often becomes serious before the patient—or his physician either—knows what his ailment actually is. Therefore all symptoms of urinary derangements should be attended to at once. Delay is always dangerous, and may be fatal. When the urine is discolored, when it contains whitish deposits, or where there is pain in urination, the sufferer is foolish to deceive himself with the idea that he will be "all right presently." The kidneys are the scavengers, the sewers if you please, of the human body, and when they are clogged, the entire circulation may be poisoned. Here are the outlines of a case in point:

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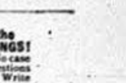

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 3, 1884.

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A Significant Easter Sermon.

We invite special attention to an Easter sermon on another page, by the Rev. Minot J. Savage, of Boston. As most of our readers know, Mr. Savage is one of the most widely known Unitarian clergymen of that city, eloquent, able, manly and progressive; commanding the respect of a large audience, and the esteem of a host of personal friends. Probably no clergyman of his denomination has more influence, as a speaker and writer, and it is easily seen that he is not blindly conservative! In one respect he is much like Theodore Parker. That great man watched carefully the signs of the times and gave, in due season, fair statements of the character and influence of new movements in the field of thought or reform, not waiting until such movements were popular or general before doing them justice or noting their significance. Mr. Savage pursues the same manly course, as this Easter sermon shows. Treating of the great theme of immortality, he does not follow the absurd method of many Unitarians and others, in ignoring Spiritualism, but sees its significance, grants its reasonableness, admits its growth, criticises its faults and hopes it may be proven to the satisfaction of all.

We think he underrates the power of the idea of immortality in the past. He says: "So, after these thousands of years, a large portion of the world is waiting and asking still." Samuel Johnson, in his great work on Oriental Religions, says that the thought and sacred literature of ancient Hindostan are "saturated with the idea of immortality." But perhaps Mr. Savage had in mind a waiting for proofs tangible to the senses as well as to the soul. In this age of inductive and external science such proofs are needed, and only Spiritualism gives them.

Mark his testimony that "Spiritualism has a thousand times more evidence of spirit-return than the Bible has of the resurrection of Jesus." His cogent statement, too, that if Christ was a man and reappeared, it is a proof of our personal continuity beyond the grave, is worthy special attention. He clearly sees that the real conflict is between Materialism and Spiritualism, and that science has no right to ignore the latter.

We thank him for giving the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, credit for its work. It is another verification of the soundness of the advice of our excellent and influential Methodist friend: "Hold the JOURNAL to the exposition of the phenomena on a strictly scientific basis, and you are sure to win the churches in the end." The cumulative evidence of the attitude of sympathetic interest held by the world at large in the phenomena of Spiritualism, should stimulate Spiritualists to more exact methods of observation, and teach those who oppose the JOURNAL'S methods, that it is only by such methods that the respectful attention and active interest of non-Spiritualists can be had. Spiritualists claim to prove the correctness of their views by ocular demonstration; this they are justified in doing; but they cannot consistently ask non-Spiritualists to hastily and unquestioningly acknowledge the claim as proven to the satisfaction of those who have not witnessed the phenomena, merely on the testimony of confirmed believers, when the latter affirm that these phenomena are in the world and of daily occurrence. The investigator has a perfect right, and it is his duty, to demand for himself the demonstration of the truth of the claim, and that it shall be done under such conditions as shall leave no reasonable ground for doubt in his own mind. This is the position of the JOURNAL, and it is the only one that can be regarded as fair, or likely to win in the long run.

Mr. Savage is by no means alone among his ministerial brethren in the views presented in his sermon, only he seems to possess more fully than some others the courage of his opinions. We have in our office abundant evidence of the wide-spread and kindly interest felt in Spiritualism by the clergy; an interest and respect engendered by the JOURNAL'S unswerving devotion to the truth, regardless of all sectarian or party considerations; in a word, by its strict adherence to scientific and philosophical grounds in its treatment of the main subject within its scope. Mr. Savage may be safely taken by Spiritualists as a barometer correctly showing the mental state of millions of intelligent inquirers. Let Spiritualists study this indicator that they may the better meet the exigencies of the hour. Every Spiritualist has a sacred duty which he cannot evade without injury to himself. With his increased knowledge come new and grave responsibilities; he is bound to use it not only for his own spiritual welfare but to demonstrate the truth of the continuity of life and unbroken progress beyond the confines of this world to all who seek of him this knowledge. And he must do this so as to convince those who ask to share his knowledge; it is not a matter of blind faith and persuasion, but of knowledge, conviction. Spiritualists have only to persist, wisely and earnestly, and the stupendous truths of which they are the expositors will win their way to every soul in need of them.

Total Depravity.

No doctrine is held more tenaciously in the Church than total depravity. Scarcely a prayer or sermon in which it is not either expressed or implied. It is often the case that these declarations, so exceedingly humble, suggest the lines:

> "And the devil laughed, for he likes to see
> The pride that apes humility."

Few who have listened to confessions of converts but have noted how, after all, they seem to exult in past wickedness. "Well, Jim, whatever happens, they can't take away from us the memory of the good times we have had," said one, only half-converted. It is to be expected that men should in very pride or rather, self-conceit, exalt their present condition, by comparison with what they have passed through, and that they should make themselves vile, that the ideal they profess to have of perfect purity may have something like clearness of outline. Thus the doctrine is preached, persistently, vigorously, and men use it as an explanation of anything they don't like. Beau Brummel used to insist on having the soles of his boots blacked and polished, giving as a reason that the depravity of human nature would prevent the edges of the sole receiving due attention if the entire shoe were not polished. Every wound to self-love, every thing that hurts or hinders in acts of his fellow-men is taken as evidence of the truth of this much-proclaimed doctrine. "Where I find a man don't pay his notes," said one, "I can't give up the idea of the good old Presbyterian hell; it proves an utter depravity that can be at home nowhere else." At heart, very many believe all others liable to the charge, but think themselves exceptions to the rule; and utter their protestations of complete unworthiness in a Pickwickian sense, with mental reservations. More than one convert has been roused to dire indignation, in the midst of his confession, by the incautious endorsement of his wickedness by some other brother. Not long since one had out-Heroded Herod, in self-denunciation, and at its close, some one began to sing, "The dying thief rejoiced to see," etc., the penitent left the room in disgust, exclaiming, "I was bad enough, but I never was a thief."

Men do evil, that is sure; they think evil, there is no doubt of it. We, every one of us, fall below our ideal, but *we have an ideal.* The question is not do we sin, but are we wrong and evil in our very nature, so we can do no good. The doctrine may be stated, but is unthinkable. Did Infinite wisdom make such a huge mistake, as to permit only one man to be pure and good, and all the countless millions since the alleged Adam, to be not merely wrong and wicked, but incapable of any good? Such would be an impotent, or unwise, or cruel Being, or all these, which is impossible. Was ever man or woman seen without an ideal of goodness? without some sort of conscience? with absolutely no love but of self? Take, as evidences of total depravity, our dangerous classes. Thousands of them, as also thousands who would scorn on other occasions to meet with them, attended in New York, lately, the funeral of a prize fighter, bully and drunkard; as the police captain described him, "bad clean through." The people crowded to his funeral, despite his badness, to do honor to the good that was in him—little enough, surely, but that there was good in him, they perceived. So they praised his courage, his endurance, his devotion to his ideal, poor and pitiful enough, but reaching out the best he knew, after the good and true.

Some one once published a work on attraction and repulsion, and taking all the facts said to prove attraction to be the law of the universe, proceeded to demonstrate that repulsion would produce precisely similar results. So, in the matter under discussion, it can be shown that, taking the opposing idea to total depravity—man's essential divinity—his power of ceaseless progression would of necessity create evils. Limited in physical power, with only partially developed brain, the imperfection different in every man, the manifestation of the divine must be always so imperfect as to hide the divinity, and man would be a bold, violent transgressor of law or full of trick and device to cheat. Man would do wrong things, by the power of God, just because he was *not* totally depraved.

So far the discussion has been of the fact of total depravity, something should be said of the result of a belief in this doctrine or in its opposite. If men be totally depraved, how shall we love them, or try to do them good. "Holy Spirit?" yes; he has it now, as you have. His very life is God's, he but uses it his way as you do in yours. What use to offer good, if being totally depraved he cannot accept it, cannot even perceive it to be good?. Better to appeal to the good in him than to denounce the evil and tell him he is only evil and cannot be good. Better to preach man's essential divinity than his total depravity, it is truer, more exalting, the best remedy for evil this world knows. With the daily evidences received of progression from evil to good, after passing from earth, no Spiritualist can believe in total depravity.

A Haunted Factory.

At the corner of Twenty-fifth Street and Packer's Avenue, Chicago, the Northwestern Fertilizing Co. has its factory. The buildings are four hundred feet long, one hundred and fifty deep, and two stories high, except about forty feet on the south end which is two and a-half stories high. The company employs about one hundred men during the day and four at night, the engine being run night and day. About seven months ago, a remarkable incident occurred. One of the largest of the mills, requiring fifty horse power to run it, started without help from engine or man, and ran for some twenty minutes before stopping. The engine was moving, but the belt connecting engine and mill was off. No one was seen about the mill, nor could *one* have started it—in fact, it took three men to start that mill. But the engineer, who was the JOURNAL'S informant, said, if the mill had been connected with the engine, and when speed was gained the belt had been thrown off, the mill might have run some time if it were empty. This incident had a brief memory as a wonder, but was followed, night after night, by violent noises in the factory. Blood-curdling yells and shrieks, sounds as if some one was being strangled, violent pounding on floors, casings and doors; and in one case a large rock thrown into the engine room, startled the employes, and their story spreading among the day-workers, scared many of them away from their employment. The engineers claim that they have done all they could to discover the source of the mysterious noises, but have so far utterly failed. On one occasion the engineer on duty stationed two men outside a door which had been a special object of attack, and arming himself with a large riveting hammer, watched the other side, with one hand holding the door shut. "Do you see any one?" the engineer called to his watchmen on the other side of the door, as he felt it pressing strongly against his hand. "No; no one here," was the reply. He let go of the door, and raised his hammer in readiness to strike. The door flew open violently, but there was no one visible. These disturbances, it is asserted, still continue, almost every night. At one time nothing had been heard for a week, and at twelve o'clock on Sunday night, the engine having been stopped to "wipe up," was just ready to start again, when the engineer said to his helper, "Say, John, not much ghost this week." Instantly the noises began, louder than ever. "Well, I'll be hanged if ever I say a word about them again," was the engineer's comment. Of the two engineers, one is frightened by the phenomena, the other is not—but neither has any explanation to offer.

In time, of course, reporters began to visit the place, singly at first, then in groups of two or three; but as they all came in the daytime, they heard nothing but the throb of the engine and the men's stories, and went away looking wise, muttering "some one playing tricks." Apparently convinced that this was the true explanation, no report was published. But as the manifestations continued month after month, at last a reporter of the *Sun*, a paper published at the Stock Yards, drew up a detailed statement, which was published on the 18th. This at once drew public attention, and the place has since been overrun with visitors. At the close of a political meeting a few days ago, almost the entire assemblage adjourned to the factory, armed with canes, clubs and revolvers, many of the party being drunk. On the night of April 21st, at least five hundred people were present, so the JOURNAL is informed. Of course the proprietors could not permit such wholesale inroads, and next day ordered that no person should be admitted, but at least seventy-five forced their way in. As to the genuineness of these manifestations, it is impossible to judge—as to its effect on some of the witnesses, it is very pronounced. One reporter is said to have fainted, and was carried home by his friends. Another was in such haste to escape that he knocked his hat off, but did not dare to stop to pick it up. Amusing stories are told of the behavior of parties who have listened to the weird sounds. The JOURNAL gives such statements as it has received. If an opportunity to investigate the matter can be had, one of the JOURNAL'S experts will be detailed for the work, and something more than hearsay will be given its readers. The evidence so far, however, seems to be more trustworthy than that usually to be had in support of such stories.

A New Mode of Conversion.

A lady in Chicago, the respected wife of a reputable citizen, has invented a means of converting others to the faith that ought to be more generally known. She is a deeply religious woman, and finding all effort to turn her husband from worldliness unavailing, resolved to fast absolutely until her husband should see the error of his ways and join her beloved church. The husband, who could not understand how her starving was to prove the church doctrines true, begged her to give up the "nonsensical idea" and eat something. But the wife was inflexible, and after she had fasted twenty-one days, and it became apparent she was determined to die rather than give up the contest, the husband yielded. Perhaps he was convinced, at all events he joined the church, and the devout wife turned again to the flesh-pots.

Encouraged by this success, the wife attempted the same thing with her son. Here she found her Waterloo. The young man refused to be convinced by any amount of voluntary starvation endured by anyone else; if anything, it seemed to intensify his dislike of a system which could produce such folly. The mother fasted for sixteen days when the son told her he should leave home, as he had no desire to remain and see her starve herself to death. Two days longer the strong-willed woman starved, and then gave up the fight. Net result of a little more than a month's starvation, one unwilling convert. Still, strong in the efficacy of her method, she is now fasting to compel the conversion of a proposed son-in-law. Just now it seems as if she would fail, for the young man declares he will not repent, and will marry her daughter.

But, all new processes are apt to fail at the first trial. Let the experiment be tried in larger range of operation, it will be cheaper than the old mode of evangelization, and who knows but it might be even more effective. Think of the comfortable rotundity of Mr. Moody growing less day by day in sight of thousands of well-fed sinners. Would it not be apt to give them a clearer idea, in fact an object lesson showing how earthly things are passing away? As the process went on, the preacher visibly failing, would not his warnings of the imminence of death have a new significance? Decidedly the thing is worth trying.

There is a difficulty—there are always difficulties in new things—evangelists have a fondness for the best hotels, are somewhat partial to the good things of this world, at least so far as food is concerned. It might be necessary to convert the evangelists. But this, though confessedly difficult, is not impossible.

Providence Spiritualists' Association.

At the meeting in Slade's Hall, April 20th, before a large audience, Mr. F. H. L. Willis of Boston, lectured on "Woman's Place in the World of Ideas." He spoke of the low estimate generally made of woman in the world of thought, and proceeded to demonstrate its injustice, giving extended sketches of Sappho and Hypatia, the honors paid to the latter by Athens, the most cultured city in the world. He told, also, of the cruel death she met by the instigation of Archbishop Cyril. He gave an eloquent description of Beatrice, claiming that she inspired Dante's *Divina Commedia*, and closed by allusions to Cornelia and the mother of St. Augustine, ending "Not until woman reaches her grandest and possible position will man reach his highest and best."

In the evening, Dr. Willis lectured on "The Causes of National Decay." He defined these to be, chiefly, men usurping the power of God, and the existence of superstition and bigotry. "The lesson," said the speaker, "which America needs to learn, is social and religious, intellectual and political liberty for every living man and woman beneath the sun. The history of nations shows that only where justice is done do the people become great and powerful. Slavery is degrading and tyranny cripples. It is the same with the individual character. Power is assertion over yourself, not over others."

Edgar Emerson, the test medium, was announced to speak on the 27th.

Moral Cowardice.

Mr. F. M. Holland in the *Index*, says: "I knew an Episcopal church among whose five vestrymen there were a Quaker, an agnostic, and an atheist. A Unitarian minister in the West often gets liberal contributions from men who do not dare to go and hear him preach. The people who express the most intelligent and eager sympathy with his views are sometimes tied down by family or professional ties, so as to have to give all their ostensible aid to his most bigoted opponent. Many a pillar of the church might say, as one of the English chancellors did to some dissenters who petitioned for relief: 'I want you to understand that I am for the Established Church because it is established; and, if ever you get your d—d religion established I shall be for that.' Our American booksellers could give startling statistics of the number of copies of Paine, Ingersoll and Andrew Jackson Davis bought by orthodox church members on the sly." To this may well be added, that if the statistics were presented of how many unavowed Spiritualists there are in our churches, how many church members secretly visit mediums, how many of them and even ministers visit our healers, and do not dare to admit it, the hypocrisy, the moral cowardice displayed would seem almost too great for belief.

A Free Religious Indicator.

The Index (Boston) in its issue of the 24th ult., copies the comments from *Light* (London), lately published in the JOURNAL, and precedes them with the following remarks:

The Index is no advocate of Spiritualism, but it has often mentioned in commendatory terms the efforts of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to expose the immorality and fraud practiced in the name of Spiritualism; to secure in its favor the judgment of intelligent men and women, based upon the observation and examination of genuine phenomena; and we are glad to see that secular journals generally in this country, and even spiritualistic papers in England, have words of approval and praise for the course the JOURNAL has pursued.

Dr. Holland's Experiment.

On the second page will be found a very readable account of a séance held by Dr. Charles Holland, with Mrs. E. C. Hatch as medium. We assume no responsibility in its publication, neither do we care at this time to venture an opinion as to the genuineness of the manifestations. We will say, however, that the experiment, as written out, was not free from defects and that the record has no particular value, from a scientific standpoint, as data in the study of spirit phenomena.

The Fay Combination.

[Telegraphic Correspondence.]

RICHMOND, Ind., April 26th, 1884.

To John C. Bundy, Chicago, Ill.:

Is Anna Eva Fay a genuine medium? Answer. G. W. STIGLEMAN.

REPLY.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 26th, 1884.

To G. W. Stigleman, Richmond, Ind.:

Anna Eva Fay is a fraud. Make the town too hot for her gang. JNO. C. BUNDY.

To New Readers.

Not less than twenty-five thousand intelligent people of liberal views who are not subscribers to the JOURNAL will see this number. Their special attention is called to the prospectus of the paper on the seventh page; and if there is anything therein to which they object it is hoped they will communicate with the editor. All who wish to be informed upon subjects within the scope of the JOURNAL, should subscribe for one year and give the paper a fair trial.

GENERAL NOTES.

Mrs. O. T. Shepard lectures at Milwaukee, Wis., May 4th.

Dr. Henry Slade is now in New Orleans. He writes to us that he has engagements to deliver four lectures.

Mrs. Belle Fletcher Hamilton has closed her stay in Chicago and returned to Cincinnati.

Last Sunday Lyman C. Howe lectured at Erie, Pa. He also delivered two lectures last week at McLallen's Corners, about twenty miles from Erie.

The American Hebrew, a new paper, discusses matter of interest to the Hebrew race with marked ability. It deserves to be successful, and doubtless will be.

The Marion County (Ia.) *Register* furnishes us with an address delivered by Major Young at the funeral of John B. Graves. It is able and eloquent, and distinctly spiritualistic.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity will hold a Mediums' and Experience Meeting in the Hall of the Union for Christian Work, 16 Smith Street, near Fulton, Thursday evening, May 8th. All mediums are invited.

The excellent medium and healer, Mrs. S. F. Pirnie is now fairly settled in her rooms at 425 West Madison Street. The JOURNAL commends her not only in her professional capacity, but as a woman of sterling worth.

Mr. J. Buchner writes us from Harts, Monroe Co., Wisconsin, saying Spiritualism is growing rapidly there, and that they propose forming a Spiritualist society, to be known as the Pleasant Ridge Spiritual Association. Good.

Dr. Russell, an inspirational speaker, has been lecturing quite acceptably to the Spiritualists of Minneapolis, Minn. The *Tribune* of that city says: "The large attendance of ladies and gentlemen followed his remarks with close interest."

Prof. F. A. Davis, of the United States Medical College, New York City, will lecture for the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity, at the Hall of the Union for Christian Work, 16 Smith Street, near Fulton, Thursday evening, May 15th, on "The Law of Spirit Growth."

A member of the editorial staff of a leading New York magazine, in sending a communication for the JOURNAL, writes in a personal note: "Let me add, on my own account, how heartily I appreciate the work of your JOURNAL, which gains constantly in dignity and fearlessness of tone. All prosperity to it, and the cause we believe in, and labor for."

Do fish gamble as well as gambol? At the head-quarters of the Fish Commission in Washington, they show five playing cards found in the pouch of a large cod captured last fall. It is supposed that five cards would not remain together in the water long enough to be swallowed by a fish, and hence that the cards were deliberately swallowed one by one. Is civilization reaching to ocean's depths? may we expect soon to discover that fish are learning our elegant vices?

We have received an excellent photograph of J. H. Mott, of Memphis, Mo., for which he will please accept our thanks.

Geo. D. Search, the medium, is temporarily stopping at De Vall's Bluff, Ark. He claims to be doing well there.

The crowded condition of our columns has prevented the publication of an able lecture by Mrs. E. L. Watson, delivered under the purported control of William Denton, which has been in hand for several weeks. We hope to find space for it in our next.

Mrs. Simpson, the slate writing medium, is now stopping at Hope, Dakota, where she will remain until about September first, having gone there to rest from her professional labors. The JOURNAL hopes she will return in the fall fully restored. Mrs. Simpson is one of the mediums of whom the JOURNAL is proud.

Felicity, O., rejoices in the possession of a four-year-old boy, who is said to be able to read books and papers at sight, though he has had no instruction. Similar cases are often found. A child of the same age at Brooklyn, N. Y., could mentally make intricate calculations, but as soon as he went to school, and was made to calculate according to rule, his wonderful power ceased.

The *Continent* for April has a finely written and beautifully illustrated article upon "The Art of Decoration," by our well known correspondent, Hester M. Poole. The illustrations are by Mr. Shirlaw, and are from the designs made for the interior of Mr. D. O. Mills's house in New York. The friezes from the Bijou Theatre, Boston, are reproduced directly from the charcoal drawings.

Reverend Cephas B. Lynn! That is the way to address him now. He has been licensed for one year by the Committee of Fellowship of the Connecticut Universalist Convention. It is not probable that this eloquent, logical speaker has changed his views in exchanging the Spiritualist rostrum for the Universalist pulpit. He had evidently sickened of the puerile results of his work as a representative of the Boston Spiritualist sheet. As an agent and correspondent of that paper he was constantly hampered by its traditional policy of defending fraud, hedging on all moral questions, and general cowardice. He tired of filling column after column with mush and being obliged to steer clear of all reference to matters of vital importance to Spiritualism. His clear cut, ringing lectures, replete with good sense and filled with the pith of the latest researches in science and philosophy, were in striking contrast with the vapory mess he was obliged to supply his paper. He endured long because of his necessities and not from choice, and apparently saw no way out of the difficulty but to change his constituency. The traditional policy of the Boston sheet will in time eliminate from its constituency every person of brains. Mr. Lynn has the best wishes of the JOURNAL in his new field of labor, and it is to be hoped the new bonds of fellowship will never cramp or retard his progressive spirit. The good of humanity as a whole and not merely of a sect or party should be the object of life; hence if Mr. Lynn feels he can be more useful in his new field of labor, the JOURNAL bids him God-speed.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Reminiscences—Manifestations—Planetary Influences—Mrs. Patterson in Philadelphia.

Having recently received some peculiar manifestations through Mrs. Patterson, medium, formerly of Pittsburgh, I cannot well present them to your readers in all their bearings without somewhat of retrospection. One of the communicating spirits (whom I will designate as "E. L.") was, about fifty years ago, a prominent instructor of youth, and was my first and highly respected preceptor in the paths of mathematical and astronomical science, as well as in the natural philosophy of those days generally. He was a man of strongly marked and somewhat eccentric character, mental as well as physical—not in all his features like old Cowper's description of a philosopher:

> "Sage erudite, profound,
> Terribly arched and aquiline his nose,
> And over built with most impending brows;"

but the latter he had, and from beneath them shone dark and piercing eyes, whose sternness was held in wholesome awe by all refractory pupils. Erect, wiry, muscular, though not corpulent, he could, like the Indian, outwalk his horse, and thought little, either in storm or shine, of a tramp of 30 or 40 miles from his home to Philadelphia. Born in 1776, he was nearly 60 years of age when I first made his acquaintance as a pupil, and he then had the reputation of being one of the first mathematicians (if not the first) in the United States, wherein there are possibly few better to-day. He died in 1856 at the age of 80 years.

In earlier life, long before I knew him, say about 1796, he was engaged as a surveyor under the commissioners, Major Andrew Ellicott and General William Irvine, to locate and survey in the heavily timbered wilderness, the towns of Erie, Franklin, Warren, etc., near our then western frontier.

Being an accurate rhetorician as well as scientist, he became the author of several works in his line as a teacher, such as an arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry, grammar, etc., and, as a member of the religious Society of Friends, his commanding intellect exercised a marked influence in the success of their Institution, the "West-Town Boarding School," in Chester County, Pa., at which place he spent several years, at two different periods of his life, as instructor in mathematical and other sciences. Under his tuition your present scribe increased his own natural proclivities for astronomical and other accurate knowledge, and became a favorite pupil of no mean master. Both the wives of our "sage" wrote their maiden names with a J., and this family connection (albeit of a former generation) did not lessen the mutual regard that, in spite of disparity in years, seemed to spring up between the teacher and his enthusiastic pupil.

But, alas! there came a breach in harmony. Shortly after the advent of modern Spiritualism, the pupil inclined to look into that tabooed matter, becoming almost a convert, and thus a likely branch of the "Friendly" vine was being led astray. His old friend, the teacher, wrote him a letter expressing his regret that he should be deceived by such unscientific folly and superstition; quoting the parable of Dives and Lazarus, as illustrating the "gulf" that was "fixed" between the two conditions of being, and begging him to refrain from the investigation.

Unfortunately (?) the pupil, then as now, had a way of thinking for himself, and possibly a little too free a method of speaking his thought. He ventured to reply to his superior in age and experience, stating his opinion that the quoted parable had been unfortunately chosen, and reminding his preceptor, as a man of science, how often scripture had yielded to a forced modification to bring it in accord with the demonstrations of science. Our dear old friend deigned no reply; but we heard indirectly that he said: "John had got on his high horse—he would let him alone." Perhaps, friend Editor, you will agree with him, that the horse was rather high, and his safest course was silence. Perhaps the permissible pride of great attainment and long experience may account for the fact that for many years, while hearing from other friends that had passed over, I never until quite recently heard from my old teacher, "E. L." Many others have come from time to time, saying freely that they had been wrong, and that I was more nearly right; but he came not. I heard of him last summer through Mr. and Mrs. Champion, of Philadelphia, as manifesting at Neshaminy, and endeavoring to demonstrate on a black board, student fashion; but no one knew of him or recognized him.

After this long preamble, which may prove like a large portico to a small house, your readers will be able to judge the pertinence of the following, received from him through Mrs. Patterson. More than one month ago, on my first visit to Mrs. P., he had difficulty in responding, but finally succeeded in writing through her:

"Tell my friends, one and all, that I still live, and that ere many months have gone by, I will prove it."

On the eleventh of April I called on Mrs. P. a second time. Her method of receiving communications is thus: She invites the caller to address a written question to the spirit person desired, without her seeing it,—to be closely folded by the writer, and placed by him between hinged slates, which are then secured by a screw passing through the frame of one slate into the other. This double slate is then placed by the medium in her own lap, the visitor sitting on the opposite side of a table of moderate size. While the writing is in progress between the slates, the medium's right hand is generally controlled to write upon larger sheets of paper on top of the table, what often seems to be an enlargement upon the subject-matter written within the slates, which is generally short and pertinent. When the writing between the slates becomes finished, the small scrap of pencil used in writing it, appears in some way to be placed on top of the upper slate. The first scrap of paper which I wrote upon, folded and placed between the slates, contained the question:

"Can my old friend, E. L., [the name being written in full] say anything to-day?"

An answer came first through the medium's hand on the table, thus:

"Yes, he is here, but hasn't control yet. John."

Also another in a female hand, thus:

"We are doing what we can. The friend you ask for is here—looks like the school master of the past. Lizzie."

From the association of the two names, "John" and "Lizzie," I recognized in them two younger friends, departed a few years ago. The slate was then opened and in it was written:

"Yes, I am here. Your ideas were nearer right than mine. E. L."

This struck me as pertinent to the "high horse" business of many years ago. By the medium's hand on the table there was written next:

"Ah! yes; I have gained control. There comes with you the spirit of one Jones, who entered the Summer-land by violence. He has a message to impart if he can fix the conditions. E. L." (You, friend Editor, and most of your readers, will place the name of "Jones," but I heard no more from him.)

The next question addressed between the slates to my old friend was:

"Has he ever been to visit any of the planets or their moons?"

The answer to this between the slates was:

"Not yet. We start in a few days for Jupiter. E. L."

Through the medium's hand was written:

"I am doing what I can—it is hard for me to control an organism so different from my own. I follow my old occupation here; but am a teacher of teachers. E. L."

Then again also came through the medium's hand:

"Several of the old masters, who have already visited Jupiter, Mars and Saturn, and want to go there to make observations, go with us. We go first to Uranus, then to Jupiter. There is a very strong action in several of the volcanoes of the moons that light those planets, and an unusual one also in—[last word illegible]. E. L."

Simultaneously with the above there was written on the slate:

"Herschell is at the head of the expedition, E. L."

The next question placed inside the slate was this:

"Is there an unusual eruption now on our moon in the Crater Tycho?"

To this question, prompted by a recent announcement, the following answers were written between the slates:

"There is. This year, from the position of the planets, there will come more storms and eruptions than ever before known; on your earth, and in the moon too."

There were, on the same occasion, several other pertinent communications received from "John," first above named, and also from our old friend, E. V. Wilson; but this letter is growing too long. What shall we say of such altogether appropriate answers from my old friend of nearly half a century ago? With Mrs. Patterson's consent, I carefully examined her slate, and could discern no possible manner in which she could write the answers in it, or even become aware of the nature of the questions by any kind of a normal sight. I have conversed with several persons of sense and discrimination, who have also visited her and who have confidence in the integrity of the manifestations through her medial powers, and who say they have received through her many tests. I think you may safely recommend her as a medium whose terms are moderate, and as one who will be able to give much satisfaction to candid and inquiring minds. Her residence at present is at 508 South 16th Street, Philadelphia.

J. G. J.

The only body competent to decide as to the best brand of baking powder now before the public is the community of house-keepers. And as it is conceded that house-keepers, with great unanimity, prefer Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, over all competing products, after twenty years' trial, there is no appeal from that decision.

There is an able article from the pen of Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, on the "Fallacies of the Remonstrants against Woman Suffrage," in a late number of *The Index*. She gives a concise statement of the various "Remonstrants," claiming that they are the legitimate results of the half-education and the cramped and fettered lives which even the most fortunate women have in the past been forced to lead. She critically analyzes the position assumed by Mrs. Clara Leonard, "that the right to vote is not an inherent right," modifying it somewhat. She concludes that there is a taint of barbarism in Mrs. L.'s definition of suffrage: "Voting is simply a mathematical test of strength," claiming that position to be simply the doctrine that "might makes right." We would be glad to publish Mrs. Underwood's article in full, but space forbids.

Boston correspondent: "What do you think of the mediumship of Mrs. Beste?" We have no faith in her alleged mediumship. She began her career by practicing gross and barefaced fraud in the house of Col. Kase in Philadelphia. We are told that she now "performs behind a high iron fence." Her reasons for this any reader can see. We can not affirm that she has no medial power, but we do assert that she is a vile swindler, and we promise to prove it, if she will leave the headquarters for frauds (Boston) and come to Chicago on a "professional" visit.

REORGANIZATION. The Spiritual Truth Seekers' meeting in Lester's Academy, 619 W. Lake street, propose to reorganize on a new basis, and desire to notify all the officers, members and friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum that a meeting will be held at 1 P. M. on Sunday, May 4, for the purpose of choosing new officers for the Lyceum. It is proposed that the future meetings of the Truth Seekers shall be managed by the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

We feel assured that our friends will thank us for bringing before their notice articles which have no superior among the many that fill our markets. We refer to the celebrated Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts. We have used them, and can recommend them as the best article in domestic use.

In the May number of the *Eclectic Magazine* we find the usual amount of good reading. The opening article, Frederick Harrison's "The Ghost of Religion," is a mingled criticism and eulogy of Herbert Spencer's article published in the last number of this magazine. The paper on "Platform Women," from the *Nineteenth Century*, is a strong argument, from the purely feminine stand-point, against the new agitation. The usual number of bright, light articles, poems, etc., will be found in the number.

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Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

The Brooklyn Spiritualist Society will hold services every Sunday, commencing September 16th at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. at the Hall, corner of Fulton and Bedford Avenues. J. Wm. Fletcher, speaker. All spiritual papers on sale in the hall. Meetings free.

WM. H. JOHNSON. President.

CHURCH OF THE NEW SPIRITUAL DISPENSATION, 128 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Public services every Sunday at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

Lyceum for young and old, Sundays at 10:30 A. M. Abraham J. Kipp, Superintendent.

Ladies Aid and Mutual Relief Fraternity, Wednesday, at 2:30.

Church Social every second and fourth Wednesday, in each month, at 8 P. M.

Psychic Fraternity for development of mediums, every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, *sharp*. Mrs. T. B. Stryker, President.

The South Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Franklin Hall, corner 3rd Avenue and 18th Street, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. Bogert, President; Dr. Patch, Secretary and Treasurer.

A Progressive Spiritual Meeting will be held every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in Franklin Hall, corner of 3rd avenue and 18th street South Brooklyn. Seats free.

GERARD ENGELEN, Chairman.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference meets at Everett Hall, 398 Fulton Street, every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Capt. J. David, President; W. J. Cushing, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity will meet at 16 Smith St., two doors from Fulton, in the hall of Union for Christian Work, every Thursday evening, 8 P. M.

April 24th.—Lecture by John Jeffreys.
May 1st.—Lecture by Prof. Henry Kiddle.

S. B. NICHOLS, President.
John Jeffreys, Secretary. A. G. Kipp, Treasurer.

At Steck Hall, No. 11 East 14th Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York City, the Harmonial Association, Andrew Jackson Davis, President and regular speaker, hold a public meeting every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, to which everybody is most cordially invited. These meetings continue without intermission until June 11th, 1884. Services commence and conclude with music.

New York City Ladies Spiritualist Aid Society, meet every Wednesday, at 3 P. M., at 171 East 69th Street.

MRS. S. A. McCRETCHEN, Secretary.

The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, convenes every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 7:30 evening, in Frobisher Hall, No. 23 East 14th St., near Union Square.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. will hold Meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at the Supreme Court Room, Town Hall; also on the first Monday and Tuesday evenings of each month, at which Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham will officiate.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

How Long?

How long will man stand at the door and knock,
And question of life on the other side?
How long will he upon the billows rock,
And pull against the homeward flowing tide?

How long shall souls stand trembling on the brink,
And dread the plunge into the shining waves?
Why do they hate the cup which all must drink,
Fearing that Lethe's waters hide their graves?

How long shall men look down into the tomb,
And fear the change that to them all must come?
How long shall thoughts of death fill men with gloom,
And strike with sorrow the sad mourner dumb?

How long shall angels 'twixt the heaven and earth
Laden with love, be passing to and fro,
To teach mankind the glorious second birth,
Nor seem to reap the fruit of what they sow?

I answer: When the truth shall make man free,
And angels strike the chains from off his soul,
Placed there by priestly tyrants, and we see
That man can never make the grave his goal,

But that the soul shall wing its flight above
The narrow tomb, where lies the useless shell,
And that the after life may all be love,
And man shall lose the groveling fear of hell.

God is a God of love, and not of hate,
And never will doom man to death eternal;
But all will pass at last through heaven's gate,
And taste, each for himself, of joys supernal.

W. W. L.

Degrees of Mediumship.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A correspondent of the JOURNAL objects to the reference to fatigue as a test of mediumship. Theories upon such subjects should be simply a generalized statement of facts. The facts in this case, as I have observed them, are that in proportion as human action is assisted by an outside power, fatigue is diminished, whether the outside power be the car that carries us on a journey, or a spirit power that produces unconscious or involuntary action. It would seem self-evident, that if the medium is but an instrument for doing what he cannot do alone, because it far transcends his powers, the spirit is the real agent, and the fatigue must be diminished in proportion to the assistance rendered.

I think experience shows that in many cases not only is the fatigue diminished, but the medium is in a better condition than he was before the effort was made. Delicate females, as spirit mediums, heal diseases, which in common magnetic treatment would produce exhaustion in the operator, and either feel no fatigue, or in some cases are so much invigorated as to be eager to heal other patients. I know a number who feel this invigoration, and it is a common incident of all forms of passive mediumship; but it is not necessarily incident to all mediumship, for all mediumship is not exclusively spiritual. The spirit may be the dominating power, and the utterances of the medium may be in accord with the spiritual impression, although the work is not all done by the spirit. In such cases the fatigue is proportioned to the amount of exertion by the medium, and the greater the fatigue the greater is the amount of effort contributed by the medium, and the greater the probability that there has been but an imperfect expression from the spirit. It is possible, also, that the spirit may give the sustaining power to overcome fatigue, and yet the medium, from lack of pliability, may frame the expression into accordance with his own views, when they diverge somewhat from the spiritual conception.

It is very important that this subject should be well understood; that mediums should seek to embody the most perfect spiritual expression, and should not be satisfied with anything short of it; and that inquirers should not be content with commonplace utterances in which they merely receive the thoughts of the medium.

No doubt there are many mediumistic utterances uncontrolled by any spirit, which are valuable and instructive, but there are others which are of very little value, the acceptance of which as infallible dicta, of supernal origin, has cast discredit upon Spiritualism, and caused many important mistakes in business and in social relations.

The best mediums are at times in no condition to receive and embody spirit influences, and should not allow themselves to be taxed by the effort, when the results are fatiguing and relatively meagre.

The physical theory that all human exertion must be accompanied by proportional fatigue, is not sustained by either physiological or psychological science. Exertion which is prompted and sustained by the higher emotions, is often animating and invigorating, instead of fatiguing, when it does not go beyond the strength which those emotions supply; still more is this the case when strength comes in from supernal sources, and he is not very far advanced in spiritual philosophy, who does not know how large an amount of both spiritual and physiological power may come from the Spirit-world.

JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

Boston, 29 Fort Avenue.

Tests of Spirit Presence.

A SPIRIT STOPS A RAILROAD TRAIN.

Some years since, a young man of this town (Whitehall, N. Y.) named Wm. H. Burt, employed as a brakeman on a train running between Whitehall and Rutland, was killed by being run over by the train on which he was employed. The following are the particulars: The accident happened in the night. After leaving Hydeville, the last station but one on the route between Rutland, Vt., and Whitehall, N. Y., the train having proceeded on its way some two miles, the engineer saw a signal (given with a lantern), to stop, known among railroad men as "cutting down." The lantern passed rapidly toward the rear end of the train, still "cutting down." The engineer whistled "down brakes," and reversed his engine. Having stopped his train and inquired the cause of the stoppage, the train men answered that they had given no signal. It was then found that Burt was missing. The train proceeded on its way to Fairhaven, the next station, where they found a dispatch ordering them to wait for a train to pass them there, and also informing them of the death of Burt, who was found but a short distance from the Hydeville station, a distance of more than two miles behind the point where the stop signal was seen, and at which time all the rest of the train hands were in the "caboose," at the rear end of the train. These are the facts as reported by the train hands at the time, and it is the belief among his fellow train men, that it was the ghost of Burt that "cut down" the train.

HE KEPT HIS WORD.

Two printers, Brown and Kennedy, who were at work on the *Chronicle*, a weekly paper published at Whitehall, N. Y., made a solemn compact that in the event of the death of either, the surviving one would receive a visit from the one deceased, if such a thing were possible. Now for the denouement. Kennedy died first. Some three weeks after the funeral, Brown went into the editor's room to procure copy. The copy laid upon the editor's desk, held down by a glass paper weight. Brown picked up the weight and was astonished to see the face of Kennedy in the same, looking at him, and as natural as ever in life, and at the same time greeting him with, "Good morning, Brown." The frightened printer dropped the paper weight, and with a shriek, fainted quite away. His fellow workmen rushed into the "sanctum," where they found Brown lying insensible upon the floor, who being revived by them, told them the facts as related above. The editor, Mr. Tefft, upon the request of Brown, removed the paper weight from the editorial room the same day.

W. W. L.

J. H. Gordon writes: I have no idea of discontinuing your valuable paper, for I certainly consider it to be worthy of a place in the most moral and intellectual household, and to me it has always been both interesting and instructive. And so may the angel world assist you in the good you are doing for humanity, is the sincere wish of your brother in the good cause.

H. M. Caukin writes: Go ahead, Bro. Bundy, you are doing a good work in breaking the idols of Spiritualists. Of course you do not get any thanks from the idol worshipers, but doing one's duty often makes enemies. I very often give offense to Spiritualists by speaking the truth as it is given me.

Courage of the weak, gentleness of the strong—both worthy of adoration.—*Maria Eschenbach.*

Chilly Easter Sermons—Letter to a Clergyman.

Rev. Mr. ———:

DEAR SIR,—A year ago on Easter Sunday I happened to meet several intelligent and thoughtful women who had just heard two sermons from different pulpits. All had the same complaint,—a sense of chill, a lack of earnest and soulfull affirmation of immortality on the day commemorative of a great resurrection. These women were not Spiritualists, but were spiritual minded, and their inner life was not fed from the pulpits. On the Easter Sunday just past I heard your two sermons; parts of them were excellent, but where they touched on immortality—the theme of the day—the light was as cold as the frozen radiance of a midnight moon glistening on January snows. In what was said of the New Testament accounts of the resurrection of Jesus, the Apostolic reports of his real presence were remanded to the regions of imagination;—in your opinion they never saw him, but only fancied they did. That one man, under strong emotion, may call up before his mind's eye the life-like image of another is possible, and not an uncommon experience; but that several persons should imagine, at different times and places, not only that they saw Jesus, but touched him and talked with him, and that all this was subjective imagination without any objective reality, passes all reasonable probability and becomes simply absurd. These narrations of the events after the crucifixion, are either to be held as unreliable and valueless, or, allowing for a tendency to the marvelous and the partial discrepancy of the different stories, we are to consider them as reports of remarkable occurrences with enough of substantial agreement to make the leading events historic and significant. This view you seem to take, but you put aside any possibility of an actual seeing of Jesus, either in a physical or spiritual body. Apply a like skeptical method to the rest of these narrations, and to other parts of the Testaments, and the Bible loses a great part of its glory and power; is largely made up of absurd fancies and illusions; is indeed like a dead shell, well nigh empty, its kernel dried up and eaten out.

The world's salvation, and our immortal life, do not depend upon their having seen him; but that does not lessen the absurdity of your "imagination" theory. You truly said that immortality would not be proven by the resurrection of the physical body of Christ, since it was a peculiar and exceptional case, its like never occurring before or since; but you assumed that the sight of any body, save the one he wore on earth—that is of any spiritual body—was "incredible," because "spiritual forms cannot be seen with the material eye." In that assumption you ignore the testimony of a host of the most credible witnesses to the fact that spirits can make themselves visible, and have done so in innumerable cases. The Bible has many narrations of such appearances. Were Moses and Elias in the transfiguration, and the angel in the last chapter of Revelations, "imaginations"? From Genesis to the Apocalypse are records of trances and visions, of gifts of healing and of speaking in unknown tongues, and all of these have their parallels in like cases to-day. The appearance of Christ was not exceptional or miraculous, but was one of many like appearances. If you choose to ignore them, it is your calamity, and you give aid and comfort to all materialists by so doing.

In his "Conflict of Science and Religion," the learned author, Dr. Draper, says:

"That the spirits of the dead revisit the living has been, in all ages and all European countries, a fixed belief, not confined to rustics, but participated in by the intelligent. If human testimony can be of any value, there is a body of evidence reaching from the remotest ages to the present time, as extensive and unimpeached as can be found in support of anything whatever, that these shades of the dead do return."

The resurrection of Christ is but one shining link in the chain of evidence of the life beyond. Even if it be broken, we can reunite the chain, but it is not to be broken on such light and fanciful reason as you give. You objected that if this body of Christ was a spiritual form, it could not be seen. The chemist pours from his retorts two streams of invisible gas, and as they meet and mingle, the invisible becomes visible, and water is materialized. He pours a stream of gas on a bar of iron, which burns fiercely; a few white ashes fall on the floor and the greater part of that solid bar vanishes in the air,—the visible is invisible—dematerialized.

By some process of spiritual chemistry, not miraculous, but unknown to us, Jesus could do what many others have done—materialize a body recognized by his friends. The spirit is positive and permanent; the body negative and transient, and the spirit builds the body. Three centuries ago Edmund Spencer said:

"For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form and doth the body make."

The intuitive poet was right. It takes years to build these earthly bodies, but in the higher life, Jesus and others may be able to shape bodies in an hour or less, tangible enough to be seen and known, and then ready to vanish away when their purpose is served.

From your Easter sermons and other discourses, I do not even know what you believe touching a life beyond. You hope, trust and suppose, but do not affirm. If one cannot affirm personal immortality in a pulpit on the day set apart as the festival of Christ's resurrection, of what use is that festival? It becomes void of significance. Is there no faith in the voice within, which says: "Thou shalt never die," and which has spoken from the Vedic age of old Hindostan to our own time? Is this testimony of the soul to be made light of?

You believe Jesus to be a man,—not superhuman or miraculous in birth or endowment, but our elder brother. Do you believe that he still lives? If he lives, you and I must live also, in the great beyond. Does he only live in his influence, and has that great personality ceased to be? Do you not affirm in your pulpit, that Christ still has a personal existence? Is not your preaching largely based on the emphatic statement of that life, as a truth not to be doubted by spiritual minded people? You could not stay in any pulpit of your own, or of any denomination, without such affirmation, or with any openly spoken doubt on the matter; yet to affirm the immortal life of Christ compels an affirmation of the immortal life of all other men.

Some weeks since I heard you say in your pulpit: "Man cannot know any thing of his future life any more than the chrysalis can of the butterfly."

Is man a worm, limited to the narrow range of the lowest type of life? Do we know how much, or little, the worm knows, or feels, or what dim prescience of butterfly life may be given to the chrysalis?

We know little of life in these earthly bodies; less of the higher life in celestial bodies, but we get glimpses of it and know that it is real. The facts of spiritual power and personal intelligence, independent of visible forms, and the sweet and blessed assurance of the real presence of the dear ones gone before, come to us more than ever before, because the ripening spiritual faculties of man are more open to their coming. Through the senses come proofs of immortality, confirming the inward testimony,—soul and senses agree and the circle of proof is complete.

Why this ignoring of the great weight of evidence of personal immortality and spirit intercourse? Are you so set against the facts and ideas of Spiritualism as to adopt methods and fall into moods, which tend to materialism? Was John Wesley right when he said: "If but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits is admitted, their whole castle in the air (atheism and materialism) falls to the ground." If he was right, the transcendent importance of this question becomes fully apparent—more important by far than the doctrines which fill bulky theological volumes, over which students pore and puzzle themselves for weary years.

Have you no better help to the study of this great matter, than to say on Easter Sunday, that "the disciples only imagined they saw Jesus after the crucifixion," and that the appearance of spirits—people from the life beyond—"is incredible"? Is your best word touching the soul's intuitive outreaching beyond the grave: "Man cannot know anything of the future life any more than the chrysalis can of the butterfly"? It is too late in the nineteenth century to take such ground. There are more than you imagine to whom it is absurd and only shows spiritual blindness.

In the last half of your Easter evening's discourse, you spoke admirably of the resurrection in this life, the revival of the Christ-spirit; the lifting of daily thought and act to higher levels. You justly criticised "other-worldliness"—the neglect of duty here to look through pearly gates to a glorious hereafter. This grave fault of certain pietists is slowly passing away as we gain more rational ideas of human duty and destiny, yet it is but a perversion of a great truth. Is not the idea of an immortal life with ample scope for good works and growth in grace, full of inspiration? Is there not joy unspeakable in the knowledge of the real-presence and guardian care, and help in sore need, of our sainted friends? Would it make life here better to banish the thought and destroy the knowledge of its continuance beyond the vail? Such banishing and destruction are impossible and would be disastrous. As the old poet quaintly yet truly sang:

"We feele through all this fleshlie dresse,
Bright shootes of everlastingnesse."

Spiritualism is not a fleeting illusion but an enduring reality. The English Episcopal Church Congress at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1881, presided over by the Bishop of Durham, discussed it for a whole day—not as believers, but as thoughtful inquirers. Canon Wilberforce said:

"We must shake ourselves free from the conventional unwisdom of the ecclesiastical pooh-pooh! our modern substitute for the old anathema. ...We should realize that the whole strength of Spiritualism lies in the knowledge, partial and imperfect though it be, of the future life. The weakness of the churches, as opposed to the strength of modern Spiritualism, is in the ignorance of that life and in misapprehension of Scripture teaching concerning it."

A great net brings ashore all manner of fish. Because some are worthless, shall the fishermen refuse to make another cast? The tons of rock and earth to be put away before the miner reaches gold are no discouragement to him, if he but feel that the shining treasure can be reached. These spiritual treasures "are given to us in earthen vessels." Poor and imperfect human beings, weak and sinful, are in pulpits and churches as well as elsewhere, but we pay them small heed, give them, if need be, due rebuke and discipline, and look to the higher souls for light. The brave Paul did not forsake primitive Christianity because bad men and women in Corinth professed to be Christians. He sent them a stout epistle of rebuke and went on his way rejoicing. Spiritualists are human beings—earthen vessels, yet recipients of heavenly treasures, which they use as well, on the whole, as others use what they have.

We need a new and rational psychology. Liberal clergymen especially need help to a clearer understanding of man as "a spirit served by bodily organs." We want an assurance that we are made to last; that death only touches the outward and perishable form to release the interior and imperishable spirit-body; that our personality endures; that we may sometimes come back and cheer those yet fighting this battle of life on earth; that the range of the soul is wider than that of the senses; that our spiritual faculties, clairvoyance and the like, act independent of these bodily organs, reach further and with finer cognizance and more subtle influence than do our bodily powers; that mind is positive and supreme, and The Soul of Things—"Being whom we call God and know no more"—guides and governs all, lifting all up to higher forms and finer uses, by the process of eternal law.

This rational psychology is impossible without Spiritualism in its broad sense, as it teaches of man here, his inner life and spiritual faculties, and gives assurance, such as nothing else can give, of his future existence, and of the gates ajar between the two realms of the eternal life in which we all are.

But enough, although much more might be written. A clergyman labors under a misfortune like that which besets a king. Parishioners and courtiers are not frank. I have written frankly. Justice and truth called for my words. I publish this letter where it will reach more thousands than your sermons did hundreds, as others may be helped by its suggestions. Your name is not used that there may be the least possible aspect of personal controversy.

With best wishes, as ever your friend, frankly and truly,

G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich.

Blavatsky and the Truth.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

For years the name of Blavatsky has repeatedly appeared in spiritual journals, and the "Theosophical" scheme she engaged in with her servile tool, Col. Olcott, has been puffed into notoriety. As they carried their "society" outside of Spiritualism, it had slight interest to thinking Spiritualists. In reality it was an unblushing, mendacious pretense, and a sham, supported by the most unscrupulous assertions; a sort of glamour was created by the location of the precious pair in India, but that has faded, and again the peripatetic couple resume their wanderings.

D. D. Home in a late JOURNAL, gives an extract from an article entitled, "The Truth about Blavatsky," published in a recent number of the *Rebus*, in which he makes several severe criminations. A friend of G. L. Ditson wrote the Countess of Caithness the following "truth" about Blavatsky:

"She was married at sixteen, and shortly afterwards separated from her husband and went to a Lamassary in Thibet, where she was accepted as a neophyte, and underwent for seven years a severe training, occupying a small cell in solitude, and fasting with great rigor under the supervision of a monk, who always slept outside her cell. Then she traveled to America with her aunt, being charged by the monks of Thibet, her tutors, with a mission to the United States. So far from being, or having been, a woman of loose life, she has never known any but the strictest ascetic training. Olcott was already separated from his wife when she met him, and she reclaimed him from a worldly life, and took him back to India to carry on the work with her. Mr. Ditson stayed at the house of Madam B.'s sister in Circassia in 1868, and knows all her history and antecedents in Russia."

The two "truths" are in flat contradiction. Will not Mr. Ditson, who is familiar with the facts, rise and explain in the *Banner of Light*, and while thus engaged, it might be well to also give the antecedents of that sister in Circassia.

It is a charming idea of virtue, for a woman to take a man, even if already "separated" from his dependent wife and helpless children, and under the plea of correcting and "reclaiming" him from his worldly ways, walk him off to India and keep him for her own use! But at the time Madam B. received her "mission" from the monks of Thibet, to come to the United States, the redoubtable Olcott had not separated from his wife, and in his way was caring for his family. Was it the intent of the "monks," or of that individual monk who "always slept outside of her cell," that she convert the Yankee nation into deluded devotees of the grand Llama, or that she carry Olcott, after "reclaiming" him, to India?

If Ditson will not explain, if Blavatsky is silent, if the circus rider of the East is dumb, where is Koot, the Himalayan Brother, who steals Kiddle's lectures and passes them off on the wide-eyed Sennett? Where is he that he does not come swift-winged, and tell for once the "truth?"

Evidently there can be but one true history of an individual, and consequently when there are several conflicting, they cannot all be true; but when we take the most authentic, and add the years consumed by the narrative, to find the person's life must have been as long as the Wandering Jew's, we must be allowed a feeling of uncertainty at least.

TRUTH.

Mrs. M. C. Chase, the well known medium, in writing a friendly letter and alluding to the sermon of Rev. M. J. Savage, published recently in the Boston *Herald*, says:

I recollect that during the Moody and Sankey movement in Boston a few years ago, when Joseph Cook was at his greatest "heat" in orthodox bigotry, the *Globe* came out week after week with a series of absurd sayings attributed to him; but I think it was the best thing that could have happened to him; the severe criticisms caused him to look himself and his religion over, and there surely has been a great improvement in him since that time.

I frequently pick up in the leading papers, extracts which are intended to hit and hurt Spiritualism in the eyes of people who are not fully acquainted with it, and I have talked with a great many who use such as weapons with which to fight us. If I am not able to give such people any proof to the contrary, I hand them copies of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and tell them if they will take that paper they may get some new revelation. I believe in spreading the gospel.

Of one thing let us be sure: There is a crisis at hand; this steadily increasing army with such efficient leaders at its head, will soon be able to crush out error and wrong, and truth, mighty and strong, will fling out its white banner to the breeze until all shall acknowledge themselves loyal unto it. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

O mighty angels, sweep on your heavenly forces to roll away the stone from the sepulchre of ignorance, and free longing souls that still sleep in doubt and despair!

There is one thing worse than cant in a man of Christian birth—it is paganism.—*Prof. Phelps.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Sucker Calls on Mrs. Franks

Three hundred and sixty-five days in the year the following, or a similar, advertisement appears in several Chicago dailies:

AT ONCE KNOW THE FUTURE—We, the press, here and in Boston, can testify to aid in business and domestic troubles, also to help in sickness by MRS. FRANKS, at her elegant rooms, 14 Laflin st. Can bring the separated together, and cause speedy and happy marriages, remove evil influence and bad feelings, cures intemperance, opium, and morphine habits, advises what is best for you in any pursuit, tells when and how you will be lucky in love, divorce, law, removals, and all affairs of life. Magnetic remedies. Consultation personally or by letter in plain envelope. Ladies, special attention. MRS. FRANKS, 14 Laflin-st., a few doors south of W. Madison. Laflin st. commences at 536 W. Madison. Take Ogden av. or Madison st. cars Hours 9 to 5.

Your Sucker, desiring to "at once know the future," called on April 12th, at 14 Laflin Street. The transparencies which formerly lit up Madison Street were wanting, but lest suckers might miss the place, "the only reliable oracle" has one sign spiked to a tree; another is anchored to the gate post; a third illuminates the front window; a fourth casts a gleam across the way from the door transom; while the house front has a fifth, a sign-board of length appropriate for a national bank or a first-class livery stable. Seated in her "elegant room," (a 9x7 closet) the first order of business was the production of the fee, terms invariably in advance. The diarrhea of words then let loose quite overcame your Sucker, and it was with difficulty that he could keep up with the procession. It ran, however, about as follows:

MRS. FRANKS.—What do you wish to consult me about?

THE SUCKER.—My health. I wish your opinion and advice on it.

Mrs. F.—How are you troubled?

The S.—A severe pain in the base of my skull, which sometimes causes unconsciousness and lays me up entirely. (In making this statement he did not follow strictly in the footsteps of Geo. Washington.)

Mrs. F.—Your bladder and kidneys are diseased. The paralysis comes from torpidity of the liver. Your bowels are irregular. The blood needs nutriment. I would advise a light diet, not much solid food, but many *entrees*, out-door exercise, sulphur baths, early rising, but above all, rest. I would advise a trip to the country or across the water. Forget your business and cares and disease. Go to the White Mountains.

The S.—I intend going there during my July vacation.

Mrs. F.—Don't wait until then. It will be too late to do you any good. You must go within the next three weeks or your case will be past cure.

Your Sucker was then regaled with a medical exegesis pertinent to his case, which was certainly entertaining and plausible, and which showed that the advisor had cultivated loquacity as a fine art, and also that she possessed no little knowledge of medicine. Her general statements on that subject your Sucker will not now attempt to refute, but he will not put her remedies and sanitary suggestions into practice until he feels something of the ills which she so elaborately diagnosed.

The S.—Can I have any children? (He has one hopeful.)

Mrs. F.—You should have lots of them. The reason you have not is because of your difficulties, but your wife needs treatment. Perhaps, if she consulted me, I could help her.

The S.—Then do you advise her to consult you?

As a fee of another dollar rose to view, seen by her clairvoyantly or otherwise, Mrs. Franks replied with great unction, "Decidedly."

The S.—Then you do advise her to consult you?

Mrs. F. (with increased unction)—Most decidedly.

The S.—To what do you ascribe my recent losses in business? (the intimation in this question was not after the G. Washington variety.)

Mrs. F.—What business are you in?

The S.—The law.

Mrs. F.—It is destiny. Some people claim there is no such thing, but there is. You were born under evil influences. By consulting me, you could remove those influences largely, if not wholly; but if you do nothing to check them, your path will be full of trouble. You have political aspirations. (The first intimation he had of it.) As long as you continue under your unlucky planetary conditions you will not succeed; but as soon as they are removed you will gain your ambition. (Etc., etc., *ad lib.*)

The S.—Can you give me any communication from friends in spirit-life?

Mrs. F.—Oh! no. I am not a Spiritualist. I have all I can do with the living and the present. (At this juncture, two more suckers called, although the hour was early.)

The S.—Are you a clairvoyant?

Mrs. F.—Yes, to a certain extent, but I cannot give you any information in that line. Consult Mrs. So-and-so. (Referring to a person whose advertisement reads much like her own. Your Sucker will call at his earliest opportunity.)

The S.—Do you attend public meetings much?

Mrs. F.—I used to, but it became so annoying to me to have everybody exclaiming, "There is Mrs. Franks." I can hardly go upon the street now without some one pointing and saying, "There goes the celebrated Mrs. Franks." It is too much. I cannot endure it. My feelings are so sensitive and I abhor publicity so much, that I try to avoid people in public almost entirely.

But enough. Now some may say Mrs. Franks is a fraud. Whether she can "bring the separated together, cause speedy marriages, remove evil influences, cure bad habits, and advise what is best," you are as capable of judging as your Sucker; but he will say this, that Mrs. Franks does, at least in part, what she advertises. She is not a medium, and does not claim to be. She simply "advises." If you will part with the dollar, she will part with the advice, in large or small quantities, at high or low pressure, fresh or salted, dry or buttered.

Chicago, Ill.

J. A.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Philadelphia Notes.

A tea party was an event of unusual interest at the Spiritualists' Hall, Eighth and Spring Garden Sts., on the 10th. It was given for the benefit of the First Association, and was a marked success, socially and financially, and was a credit to the Society. A long table was placed at one side of the hall, and was most bountifully spread with meats and other substantials, fine cakes in abundance, fruits, tea and coffee and so on; all of which were donated by the friends of the Society, and spoke well for the generous donors. Much credit is due to the ladies, who were very active in getting it up and giving their services at the entertainment. After the supper there was a musical and literary entertainment, which was very fine. One piece especially, a song and recitation, entitled The Maid of Seville, attracted much attention for its fine execution, by Mr. A. W. H. Hodder, a Spanish gentleman, and Miss Annie E. Beebe, who played the accompaniment on the piano. Such social gatherings ought to be more frequent than they are among the Spiritualists, for, they tend to cultivate what is very much needed, a kindly social interest in one another.

The First Society seems to be quite prosperous, and is preparing for the summer vacation in camp, at the beautiful Neshaminy Falls. If the signs of the times portend anything of special note in the Spiritualist ranks here, it is, that this is to be a year of great activity, both by spiritual influence and action, and the work to be done by those in the form. The evidences are, that since the anniversary of last year, five new societies have sprung into existence and another is about starting. The first one was formed almost immediately after the thirty-fifth anniversary at Baker Hall, Broad and Columbia Avenue, and is now changing to a Spiritual Church under the ministrations of Mr. Walter Howell, an Englishman, who speaks under trance conditions with considerable power. It is said this Society has several thousand dollars in promise for buying a lot and building a church.

Last fall another society was organized at Eighteenth St. and Girard Avenue, with Mrs. Addine M. Gladding as speaker. They have a small but very nice hall, and are progressing satisfactorily, and with good workers like Mr. Beach, Samuel Wheeler and Mr. Gladding, will no doubt make their society a success. Mrs. Gladding speaks altogether in a trance state, and is a good speaker. One feature of her lectures is very interesting in the way of tests of spirit presence. Before the lecture, slips of paper are passed around to all who wish them, on which to write a question, writing also the initials of the questioner. Immediately after the lecture, these are collected and laid on a table, at which Mrs. Gladding now sits in her normal condition, except her hand and arm to the elbow, which are under absolute spirit control. The questions are then taken up in regular order, and the answer is written on a separate sheet, folded with the question and laid aside. When a dozen or more are answered, they are called off by the initials, and delivered to the questioners. These answers are written as follows: Beginning at the bottom of the sheet at the right hand side, they are written backwards, line after line, until finished; and must be held to a mirror, or seen from back of sheet to read. These answers are said to be satisfactory, and some are good tests. I shall speak of the other meetings at another time.

The indications are that we are approaching a healthier condition of spiritual progress, and that these new meetings are a precursor of a public awakening that will be productive of great good. In this new dispensation, upon which we are fairly entered, the building-up time ought to begin to be very apparent in all directions, and doubtless will be. We have been passing through a disintegrating and iconoclastic period, and the old effete institutions, hoary with age and error, are being rapidly undermined by the growing truth of time and the friction of new ideas, and are crumbling and falling away.

Among the many old institutions that are toppling and will soon fall, is that of the medical, which has been the source of more suffering to humanity than almost any other. Full of ignorance, empiricism and false theories, its pathway is strewn with the whitened bones of countless victims of legalized cruelty and barbarism, unparalleled in the annals of human error. As light shines into the dark places of earth, the monstrous evils of the old medical practice must give way to something better. What this will be is beginning to be understood by some, but not fully by any as yet, because it depends on a more complete knowledge of what man is, physically, mentally and spiritually.

MILTON ALLEN.

2411 N. College Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Spirit Seen Bending Over a Dying Child.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am very happy to be able to send you my subscription. I like the JOURNAL the best of any spiritual paper in every particular. It contains what is of more interest in general; is sound in doctrine, and calculated to build up true Spiritualism—not shams and deceit. For one, I do not believe anything to be spiritual because it is thus labeled. The spurious manifestations are so much more marked, and afford the credulous more satisfaction, that the genuine stand but little chance; in fact, there is but little demand for them. I sometimes really am pained and annoyed at the credulity of some of the fraternity, that may be sound in other respects, but very fanatical upon this subject; and every one who expresses the right of private judgment is regarded by them as a persecutor. If I had become a Spiritualist through any such means, I should long since have abandoned my belief; but unsought and uninvited, it entered my home, beginning at the deathbed of one of my children, when another, who was in spirit-life, lingered over the dying one all day. I could see her, and it was as much a reality to me as any one else in the room. This was my starting point. I have not run all over the country hunting phenomena. I have read and informed myself all that I could, and taken the philosophy with the phenomena. Mr. Davis's works have given me special pleasure, because they bear evidence of honesty and truth.

I trust the cause of Spiritualism is moving upward and onward, and that money-getting may not be the highest aim of those who profess it.

I have witnessed several mesmeric lectures and exhibitions, and I noticed the operator induced people to submit to his influence for mercenary motives entirely. It is a dangerous position for any individual.

Waverly, N. Y.

M. A. MANDEVILLE.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

God smiled when he put humor into the human disposition, and said, "That is good."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Superstition is a sort of parody of faith.—*Ouida.*

The weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness.—*Zimmerman.*

Mildly commingled, mimicry and mirthfulness make a good medicine for many minds' maladies.—*Thomas Jefferson Burnham.*

A wide, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs high; a wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low.—*Donald G. Mitchell.*

The sternness of England's criminal laws is again exemplified in the case of John Minns, aged sixty-four, who was charged at Stratford, recently, with stealing one pennyworth of coke. He had been already a week in jail, and, though he was a man of good character, the magistrates sentenced him to a month's imprisonment, with hard labor.

The Madison Square Newman-Hanney Congregationalist-Methodist muddle grows worse and worse. It was proposed to "Gen. Grant's pastor" that, if he would "promise to preach the gospel in place of preaching politics and travel," harmony might yet be secured. The end is not yet. It appears that Mr. Shearman, prominent in the Beecher trial, has taken a hand in the affair.

A newspaper correspondent writes that there is not a chimney anywhere in Mexico, as far as he has seen, and their absence gives an odd aspect to the architecture, like that of Arabian towns. No house has a fireplace or a stove, for it is never cold, but the kitchen is equipped with a sort of ungainly brick or stone range, ten or fifteen feet long, having holes for pots and kettles, and in which charcoal is burned. The fumes escape by the open doors and windows. Charcoal is almost the only fuel in Mexico, except in the Northern states.

M. H. De Young, editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle* says: "I stopped over at Salt Lake City. I talked with a great many people there. A unanimous sentiment prevails that unless Congress takes some steps to give them relief at this session there will be a general exodus of Gentiles. They say they have waited patiently year after year for relief until they can stand it no longer. The courts are in the hands of Mormons, the Legislature that makes the laws, and all the machinery of Government. Even-handed justice a Gentile may not expect and does not receive."

Harrison, the boy preacher, seems to be getting plenty of encouragement from newspapers. A sample of it is contained in the following headlines over the announcement of his arrival in Evansville, Ind., as printed in the local paper: "HALLELUJAH!!!—Brother Harrison Gets Here in Fine Feather for the Fray—Satan Trying to Find a Hole in the Ground that He Can Crawl Into and Pull In After Him—But He Will Not Be Allowed to Get Away With an Unabbreviated Tail—Beelzebub to be Laid Out Too Dead to Skin in No Time—The Racket to Begin at Once."

The *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee says: "The Catholic convicts in Joliet State's Prison may be advised to refuse, as a body, to attend Protestant worship, and to resist any attempt on the part of the prison officials to compel them. We think this a perfectly legitimate expedient if all reasonable requests are refused. Let the Catholic convicts of Joliet State's Prison do this and we promise them that the public sentiment of the great State of Illinois will stand by them. We would like to see any prison officials in the United States of America attempt to justify the dragooning of Catholics into Protestant churches Sundays."

At the April meeting of the managers of the American Bible Society, just held, it was stated that 578 colporteurs are now prosecuting the fourth general supply. Reports for the year 1883 were presented from the agencies in China, Brazil, Uruguay, Turkey, and Persia, showing a considerable increase over the preceding year in the aggregate number of volumes of Scriptures put in circulation. Communications were also received from Cuba, Mexico, Ceylon, India, Austria, and other foreign lands, in which the funds of the society were expended during the last year. The round sum of $109,640.82 was set apart for the foreign work of the society for the coming year.

The Evangelical Alliance is to hold its grand meeting during the coming summer at Stockholm. The proposal to hold the meeting in Sweden was warmly encouraged by the King and Queen. It appears, however, that the meeting does not command universal favor. A large number of Bishops and clergy, including many theological Professors, have just signed a declaration protesting against the meeting. The objections are based mainly on the ground that the National Church cannot fraternize with certain dissenters. The meeting will be held all the same; and, while a Bishop will preside, several leading ecclesiastics and theological Professors will deliver addresses. The State Church in Sweden is a great barrier to Christian unity.

Booms.

There's the Lincoln boom,
And the Logan boom,
And the boom for James G. Blaine;
And the Thurman boom,
And the Holman boom,
And the boom for What's-his-Name?
But of all the booms that are booming now,
Though many have gone to seed,
The rarest boom, you will all allow,
Is the boom of a noble deed.

There's the Arthur boom,
And the Folger boom,
And the boom for General Grant;
And the Sherman boom,
And the Tilden boom—
The rare old century plant—
But above all booms that are booming loud
In the Spring of the glad new year,
Is the boom of the man with wealth endowed
Who is moved by the orphan's tear.

There's the Edmunds boom,
And the Bayard boom,
And the echoless boom of Mahone;
The Hancock boom,
And the Randall boom,
And Butler's boom—all alone;
But of all the booms that are booming wild,
The purest, when all is said,
Is the plaintive boom of a little child:
"Give us this day our daily bread."

There's the moneyed boom,
The "inflooence" boom,
And the boom that is born of pride;
The one-hoss boom,
The cheap-John boom,
And the sickly boom that died;
But of all the booms as they brightly gleam,
Blaze a season, expire in gloom,
There's one much less like a broken dream—
'Tis known as Charity's Boom.

—*Dick Steel, in Texas Siftings.*

Remarkable Effect of Prayer in a Connecticut Town. A remarkable faith-cure is reported from the village of Noank, Ct. Mrs. Fannie S. Spencer, the wife of ex-representative John R. Spencer, has for many years been a victim of the opium habit and asthma. Her family is one of the wealthiest and most reputable in Eastern Connecticut. She is now 65 years old. Over 40 years ago she suffered from an attack of ill health, and her physician prescribed opium. She is of a nervous temperament. The use of the drug as a medicine developed an appetite for it, to which she gave way. She continued its use up to the time of her cure, five weeks ago. She was also a great snuff-taker, and in addition there was the asthmatic trouble which the drug was used to relieve. All the local doctors agreed that an opium habit of 40 years' standing was an incurable disease. The quantity used had steadily grown larger until she would consume half an ounce of the drug in a day. The asthmatic affection was serious and constant, and, of course, peculiarly distressing. She could not remain long in the room with three or four other persons. Life was a burden, and she looked for and expected no relief. Mrs. Spencer resented the suggestion of friends who suggested that a prayer-meeting for her recovery be held at her house and told them she had no faith in the proposed plan. She plainly intimated that they had better mind their own business and not meddle with her concerns. But she finally made the attempt to break off both the opium and the snuff habit by the means suggested. She prayed herself, and her friends prayed for her. The abrupt stoppage of the doses of opium, of course resulted in a decided breaking up of the system, and very shortly Mrs. Spencer became quite ill. One day about a week ago two or three of Mrs. Spencer's friends met at her residence, and a season of earnest prayer was determined upon. Prayers were offered and continued with earnestness by those present, among whom were Mr. Charles P. Potter and Mr. Andrew Potter, of the village of Groton, and the invocations continued for some time. It was during this period that Mrs. Spencer says she experienced a peculiar sensation of mind and body unlike anything she had ever experienced before. She calls it the "Blessings of the Holy Spirit." From that moment she dates her complete cure, and she and her friends declare she has not touched opium nor snuff, nor has she felt any desire for them, and, what seems the most singular part of the cure, she has been entirely freed from the asthmatical trouble. She now declares herself in perfect health; her appetite is good and her general appearance that of a person in good health. She attributes her cure entirely to prayer and faith. A service of thanksgiving is to be held in the Noank Church.

Ohio's Latest Prodigy. The town of Felicity, Ohio, is just now enjoying something in the nature of a sensation. There lives in the village an aged colored couple by the name of Bright. With the aged people lives a little grandchild, Lizzie Huggins. Three weeks ago some one sent this 4-year-old child a primer. The child had never attended school in her life, neither had she at any time received private instruction, yet she read the book from beginning to end aloud. So astonished and alarmed were her grandparents when she began to read that they burst into tears, supposing her possessed by some supernatural agency. A few days since the wife of Postmaster Molen, being skeptical, selected a letter from a number, and handing it to her with the request that she read her the address. This she did correctly. Prof. Ullery, Principal of the Public Schools, took her to his house and tried her powers in various ways, and he says she both reads and pronounces correctly. The great number of people that are visiting her pronounce her a wonderful child and no one pretends to account for her faculty of reading without ever having learned to do so.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

Two D's. When David Tod was Governor of Ohio a Columbus dentist once came to him and said: "Gov. Tod, why do you not spell your name with two d's? I spell my name that way, and I find on examination of genealogical records that the most eminent members of the Tod family spelled their names Todd." "Well, you see," said the Governor, very gravely, "the Almighty gets along with one d in His name and I believe I can get along with one d in mine."

Perpetual Injunction.

In the U. S. Circuit Court in Maryland, it was, on the 10th of March, 1884, adjudged and decreed that a perpetual injunction be issued against Louis E. Wetter, and eighteen others, restraining them from imitating the labels of the Rumford Chemical Works, manufacturers of Horsford's Baking Powder, and also from using their old bottles.

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Continued from First Page.

quite certain, so do I. But that is not the dictionary meaning of knowledge. Tennyson frankly sings:

> "We have but faith; we cannot know:
> For knowledge is of things we see."

All men who are perfectly frank and open, inside the pulpit or out, must join in the poet Laureate's song. Let us turn and

LOOK AT SPIRITUALISM

and see what is the form and outline it presents to us. As to any alleged impossibility attaching to its central claim, science can have nothing to say. It can only ask for adequate proof. There is nothing in it out of accord with the faith of those who already believe in continued existence. That our friends, if they still live and love us, should want us to know it, is only what we should expect. It reduces itself then to a question of fact. The most obtrusive fact that presents itself to us, as we look at Spiritualism, is a large amount of what, it is charity to believe, is self-delusion, and what one is fairly compelled to believe

IS OUTRIGHT FRAUD.

This is repellent and disgusting, and all honest believers can do their cause no better service than by helping to exterminate and destroy this whole horde of conscienceless parasites. To trade thus on the most sacred affections and hopes of the great army of the afflicted is the basest of crimes. The next fact for us to notice is that, in spite of all this, it continues to live and grow, having among its adherents some of the wisest and best men and women of the age. The story goes that many years ago a man went on a visit to Rome. He was amazed and disgusted at the corruption he found there, and yet he returned a convert. When asked to explain the apparent contradiction, he said: "I became convinced that nothing short of a divine religion could carry such a load of evil and live." Perhaps in such a reflection some of the better Spiritualists may find some consolation. For better ones there are by the thousand. And they repudiate and fight against the frauds and delusions as vigorously as anybody. And it is a noteworthy fact, well known to historical students, that almost all the charges made to-day against the common run of Spiritualists were equally made against the common run of the early believers in Christianity. Indeed, the parallel here is very striking. Hundreds of true and honest men, like Col. John C. Bundy, of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago, are ready to say, as he has said to me: "I know all the frauds; but I also know, beyond the shadow of a doubt, and as the result of prolonged and private investigation, under all sorts of test conditions, that the dead do continue to live, and can, under certain circumstances, communicate with us." To establish this claim, there is a body of evidence that would be regarded as conclusive proof of any other proposition whatsoever. Yet I find no fault with this incredulity so long as it is honest and sincere. For if it is true, doubt will not destroy it. And we can all much better afford to wait than we can afford to be deluded. It is worth while next to consider as to just what might be regarded as adequate proof. Physical manifestations, however startling, are not enough. The phenomena of hypnotism, of mind-reading, of clairvoyance, of magnetic healing—all these, however well established, would fall far short of proving Spiritualism true. And yet, by the unthinking, they are frequently all classed indiscriminately together. One fact, and one alone, can establish it; and that is undoubted proof of the presence and activity of an intelligence that is not that of any of the embodied persons present. I can conceive of evidence that might be regarded as satisfactory. And if such evidence were forthcoming, I see no reason why either religion or science should hesitate to accept it. As to religion, it would only be proof positive of her every-day assumptions. As to science, I see no right that she has

TO TURN HER BACK

on any fact. And since she is all the time dealing with invisible forces the nature of which she cannot explain, it could be only arrogance that could lead her to disregard one of these because it seemed to be intelligent. To go back now for a moment to the early Christian claim with which we started, it is worthy of remark that, if the modern world shall ever demonstrate the fact of spirit return, it will make it perfectly reasonable for us to believe that Jesus actually did return, and that his disciples saw and talked with him. In that case, however, it would be no miracle; and it would not necessarily be any evidence in favor of the special dogmas of Christian theology. It would also be a rational explanation of a thousand other claimed facts of human history. Here, then, the matter stands. I have no quarrel with those who cling longingly and lovingly to the hope, even if they can give for it no sufficient reason. Neither have I any quarrel with those who claim that they have found adequate proof as the result of modern investigation. Only, for their own sakes, and for the sake of others, I would have them thoroughly "prove all things, and hold fast" only "that which is good." Neither can I have any quarrel with those who tell me they think this life is enough. Such a state of mind is little affected by argument. But as for me, though I find this life very sweet, I do want another. And though I cannot go so far as to say "This one is not worth having if there be no other," I do say that dust and ashes seem a somewhat poor and impotent conclusion for such a magnificent, grand, terrible life drama as that we are playing here on this old earth.

> "So strange, so deep, so wondrous life appears,
> I have no words, but only happy tears.
>
> "I cannot think it all shall end in naught;
> That the abyss shall be the grave of thought;
>
> "That o'er oblivion's shoreless sea shall roll
> O'er love and wonder and the lifeless soul."

No, friends, I expect to keep on. I have no fear of death, and I do not regard the grave as my final home. Rather do I look upon it as a low-arched gateway through which I hope to pass into the brighter sunshine of another life. Meantime, whether we feel assured or not, the best thing we can do is to build ourselves after the plan of a large and noble life, so that, if death does fulfil our hopes and lead us across the threshold of a higher existence, we may be ready to enter it with all the advantage of the best life-training here

> "Learners are we all at school,
> Eager youth and weary age;
> Governed by the self-same rule,
> Poring over the self-same page.
>
> "Life the lesson that we learn
> As the days and years go by;
> Wondrous are the leaves we turn
> On the earth and in the sky.
>
> "Oft our sight with tears is blurred
> While we strive in vain to tell
> What may mean some harder word
> Than our wisdom yet can spell.
>
> "But we read enough to trust
> That our grand hopes are not lies;
> That our hearts are more than dust,
> And our homes are in the skies."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Serpent in Man.

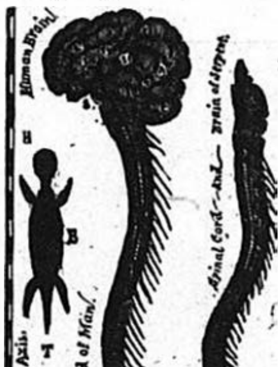
In our day science has revealed things which are certainly stranger than the stories of fiction. A cell not the 1-5000 of an inch in diameter has in itself an image of all parts of a man; it has his external features, his form, and his internal organs; and more still, that tiny cell carries the record of his ancestral history in past generations. What more marvelous thing than this in all the fictions of past ages?

In what I am now to relate, my statements will be confined strictly to facts which have been clearly proved. I wish to do more than to amuse my readers. I wish to vindicate the primitive instinct and intuition of man in his search after truth.

Look at a serpent. What can be imagined more repulsive? He seems the very personation of evil power. Yet in the earliest ages, the serpent was chosen as an emblem of wisdom and of eternity. So it appears in the hieroglyphs, and so it is described in history. It is a serpent that tempts man and woman in the garden of Eden. Mr. Ferguson has filled three hundred pages with the history of Serpent Worship among civilized people and in savage tribes. Was there a real truth at the foundation of this wide-spread belief? A noted infidel orator, in a recent lecture, exclaimed in triumph, "Who believes the snake story now?" And I answer that all men of science are compelled to believe it. If he had studied science as diligently as he studied the tricks of Star route thieves, then he would have found that something besides a sneer was required in this case.

The great forces of life are polar; they are attractive and repulsive. In the higher animals, including man, the amount of attractive force is shown by the delicacy, softness and perfect texture of the skin. For in the skin are the ends of the nerves of sensation, the vast receptive surfaces of the body. The amount of repulsive force is indicated by the length and strength of the spinal cord and column. This quality is stronger in man, while attractiveness is stronger in woman. Animals with fine skins are attractive, but animals with a great deal of repulsiveness have long and strong backs, like the saurians, crocodiles, cats, worms and serpents. The cat arches up her back to display this feeling, and the strong currents of nerve-force cause the "hairs to stand on end" all along this line of discharge. We naturally "turn our backs" upon persons or things which are repulsive.

Now this repulsive force in the body is the counterpart and responds to the back and base of the brain, the lower and animal side of the mind. The great development of the back means a strong animal nature. Of all the lower animals, the serpent has the longest back in proportion, and therefore the greatest amount of repulsiveness. No other animal could be chosen which would so truly represent the baser faculties, the sphere of evil in man.



The great law of progress through the past geologic ages shows us one fact. Every upward step in the scale of animal life consisted in making the brain larger and in diminishing the size and shortening the length of the spinal cord. In other words, the parts which rule in the serpent become smaller and smaller, in the animals of different kinds, as we ascend the geologic ladder of life. In this engraving the brain of the serpent is only a little larger in diameter than the spinal cord. But the brain of man is ten times larger. The spinal cord is the serpent in man. It is intended to be the servant of the brain, not to be its ruler. But in base men the spinal cord and the body rule, and they bring all the faculties down to their level. Every step in moral growth is an effort to overcome this serpent-power. Through all the ages of history man has risen higher by trampling this power beneath his feet. The expanding brain means the contracting spinal cord.

But the power of the spinal cord and base brain is not necessarily an evil. Under the influence of the higher organs of the brain, the repulsive power of the spinal cord is used to repel evil things and evil conditions. It then becomes a mighty instrument of good. It lays strong hold of life and health. It becomes the strength and stay of virtue. It is the guardian of physical health, the power to throw off the causes of disease. Here is the source of *positive* power. With a weak back, we would yield passively to both moral and physical disease. The serpent in man is an evil power so long as it rules him, but it is the savior and protector when it becomes the servant of his higher nature.

The Bible is sustained by the greatest truths in science when it chooses the serpent as a symbol. No other object could have been selected which would have so truly represented the facts of the case. If the base passions of the primeval man tempted him to do wrong, how could we symbolize this better than by a serpent, that animal which has this physiological development in the most excessive degree? Well and truly was the serpent placed by the Tree of Life. For in man the spinal cord is the very trunk of this tree, as I have proved in another article. Moses did not make a mistake when he lifted up a brazen serpent in the wilderness as the emblem of healing power. The Caduceus of Mercury, the two serpents twined around a rod, were not only a symbol of wisdom and power, but also of the healing art, of Esculapius and his work in restoring the body. The medical profession still use this symbol.

It is surprising that so good a physiologist as Alexander Wilder, in a recent number of the JOURNAL, should say that the serpent was one of the old fire-symbols. It is certainly not true. It is not exactly scientific to assume that all kinds of ancient symbols meant exactly the same thing.

The last great battle is to be with the beast and serpent in man. In his nature is the battle-ground. "Deep within the human heart the secret lies, of all the hideous deities, and painted on a ground of sin, the fabled gods of torment rise." It is the business of science to explain the past experience of mankind. It has no right to assume in advance that everything the ancients thought was nonsense. It is modest to wait until we understand things ourselves.

The account of Creation in Genesis, and of the garden of Eden, bears every mark of having been written in hieroglyph pictures. Moses turned this account over into words, and we are logically bound to interpret the account according to the laws of such writing. We could only picture woman's equality and attachment to man by representing her as proceeding out of his side. Symbolism is based upon natural laws. It is just as truthful in its way as science. Its laws are exact, and its interpretation reveals the eternal symphonies of nature. SIDARTHA.

"More Light!"

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Brother Anderson, in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, desires "more light" on a subject which perplexes him as an apparent contradiction. He says he understands from my article, that spirits can see physical things, and he asks:

"'Is it possible for the spirit to see earthly things with such distinctness?' I think I have asked the question of spirits through trance, rapping, writing and clairvoyant mediums, more than one hundred times, receiving the invariable response: 'Spirits see earthly things only through the eyes of a medium. As a rule we can see matter just as you see spirit.'"

It is a principle at the foundation of Spiritualism, that "spirits hold the same relation to spiritual things that man holds to physical nature." Hence the Spirit-world must be distinct to spirit vision. But can spirits see the things of this earth with spirit eyes? If the question refers to physical matter, that which we see with our eyes, certainly not; but there are other forms of vision. When clairvoyants enter the profoundest state of trance, they have no difficulty in distinguishing objects, distances, colors, size, etc. They "see" with spirit vision, and certainly the freed spirit ought to see as well. How? Because all objects are pervaded by a spirit-essence, and that is visible to the spirit eye. As we gain a knowledge of bodies by seeing only their external, they gain a knowledge thereof by seeing the internal. This is not an explanation made to suit the case, but is embodied in my "Arcana of Nature," written twenty-five years ago, and when understood, it will be seen to be in harmony with the communications received by Mr. Anderson. Again he asks:

"'Is it really well for a child to die young?' Your last article, which is, indeed, a pleasant one, conveys that impression to my mind. I have always understood that earth experience is a matter of great importance to us."

There may be advantages in an earth-life of three-score years and ten, and such full fruition appears to be the purpose of nature, yet if such were essential, then it would be denied to none. If it has its advantages, it also has its disadvantages, and they balance each other. I fully believe the higher life has opportunities for growth and culture which are far superior to any earth can give, and I can see no good reason why a departed one should be compelled to return to learn in its school. There may be regrets, remorse, the stains of crimes, of duties neglected, which must be expiated in earth's atmosphere. Beyond these, the lingering spirit can only suffer loss. Hence we should be content, whether the frosts of age come slowly in the fullness of years, or the bud be taken in its opening hour; the infinite plan of progress is not defeated or impeded.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

The Harmonial Association of New York.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Easter has brought more than one good thing in its train this year. The winter has taxed soul, mind and body, with its persistent storms, depressing fogs and a final suspicion that the sun had disappeared with no intention of returning to this small bit of the universe; but for a week, not only sunshine, but spring air, spring flowers and the spring sense of exhilaration have been with us. The little society, shepherdless since last December, has been true to its name and object, and kept up its meetings as a Harmonial Association, waiting the time when its founder should regain strength enough for the work. With him also, the same depressing causes have been in operation, and not only great prostration, but in the end, acute illness have stood in the way of a desire to be in the old place. At last the spell is lifted, and on Sunday last, April 20th, Steck Hall was filled with friends, who gathered there with a deep gratitude that the teacher whose influence is even stronger personally than in printed word, had come to his own again. Flowers covered the little desk. The quiet, lovely face of his lifelong co-worker and companion, was no less welcome than the benignant one of the seer himself. I doubt if any congregation in New York contributed as largely in proportion to its numbers, as this little handful of people, who subscribed so liberally for the expenses attendant upon the continuance of the meetings.

Even the stranger, who enters Steck Hall, feels the soothing and inspiring influence that seems to dwell there, and that draws compellingly, those who have once felt its power, and those to whom it has become a familiar spot would not exchange it for the stateliest cathedral in old world or new. The morning lecture was on "The Harmonial Man," and what the natural order of development in such character must be; Mr. Davis defining him under eight heads, as first a progressive man; second, a working man; third, an honest man; fourth, a healthy man; fifth, a temperance man; sixth, a thinking man; seventh, a rich man; eighth, a spiritual man. Wit and wisdom joined hands in the delineation of each phase, and if the JOURNAL had more space I should gladly outline the treatment of a topic of vital interest to every growing man and woman. Of such it may be said, as a wise man has lately written of Goethe: "He lived and died, not without hard work indeed, and hard struggles, ... but in the end, emphatically a rich man; rich in friends, rich in love, rich in insight, and rich in good works—the only kind of a wealth which a reasonable man should desire to be possessed of in any large quantity." H. C.

New York.

Herbert Spencer proposes to visit Australia for the benefit of his health. He has been advised that a long sea voyage will do him good.

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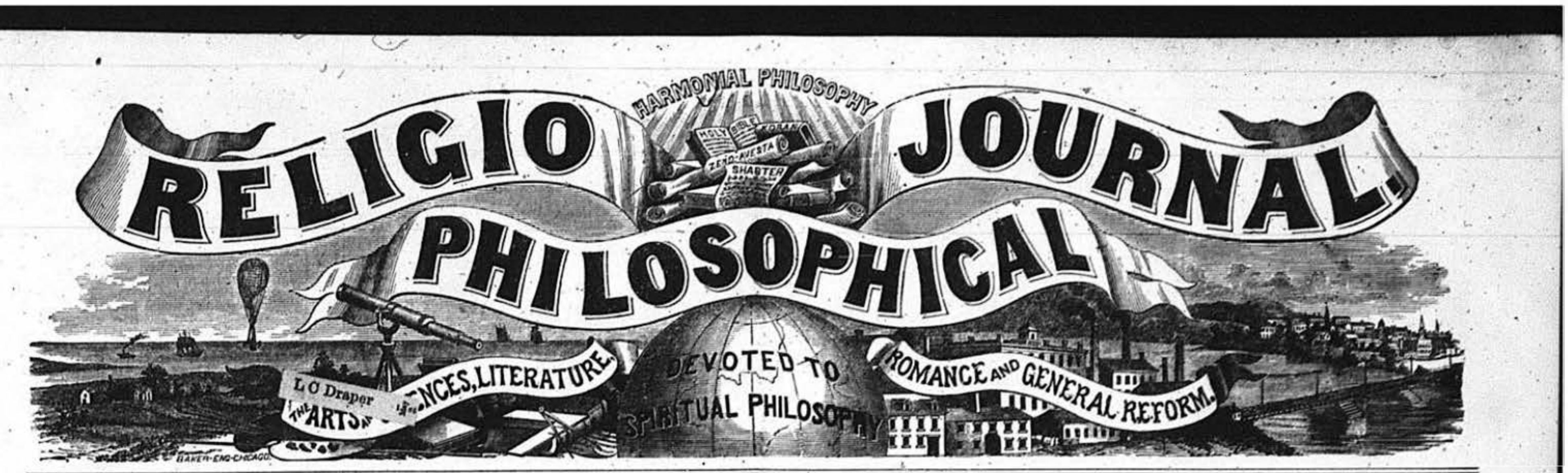

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XXXVI. CHICAGO, MAY 10, 1884. No. 11

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE THEOSOPHISTS.

Moncure D. Conway on "Occultism"—A Great Hindu Revival—Mme. Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott Among the Brahmins—Royal Receptions.

ADYAR (Madras), January 1, 1884.

And what or where is Adyar? It is the center of the new cult called theosophy, whose believers see in it the fulfillment of past visions and prophecies, while unbelievers find a repetition of the pious frauds which have attended the history of religious enthusiasm in all time. One hears stories of able men—European as well as Hindu—who have abandoned fair prospects, left family and friends, to devote themselves to this new movement. One hears rumors of a new pythoness and a thaumaturgist, by whom are fulfilled old fables, so that the tree so long deemed mythological, which yields whatever is asked of it—rubies or rupees included—is actually at Adyar. When I smiled at these rumors my convinced friends in Australia said: "Only go and investigate the matter for yourself." And so, bearing a letter from one of them, I made my way from the revered footprint of the doubting disciple at St. Thomas's Mount to this shrine of the undoubting. As I approached Adyar bridge I stopped to inquire for the residence of the "Countess Blavatsky," that being the name on my letter of introduction. Every native on the roadside knew the place, and a girl trotted beside the carriage to make sure of my entering the right gate. On it was written, "Headquarters of the Theosophical Society."

THE ABODE OF THE PHILOSOPHERS.

Just inside the gate was the dilapidated carcass of a big blue pasteboard elephant, one of two, as I afterward learned, which some Madras gentlemen had set up at the gate on the occasion of a recent theosophist anniversary. The carriage road winds through a large and leafy park up to a handsome mansion. The spacious veranda displayed every elegance, but it was unoccupied. For a time my coolies vainly tried to find some one about the place, and I was conscious of a half hope that no one might be at home. I had promised several friends in Ceylon interested in Spiritualism and its dark-complexioned sister, Theosophy, that I would make this call and heed whatever fact or truth might be offered, but had no faith that anything lay for me in "occultism," after thirty years' observation of similar "phenomena." I was afraid of being out of place among enthusiasts of a movement I believed superstitious, but at the same time had already recognized Theosophy as an important contemporary phenomenon in India. Buddhist Ceylon was ablaze with it, the Theosophical Society at Colombo being united with the Freethinking Association of the same place.

THE PRIESTESS OF THE ORDER.

My hesitation between fear of obtruding on those whose belief I was little likely to share and the feeling that I ought to know whatever they could show or tell me was ended by the appearance of a gracious young Babu, who came to bring me the Countess Blavatsky's welcome and to say she would presently receive me. Next, a youth of more remarkable appearance, delicate and almost maidenly, advanced, but when, in response to his greeting, I offered my hand, he said, gently, "I cannot shake hands with you." I afterwards learned that this youth is what his mystical faith terms "a lay Chela"; that he already possesses the power of appearing at a distance in his astral body, and that he fears to shake hands lest his magnetism, or whatever his occult virtue is termed, may depart. Colonel Olcott was absent, founding in some distant place a new branch of the society, of which he is President. The Countess was cordial and urged my remaining until the morning. I agreed to remain during the rest of the evening, and consequently was with her and her co-workers for near six hours.

UNWILLING TO PERFORM.

Besides the two mentioned, other Indian gentlemen were present, among them Mr. Novendranauth, Sr., known to me by reputation as editor of the *Indian Mirror*. America was represented in the company of Dr. Hartmann of Colorado. Another person present was W. T. Brown of Glasgow, a young man of education and pleasant manners, who told me some of his marvelous experiences. Indeed, they all told me their own marvelous experiences, but when I hinted that I would like to carry away some little marvel of my own experience the reply unpleasantly recalled vain attempts made these many years to witness a genuine spiritualistic phenomenon. I was once more put off with narratives of what had occurred before I came and predictions of what might occur if I should come again—in the great "by-and-by." A cabinet shrine was pointed out, in which letters were deposited and swift answers received from the wonderful Mahatmas far away in the Himalayas; but when I proposed to write a note I was told that only a few days before the Mahatmas had forbidden any further cabinet correspondence. Just my luck! The Countess Blavatsky, as I have since learned, had been forewarned of my visit by one of her friends in Sydney, and it seems a little unreasonable that the Mahatmas, with whom she is in daily communication, should have terminated their cabinet miracles just when one was coming who needed them more than the convinced already, to whom, apparently, the signs were limited.

A CLUMSY EXCUSE.

The Theosophists said that probably, even if an occult phenomenon occurred, I would have suspected it of being a trick, but in this they were mistaken. If a Mahatma, or the Countess, or anybody else, can answer a note I can write, and show that they understand the matter to which it should refer, I will believe in Theosophy. Though I was not shown any evidence of occult phenomena beyond the familiar testimony which would equally confirm the miracles of Romanism (and they are none the less miracles because the Theosophists say they are not miraculous), I was not to go away without experiences of a startling kind. I was invited to see the cabinet-shrine. It was tastefully, not to say esthetically, decorated, and when the doors were opened richly wrought metal-work was displayed. In the midst sat a small figure of Buddha, and on each side was the portrait of a Mahatma, in frames about seven inches high, done, as I was given to understand, by some "occult" process. These faces were not without a certain beauty, but, had I not been told they were actual men, I should say they are ideals on their way to conventionalization, like the face of Buddha. One of the two is the famous Kootoomi, or Khothume (as I saw it written on a document in the house). He holds a praying machine in his hand!

A KNOTTY PROBLEM.

The burning question in certain circles is, Does Khothume really exist? Theosophists declare that Khothume is the descendant of Rajput kings, chief successor of the most venerable Rishis, or Rahats, heir of their power over nature, able to render himself invisible and to visit a man in New York or elsewhere by his "astral" body, while his physical form is in Thibet. On the other hand, the Chief Priest of Ceylon, though friendly to the Theosophists, affirmed in my hearing that the last Rahat died a thousand years after Buddha, that no such being can now exist. Skeptics declare that Khothume is a name made up of the last part of Colonel Olcott's name, combined with that of Allen Hume (now undergoing theosophic austerities at Simla), these two, (Cott-Hume) being Mme. Blavatsky's particular friends. (I have been informed by an eminent Oriental scholar that the name lies completely outside the analogies of any language ever spoken in India). The skeptics also challenge Theosophites to name the spot where Khothume resides. Theosophists reply that their Mahatma or Master, must conceal himself and reserve the secret of his powers, lest that secret become the possession of unworthy persons, who might use them for evil or selfish purposes. Against this I have heard it argued that, *ex hypothesi*, the powers can only be used by one who has reached the sanctification implied in the title Rahat, and, by all Buddhist orthodoxy, a Rahat cannot use any power for evil ends.

DEVOUT BELIEVERS.

The evidence for Khothume's existence would be complete if the testimony of those I met at Adyar be accepted. Nearly all declared they had seen him, and there is no need to doubt their good faith in so declaring; but, when cross-examined, their experiences appeared too largely subjective to be of value to others but themselves. Some of them had seen Khothume only in his "astral" body, and one familiar with the phenomena of visions and dreams can attach only pathological or psychological significance to such testimony. Three affirmed that they had seen Khothume in his material body, but the only such witness whom I was able to question closely or satisfactorily (Mr. Brown of Glasgow) gave a narrative of his meetings with the mysterious Mahatma which raised grave doubts. There were two or three such meetings, at one of which Mr. Brown was so overwhelmed with religious awe and emotion that he "could not look upon him"; at another the Master was at some little distance, his head and lower face being covered, after the manner of Rajput Rajas; the third occasion was at night, Mr. Brown being in bed, and he knew that the Master had visited him only by finding in his hand a letter and a handkerchief with "K. H." (Khot-Hume) on it. (It may be that the second of these meetings was that of another person present). Mr. Brown evidently told me exactly what he believed true, and I think must have felt that no such testimony could prove Khothume's existence in a court of law, for he made much more of certain letters he had received signed "K. H." The force of the letters could not, of course, be felt by one to whom the nature of their revelations was unknown.

SLAVISH OBEISANCE.

Two of the young men (natives) prostrated themselves on the floor before the cabinet with their heads towards the portrait of Khothume. It struck me then that whatever its origin, Theosophy is becoming a purely Oriental thing. It can hardly be expected that Western people should take seriously the notion of a thaumaturgic sage, greater than any other man of our time, who yet carries a praying machine, permits physical abasement before himself, and unlike Buddha, or any other recognized "master" of ancient or modern times, lurks and hides and keeps himself apart from the people. It is probable that the goddess Maya, whom we call "Glamor," is weaving her spells around these gentle Hindu pilgrims from a crumbling to an ideal temple. For a time, at any rate, they have found refuge in a spiritual air-castle, whose solidity they do not doubt. One of them ascribed the scepticism of English people concerning "occultism" to their consumption of beef. However that may be, I had to remind the Countess Blavatsky that the foot-print of the disciple that doubted the existence of his Mahatma is on the neighboring hill, where I had just seen it. If I could accept Khothume and his miracles there would be no difficulty in taking Rome in on my way home and submitting myself to the Pope. She promised to visit me in London in her "astral" form, and then, no doubt, the misgivings of this letter will appear to me as ridiculous as to those who believe so devoutly in the wonder-working Mahatmas.

A SPIRIT SIGN.

I was considerably surprised on the morrow of my visit to Adyar to hear from a Theosophist that the young man had heard a mysterious bell-ringing, when I went into the room where the cabinet is. This ringing of a bell, where no bell is, I had heard of as one of the more frequent signs and wonders accompanying the Countess, but I certainly heard nothing of the kind. If it occurred it seems unaccountable that some one of the persons present did not mention it at a time when it could be investigated. I was a day out at sea before I heard of it. But probably the Countess knew that a bell ringing in a strange house would be a rather absurd apology for an evidence of occultism. I saw and heard nothing favorable to Theosophy or occultism at Adyar, but I carried away from my interview with these young men an impression that Theosophy is taking a deeper hold on the mind of young India than is generally supposed. There seems to be little doubt that Colonel Olcott has a great deal of personal force among these Orientals. The pathology of imagination is sufficiently well understood to prevent many of his "cures" from being absolutely denied, but his fame among adherents goes beyond such cases, as may be rationally explained.

THE PHILANTHROPIC COLONEL.

At the recent Theosophist anniversary in Madras, Colonel Olcott stated that he had cured over 5,000 people, but had been directed by his *guru* (his occult master in occultism) to cease, because of the drain upon his strength and health. A more remarkable statement in his address was that he saw before him a gentleman, Mr. Ghose, to whose eyes, which had been blind from childhood, he had given sight. Mr. Ghose was in the audience and did not contradict this statement. Glamor must have operated pretty largely on Mr. Ghose's eye. Nobody has challenged or investigated the matter, apparently, though the missionaries are denouncing the Theosophists. Certain sympathizers with Theosophy in both Ceylon and India have expressed to me grave doubts of "occultism" and their regret that the movement should be committed to anything beyond an ethical and religious propaganda. Undoubtedly this American has shown the vast possibilities of a new non-Christian agitation that should strike the Indian heart and imagination. These Hindu scholars have always been aware that they have a great history and religious literature. After all the generations in which missionaries sent here have ignored that literature, despised their philosophy, counted their religion mere idolatry and them as idolators on their way to hell—there has risen a new race of scholars like Max Muller, who have shown the high value and profound religious idealism of their systems.

A GREAT REVIVAL.

While this revival of Orientalism has gone on in the universities of Europe the missionaries have not been influenced by it, but have gone on with the same old denunciations of Hindu and Buddhist ideas and beliefs. But now there have appeared a few people of position (a "Countess" and a "Colonel") from the centers of Christendom, who formally give in their adhesion to an Oriental religion. They solemnly repudiate every form of Christianity and fix their abode in India, to lead in the work of resisting the missionaries and reviving the faith of Buddha and Krishna. In two or three years they have moved and attracted these Oriental people more than the missionaries have done in as many centuries. They have now seventy-seven flourishing theosophical societies. They are daily reaping from the unsettled Hindu mind a harvest where the missionaries merely trampled down the grain, because it was not such as made their own bread. Consider well the following fact: I have just met an educated gentleman who has arrived here from the United States—Dr. Hartmann. When I was in Colombo, the Chief Priest of Ceylon told me that he had received from Colonel Olcott a request for "permission" to administer the *pansala* ceremony to Dr. Hartmann, and had granted it. *Pansala (panchasala)* means the five precepts of Buddhism, and their administration to any individual means his or her initiation into the higher grade of Buddhism. This is the ceremony that has just been performed in Madras by Colonel Olcott. In a circle of learned and devout Oriental people stood these two Americans. The one repeated, the other responded to a solemn formula older than Christianity:

> I take refuge in Buddha!
> I take refuge in religion!
> I take refuge in truth!

A NOVEL INITIATION.

Before the assembly Dr. Hartmann pledged his honor to observe the five precepts—to abstain from theft, to abstain from lying, to abstain from taking life, to abstain from intoxicating drinks, to abstain from adultery. The scene of two men advanced in years coming from Christendom to take refuge with Buddha is unique even in the anomalous history of religion. It has touched the Hindu imagination and heart. In Ceylon Theosophy has given a distinct check to the missionary successes reported in recent years. Mr. Sinnett and other English Theosophists have said a good deal about "sacrifices" made by Colonel Olcott and Mme. Blavatsky in leaving their country (for Mme. Blavatsky is a naturalized American) to devote themselves to work of this kind. It is difficult to see the appropriateness of that plea, for the lines of the innovators have fallen in pleasant places. The Theosophists have given them gratuitous use of the fine mansion and park here at Adyar, with a hundred acres of cultured land. Wherever Colonel Olcott goes his progress is like that of a nabob or a viceroy. He is styled "the President," and I should not wonder if many of the masses regard him as the President of the New World, who travels with such a grand retinue and enjoys the hospitality of palaces. At Cawnpore the palatial bungalow of the Maharajah was placed entirely at the President's disposal, and when he and his party arrived at night they found the grounds lighted up.

A ROYAL RECEPTION.

Among the many gorgeous accounts in the *Theosophist* one relates to the President's reception at the court of Kashmir. The Maharajah Sahib had sent his state carriage to the nearest station, and when they crossed the river Colonel Olcott found two state elephants prepared—one for himself, fitted with silver howdah in finest Kashmir repousse, with dragon supporters and velvet cushions. The bungalow set apart for the British Resident and other grandest guests was placed at the disposal of the President for a week, horses were always kept saddled for him and his party and a guard of honor attended him. The President was treated as what is called technically "a first-class guest," there being four classes. This means that at the close of his visit he was presented with twenty-one pots of sweetmeats, seven rich cloths and 2,500 rupees. It is rumored, however, that Colonel Olcott's visit to Kashmir did not end so pleasantly, by reason of his failure to cure the Rajah's disease. The missionaries are not so far above human nature as not to groan at all this, nor Colonel Olcott so far removed from old New England Calvinism as not to find their groans part of the enjoyment of his Adyar paradise. So I infer from finding a sharp missionary comment on the Colonel's pageants quoted in the *Theosophist* and ascribed to jealousy. Apart from all interests of Theosophy, and none the less if it should be proved a humbug, this American might well be regarded by the English in India as a missionary who has shown how much may be accomplished among Hindus by kindness, sympathy, the absence of all arrogance and respect for their higher religious traditions.—*Moncure D. Conway, in San Francisco Chronicle.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Co-operation,—the Law of the New Civilization.

The question of Labor and Capital has been more or less mooted in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, which is one of its legitimate channels of expression, and I wish to introduce to its readers the work of a relatively new society, which was founded by its President, Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a chosen instrument of the unseen forces that lie behind all the great movements that have been inaugurated for the benefit of mankind.

The Sociologic Society dates its existence back to May of 1882, and was founded entirely by women, which is, however, no disparagement to the gentlemen who have since become friends, valued members and co-workers. Mystics of various sorts have prophesied of the coming time—of the New Era of which so many illumined souls have caught a glimpse, that it should be inaugurated by woman; that men should have grown to that spiritual elevation from which they would gladly accept the intuitional powers of woman as their guide, and walk by their side supplementing this work by their reasoning powers. In this union of thereasoning and intuitional alone is safety and strength. That this should be the correct and desirable attitude of the sexes, and that thus officered and equipped the progress of development should move rapidly and permanently forward.

Although we are not "mystics," but seek to be the most practical of practical workers in the world's actual needs of to-day, yet strange as it may appear, we seem, (to myself at least) to be projected as a part of the fulfillment of that extended prophecy which the seers and spiritually minded men and women of the past have seen foreshadowed as the coming Help of the People. Men of thought and culture, and of practical knowledge and interests, have gravitated to our side—listen with respectful attention to the utterances of our President, and discuss with the women of the Society the best methods to advance our principles, and make them of practical application. Of course we could not advance systematically and symmetrically, had we not our brothers by our side, and we are glad to know that they also recognize the great need of the co-operation of both sexes in the discussion of problems relating to the advancement of all mankind. Let us, therefore, congratulate the waiting world upon the evidences of the advent of the New Era in civilization—the waiting world that comprehends not for *what* it waits!

The title, Sociologic, is a comprehensive one, and describes the science of social relations, and this, in turn, comprehends all our inter-relations of business, of pleasure, of duty, and necessitates reformatory work in various directions. The whole human race, when properly understood, are seen to be inter-dependent upon each other, and that none can permanently advance when a portion are in a degraded condition. Therefore, even from a purely selfish standpoint, if we would grow ourselves into something wiser and better, and more enlightened, we must help our fellows,—who, in their discouraged and ignorant condition, need even to be taught that there is a higher life, which is both desirable and attainable.

The phase of Sociology which has pressed itself upon our immediate attention, and to which the energies of the Society are entirely directed at present, is the need of the co-operation of Labor and Capital. From a selfish as well as a moral standpoint Labor and Capital need each other,—cannot exist without each other. An amicable understanding between the two would result in good to each. But so long as Capital says, "You shall"; and Labor says, "I won't"; the consequences can but be disastrous to both, and to the whole interests of the country. Labor never suffers but Capital suffers with it, and though Capital is able to better endure its loss, yet it cannot afford to do so long. Between these two, at present opposing and antagonistic elements, Sociology seeks to interpose her philosophy, and hopes to aid in staying the storm, and to assist in bringing the disjointed parts of one family into a state of reconciliation and equilibrium.

Its motto is: Co-operation, the Law of the New Civilization; it believes that the fundamental law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is convertible into, when illumined from within, "Thou shalt consider thy neighbor's interests to be identical with thine own," and that this law of reciprocal interests is essential to individual, social and national progress, and should form the basis of a new social system. It has no fellowship with communism, except as community life may be made individual, as well as co-operative, but believes that the laborer should share in the profits of his labor, after Capital has received its share and guarantee of perpetuity.

It seeks to adopt such educational methods as shall lead to a knowledge of this law of justice, as a religious and economic principle, governing human development, and also to undertake such work as shall practically express this law in all the relations of life. Its membership, though not large, is extended, being composed of residents in several States beside New York, and it expects during the coming year to start new centres of work in these different localities.

It teaches that we are in the midst of a great and fundamental change; that society by a natural process of growth is proceeding from a competitive to a co-operative life; that this transition involves danger, and also carries with it a lesson not commonly understood and accepted, viz.—that in the process of evolution there are culminating periods when new forces and conditions of life make their appearance. It is for the observation and study of these laws, and also to render this evolutionary process an orderly one, and free from disastrous consequences, that the Sociologic Society was founded. Those who are accustomed to the music of the sea, will naturally associate these climacteric periods and their dangers with the irresistible magnitude and power of the seventh wave, which seems the culmination of the exertions of all which have preceded it, and by its overwhelming sublimity to become almost an independent creation. The rhythm of the sea is the rhythm of the universe, through whose seventh wave is evolved new forms and forces which amount virtually to a new creation; its culminating periods require adepts in thought and moral culture to meet and direct them safely. A new Dispensation *is dawning* upon the earth, and carries with it not only the needs, but the fact, of a new Social environment. It rests with reasonable beings to say whether that environment shall form in an orderly or disorderly manner!

LITA BARNEY SAYLES,
Killingly, Conn. Ass't Gen'l Sec.

OLD LADY MARY.

A story of the Seen and the Unseen.

[Blackwood's Magazine.]

[CONTINUED.]

VIII.

"Tell the young lady all about it, Connie," said her mother.

But Connie was very reluctant to tell. She was very shy, and clung to her mother, and hid her face in her ample dress; and though presently she was beguiled by Mary's voice, and in a short time came to her side, and clung to her as she had clung to Mrs. Turner, she still kept her secret to herself. They were all very kind to Mary, the elder girls standing round in a respectful circle looking at her, while their mother exhorted them to "take a pattern," by Miss Vivian. The novelty, the awe which she inspired, the real kindness about her, ended by overcoming in Mary's young mind the first miserable impression of such a return to her home. It gave her a kind of pleasure to write to Mrs. Bowyer that she had found employment, and had thought it better to accept it at once. "Don't be angry with me; and I think you will understand me," she said. And then she gave herself up to the strange new scene.

The "ways" of the large, simple-minded family, homely yet kindly, so transformed Lady Mary's graceful old rooms that they no longer looked the same place. And when Mary sat down with them at the big, heavy-laden table, surrounded with the hum of so large a party, it was impossible for her to believe that everything was not new about her. In no way could the saddening recollections of a home from which the chief figure had disappeared have been more completely broken up. Afterward Mrs. Turner took her aside and begged to know which was Mary's old room, "for I should like to put you there, as if nothing had happened." "Oh, do not put me there!" Mary cried, "so much has happened." But this seemed a refinement to the kind woman, which it was far better for her young guest not to "yield" to. The room Mary had occupied had been next to her godmother's, with a door between, and when it turned out that Connie, with an elder sister, was in Lady Mary's room, everything seemed perfectly arranged in Mrs. Turner's eyes. She thought it was providential, with a simple belief in Mary's powers that in other circumstances would have been amusing. But there was no amusement in Mary's mind when she took possession of the old room "as if nothing had happened." She sat by the fire for half the night, in an agony of silent recollection and thought, going over the last days of her godmother's life, calling up everything before her, and realizing, as she had never realized till now, the lonely career on which she was setting out, the subjection to the will and convenience of strangers in which henceforth her life must be passed. This was a kind woman who had opened her doors to the destitute girl; but notwithstanding, however great the torture to Mary, there was no escaping this room, which was haunted by the saddest recollections of her life. Of such things she must no longer complain—nay, she must think of nothing but thanking the mistress of the house for her thoughtfulness, for the wish to be kind which so often exceeds the performance.

The room was warm and well lighted; the night was very calm and sweet outside. Nothing had been touched or changed of all her little decorations, the ornaments which had been so delightful to her girlhood. A large photograph of Lady Mary held the chief place over the mantelpiece, representing her in the fulness of her beauty—a photograph which had been taken from the picture painted ages ago by a Royal Academician. It was fortunately so little like Lady Mary in her old age that, save as a thing which had always hung there, and belonged to her happier life, it did not affect the girl; but no picture was necessary to bring before her the well-remembered figure. She could not realize that the little movements she heard on the other side of the door were any other than those of her mistress, her friend, her mother, for all these names Mary lavished upon her in the fulness of her heart. The blame that was being cast upon Lady Mary from all sides made this child of her bounty but more deeply her partisan, more warm in her adoration. She would not, for all the inheritances of the world, have acknowledged even to herself that Lady Mary was in fault. Mary felt that she would rather a thousand times be poor and have to gain her daily bread, than that she who had nourished and cherished her should have been forced in her cheerful old age to think, before she chose to do so, of parting and farewell and the inevitable end.

She thought, like every young creature in strange and painful circumstances, that she would be unable to sleep, and did indeed lie awake and weep for an hour or more, thinking of all the changes that had happened; but sleep overtook her before she knew, while her mind was still full of these thoughts; and her dreams were endless, confused, full of misery and longing. She dreamed a dozen times over that she heard Lady Mary's soft call through the open door—which was not open, but shut closely and locked by the sisters who now inhabited the next room; and once she dreamed that Lady Mary came to her bedside and stood there looking at her earnestly with the tears flowing from her eyes. Mary struggled in her sleep to tell her benefactress how she loved her, and approved of all she had done, and wanted nothing—but felt herself bound as by a nightmare, so that she could not move or speak, or even put out a hand to dry those tears which it was intolerable to her to see; and woke with the struggle, and the miserable sensation of seeing her dearest friend weep and being unable to comfort her. The moon was shining into the room, throwing part of it in a cold full light, while blackness lay in all the corners. The impression of her dream was so strong that Mary's eyes turned instantly to the spot where in her dream her godmother had stood. To be sure there was nobody there; but as her consciousness returned, and with it the sweep of painful recollection, the sense of change, the miserable contrast between the present and the past, sleep fled from her eyes. She fell into the vividly awake condition which is the alternative of broken sleep, and gradually, as she lay, there came upon her that mysterious sense of another presence in the room, which is so subtle and indescribable. She neither saw anything nor heard anything, and yet she felt that some one was there.

She lay still for some time and held her breath, listening for a movement, even for the sound of breathing, scarcely alarmed, yet sure that she was not alone. After a while she raised herself on her pillow, and in a low voice asked, "Who is there? is any one there?" There was no reply, no sound of any description, and yet the conviction grew upon her. Her heart began to beat, and the blood to mount to her head. Her own being made so much sound, so much commotion, that it seemed to her she could not hear anything save those beatings and pulsings. Yet she was not afraid. After a time, however, the oppression became more than she could bear. She got up and lit her candle, and searched through the familiar room; but she found no trace that any one had been there. The furniture was all in its usual order. There was no hiding-place where any human thing could find refuge. When she had satisfied herself, and was about to return to bed, suppressing a sensation which must, she said to herself, be altogether fantastic, she was startled by a low knocking at the door of communication. Then she heard the voice of the elder girl. "Oh, Miss Vivian—what is it? Have you seen anything?" A new sense of anger, disdain, humiliation, swept through Mary's mind. And if she had seen anything, she said to herself, what was that to those strangers? She replied, "No, nothing; what should I see?" in a tone which was almost haughty in spite of herself.

"I thought it might be—the ghost. Oh, please, don't be angry. I thought I heard this door open, but it is locked. Oh! perhaps it is very silly, but I am so frightened, Miss Vivian."

"Go back to bed," said Mary; "there is no—ghost. I am going to sit up and write some—letters. You will see my light under the door."

"Oh, thank you," cried the girl.

Mary remembered what a consolation and strength in all wakefulness had been the glimmer of the light under her godmother's door. She smiled to think that she herself, so desolate as she was, was able to afford this innocent comfort to another girl, and then sat down and wept quietly, feeling her solitude and the chill about her, and the dark and the silence. The moon had gone behind a cloud. There seemed no light but her small, miserable candle in earth and heaven. And yet that poor little speck of light kept up the heart of another—which made her smile again in the middle of her tears. And by and by the commotion in her head and heart calmed down, and she too fell asleep.

Next day she heard all the floating legends that were beginning to rise in the house. They all arose from Connie's questions about the old lady whom she had seen going up-stairs before her, the first evening after the new family's arrival. It was in the presence of the doctor—who had come to see the child, and whose surprise at finding Mary there was almost ludicrous—that she heard the story, though much against his will.

"There can be no need for troubling Miss Vivian about it," he said, in a tone which was almost rude. But Mrs. Turner was not sensitive.

"When Miss Vivian has just come, like a dear, to help us with Connie!" the good woman cried. "Of course she must hear it, doctor; for otherwise, how could she know what to do?"

"Is it true that you have come here—*here?* to help— Good heavens, Miss Mary, *here?*"

"Why not here?" Mary said, smiling as best she could. "I am Connie's governess, doctor."

He burst out into that suppressed roar which serves a man instead of tears, and jumped up from his seat, clenching his fist. The clenched fist was to the intention of the dead woman whose fault this was; and if it had ever entered the doctor's mind, as his mother supposed, to marry this forlorn child, and thus bestow a home upon her whether she would or no, no doubt he would now have attempted to carry out that plan. But as no such thing had occurred to him, the doctor only showed his sense of the intolerable by look and gesture. "I must speak to the vicar. I must see Furnival. It can't be permitted," he cried.

"Do you think I shall not be kind to her, doctor?" cried Mrs. Turner. "Oh, ask her! She is one that understands. She knows far better than that. We're not fine people, doctor, but we're kind people. I can say that for myself. There is nobody in this house but will be good to her, and admire her, and take an example by her. To have a real lady with the girls, that is what I would give anything for; and as she wants taking care of, poor dear, and petting, and an 'ome—"

Mary, who would not hear any more, got up hastily, and took the hand of her new protectress, and kissed her, partly out of gratitude and kindness, partly to stop her mouth, and prevent the saying of something which it might have been still more difficult to support. "You are a real lady yourself, dear Mrs. Turner," she cried. (And this notwithstanding the one deficient letter; but many people who are much more dignified than Mrs. Turner—people who behave themselves very well in every other respect—say "'ome.")

"Oh, my dear, I don't make any pretensions," the good woman cried, but with a little shock of pleasure which brought the tears to her eyes.

And then the story was told. Connie had seen the lady walk up-stairs, and had thought no harm. The child supposed it was some one belonging to the house. She had gone into the room which was now Connie's room, but as that had a second door, there was no suspicion caused by the fact that she was not found there a little time after, when the child told her mother what she had seen. After this Connie had seen the same lady several times, and once had met her face to face. The child declared that she was not at all afraid. She was a pretty old lady, with white hair and dark eyes. She looked a little sad, but smiled when Connie stopped and stared at her—not angry at all, but rather pleased—and looked for a moment as if she would speak. That was all. Not a word about a ghost was said in Connie's hearing. She had already told it all to the doctor, and he had pretended to consider which of the old ladies in the neighborhood this could be. In Mary's mind, occupied as it was by so many important matters, there had been up to this time no great question about Connie's apparition; now she began to listen closely, not so much from real interest as from a perception that the doctor, who was her friend, did not want her to hear. This naturally aroused her attention at once. She listened to the child's description with growing eagerness, all the more because the doctor opposed.

"Now that will do, Miss Connie," he said; "it is one of the old Miss Murchisons, who are always so fond of finding out about their neighbors. I have no doubt at all on that subject. She wants to find you out in your pet naughtiness, whatever it is, and tell me."

"I am sure it is not for that," cried Connie. "Oh, how can you be so disagreeable? I know she is not a lady who would tell. Besides, she is not thinking at all about me. She was either looking for something she had lost, or—oh, I don't know what it was!—and when she saw me she just smiled. She is not dressed like any of the people here. She had got no cloak on, or bonnet, or anything that is common, but a beautiful white shawl and a long dress, and it gives a little sweep when she walks—oh, no! not like your rustling, mamma; but all soft, like water—and it looks like lace upon her head, tied here," said Connie, putting her hands to her chin, "in such a pretty, large, soft knot."

Mary had gradually risen as this description went on, starting a little at first, looking up, getting upon her feet. The color went altogether out of her face—her eyes grew to twice their natural size. The doctor put out his hand without looking at her, and laid it on her arm with a strong emphatic pressure. "Just like some one you have seen a picture of," he said.

"Oh, no. I never saw a picture that was so pretty," said the child.

"Doctor, why do you ask her any more? don't you see, don't you see, the child has seen—?"

"Miss Mary, for God's sake, hold your tongue; it is folly, you know. Now, my little girl, tell me. I know this old lady is the very image of that pretty old lady with the toys for good children, who was in the last Christmas number?"

"Oh!" said Connie pausing a little. "Yes, I remember; it was a very pretty picture—mamma put it up in the nursery. No, she is not like that, not at all, much prettier; and then *my* lady is sorry, about something—except when she smiles at me. She has her hair put up like this, and this," the child went on, twisting her own bright locks.

"Doctor! I can't bear any more."

"My dear! you are mistaken, it is all a delusion. She has seen a picture. I think now, Mrs. Turner, that my little patient had better run away and play. Take a good run through the woods, Miss Connie, with your brother, and I will send you some physic which will not be at all nasty, and we shall hear no more of your lady. My dear Miss Vivian, if you will but hear reason! I have known such cases a hundred times. The child has seen a picture, and it has taken possession of her imagination. She is a little below par, and she has a lively imagination; and she has learned something from Prentiss, though probably she does not remember that. And there it is! a few doses of quinine, and she will see visions no more."

"Doctor," cried Mary, "how can you speak so to me? You dare not look me in the face. You know you dare not; as if you did not know as well as I do! Oh, why does that child see her, and not me?"

"There it is," he said, with a broken laugh; "could anything show better that it is a mere delusion? Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, should this stranger child see her, if it was anything, and not you?"

Mrs. Turner looked from one to another with wondering eyes. "You know what it is?" she said. "Oh, you know who it is? Doctor, doctor, is it because my Connie is so delicate? is it a warning? is it—?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake! you will drive me mad, you ladies. Is it this, and is it that? It is nothing, I tell you. The child is out of sorts, and she has seen some picture that has caught her fancy—and she thinks she sees—I'll send her a bottle," he cried, jumping up; "that will put an end to all that."

"Doctor, don't go away; tell me rather what I must do—if she is looking for something! Oh, doctor, think if she were unhappy, if she were kept out of her sweet rest!"

"Miss Mary! for God's sake, be reasonable. You ought never to have heard a word."

"Doctor, think! if it should be anything we can do. Oh, tell me, tell me! don't go away and leave me; perhaps we can find out what it is."

"I will have nothing to do with your findings out. It is mere delusion. Put them both to bed, Mrs. Turner—put them all to bed! As if there was not trouble enough!"

"What is it?" cried Connie's mother; "is it a warning! Oh, for the love of God, tell me, is that what comes before a death?"

When they were all in this state of agitation, the vicar and his wife were suddenly shown into the room. Mrs. Bowyer's eyes flew to Mary, but she was too well-bred a woman not to pay her respects first to the lady of the house, and there were a number of politenesses exchanged, very breathlessly on Mrs. Turner's part, before the newcomers were free to show the real occasion of their visit. "Oh, Mary, what did you mean by taking such a step all in a moment? How could you come here of all places in the world? and how could you leave me without a word?" the vicar's wife said, with her lips against Mary's cheek. She had already perceived, without dwelling upon it, the excitement in which all the party were. This was said while the vicar was still making his bow to his new parishioner—who knew very well that her visitors had not intended to call; for the Turners were dissenters, to crown all their misdemeanors, besides being city people and *nouveaux riches.*

"Don't ask me any questions just now," said Mary, clasping almost hysterically her friend's hand. "It was providential, Come and hear what the child has seen." Mrs. Turner, though she was so anxious, was too polite not to make a fuss about getting chairs for all her visitors. She postponed her own trouble to this necessity, and trembling, sought the most comfortable seat for Mrs. Bowyer, the largest and most imposing for the vicar himself. When she had established them in a little circle and done her best to draw Mary, too, into a chair, she sat down quietly, her mind divided between the cares of courtesy and the alarms of an anxious mother. Mary stood at the table and waited till the commotion was over. The newcomers thought she was going to explain her conduct in leaving them; and Mrs. Bowyer, at least, who was critical in point of manners, shivered a little, wondering if perhaps (though she could not find it in her heart to blame Mary) her proceedings were in perfect taste.

"The little girl," Mary said, beginning abruptly. She had been standing by the table, her lips apart, her countenance utterly pale, her mind evidently too much absorbed to notice anything. "The little girl—has seen several times a lady going up-stairs. Once she met her and saw her face, and the lady smiled at her; but her face was sorrowful, and the child thought she was looking for something. The lady was old, with white hair done up upon her forehead and lace upon her head. She was dressed"—here Mary's voice began to be interrupted from time to time by a brief sob—"in a long dress that made a soft sound when she walked, and a white shawl, and the lace tied under her chin in a large soft knot—"

"Mary, Mary!" Mrs. Bowyer had risen, and stood behind the girl, in whose slender throat the climbing sorrow was almost visible, supporting her, trying to stop her. "Mary, Mary!" she cried; "oh, my darling, what are you thinking of? Francis! doctor! make her stop, make her stop—"

"Why should she stop?" said Mrs. Turner, rising, too, in her agitation. "Oh, is it a warning, is it a warning? for my child has seen it—Connie has seen it."

"Listen to me, all of you," said Mary, with an effort. "You all know—who that is. And she has seen her—the little girl—"

Now the others looked at each other, exchanging a startled look.

"My dear people," cried the doctor, "the case is not the least unusual. No, no, Mrs. Turner, it is no warning—it is nothing of the sort. Look here, Bowyer; you'll believe me. The child is very nervous and sensitive. She has evidently seen a picture somewhere of our dear old friend. She has heard the story somehow—oh, perhaps in some garbled version from Prentiss, or—of course they've all been talking of it. And the child is one of those creatures with its nerves all on the surface—and a little below par in health, in need of iron and quinine, and all that sort of thing. I've seen a hundred such cases," cried the doctor—"a thousand such; but now, of course, we'll have a fine story made of it, now that it's come into the ladies' hands."

He was much excited with this long speech; but it cannot be said that any one paid much attention to him. Mrs. Bowyer was holding Mary in her arms, uttering little cries and sobs over her, and looking anxiously at her husband. The vicar sat down suddenly in his chair, with the air of a man who has judgment to deliver without the least idea what to say; while Mary, freeing herself unconsciously from her friend's restraining embrace, stood facing them all with a sort of trembling defiance; and Mrs. Turner kept on explaining nervously that—"no, no, her Connie was not excitable, was not over-sensitive, never had known what a delusion was."

"This is very strange," the vicar said.

"Oh, Mr. Bowyer," cried Mary, "tell me what I am to do!—think if she cannot rest, if she is not happy, she that was so good to everybody, that never could bear to see any one in trouble. Oh, tell me, tell me what I am to do! It is you that have disturbed her with all you have been saying. Oh, what can I do, what can I do to give her rest?"

"My dear Mary! My dear Mary!" they all cried in different tones of consternation; and for a few minutes no one could speak. Mrs. Bowyer, as was natural, said something, being unable to endure the silence; but neither she nor any of the others knew what it was she said. When it was evident that the vicar must speak, all were silent, waiting for him; and though it had now become imperative that something in the shape of a judgment must be delivered, yet he was as far as ever from knowing what to say.

"Mary," he said, with a little tremulousness of voice, "it is quite natural that you should ask me; but, my dear, I am not at all prepared to answer. I think you know that the doctor, who ought to know best about such matters—"

"Nay, not I. I only know about the physical; the other—if there is another—that's your concern."

"Who ought to know best," repeated Mr. Bowyer; "for everybody will tell you, my dear, that the mind is so dependent upon the body. I suppose he must be right. I suppose it is just the imagination of a nervous child working upon the data which has been given—the picture; and then, as you justly remind me, all we have been saying—"

"How could the child know what we have been saying, Francis?"

"Connie has heard nothing that any one has been saying; and there is no picture."

"My dear lady, you hear what the doctor says. If there is no picture, and she has heard nothing, I suppose, then, your premises are gone, and the conclusion falls to the ground."

"What does it matter about premises?" cried the vicar's wife: "Here is something dreadful that has happened. Oh, what nonsense that is about imagination; children have no imagination. A dreadful thing has happened. In heaven's name, Francis, tell this poor child what she is to do."

"My dear," said the vicar again, "you are asking me to believe in purgatory—nothing less. You are asking me to contradict the Church's teaching. Mary, you must compose yourself. You must wait till this excitement has passed away."

"I can see by her eyes she did not sleep last night," the doctor said, relieved. "We shall have her seeing visions, too, if we don't take care."

"And, my dear Mary," said the vicar, "if you will think of it, it is derogatory to the dignity of the—of our dear friends who have passed away. How can we suppose that one of the blessed would come down from heaven, and walk about her own house, which she had just left and show herself to a—to a—little child who had never seen her before."

"Impossible," said the doctor. "I told you so—a stranger—that had no connection with her; knew nothing about her—"

"Instead of," said the vicar, with a slight tremor, "making herself known, if that was permitted, to—to me, for example; or our friend here."

"That sounds reasonable, Mary," said Mrs. Bowyer; "don't you think so, my dear? If she had come to one of us, or to yourself, my darling, I should never have wondered, after all that has happened. But to this little child—"

"Whereas there is nothing more likely—more consonant with all the teachings of science—than that the little thing should have this hallucination, of which you ought never to have heard a word. You are the very last person—"

"That is true," said the vicar, "and all the associations of the place must be overwhelming. My dear, we must take her away with us. Mrs. Turner, I am sure, is very kind, but it cannot be good for Mary to be here."

"No, no! I never thought so," said Mrs. Bowyer; "I never intended—dear Mrs. Turner, we all appreciate your motives. I hope you will let us see much of you, and that we may become very good friends. But, Mary—it is her first grief, don't you know?" said the vicar's wife, with the tears in her eyes; "she has always been so much cared for, so much thought of all her life—and then all at once! You will not think that we misunderstand your kind motives; but it is more than she can bear. She made up her mind in a hurry without thinking. You must not be annoyed if we take her away."

Mrs. Turner had been looking from one to another while this dialogue went on. She said now, a little wounded, "I wished only to do what was kind; but, perhaps, I was thinking most of my own child. Miss Vivian must do what she thinks best."

"You are all kind—too kind," Mary cried; "but no one must say another word, please. Unless Mrs. Turner should send me away, until I know what all this means, it is my place to stay here"

IX.

It was Lady Mary who had come into the vicarage that afternoon when Mrs. Bowyer supposed some one had called. She wandered about to a great many places in these days, but always returned to the scenes in which her life had been passed, and where alone her work could be done, if it were done at all. She came in and listened while the tale of her own carelessness and heedlessness was told, and stood by while her favorite was taken to another woman's bosom for comfort, and heard everything and saw everything. She was used to it by this time; but to be nothing is hard, even when you are accustomed to it; and though she knew that they would not hear her, what could she do but cry out to them as she stood there unregarded? "Oh, have pity upon me!" Lady Mary said; and the pang in her heart was so great that the very atmosphere was stirred, and the air could scarcely contain her and the passion of her endeavor to make herself known, but thrilled like a harp-string to her cry. Mrs. Bowyer heard the jar and tingle in the inanimate world; but she thought only that it was some charitable visitor who had come in, and gone softly away again at the sound of tears.

And if Lady Mary could not make herself known to the poor cottagers who had loved her, or to the women who wept for her loss while they blamed her, how was she to reveal herself and her secret to the men who, if they had seen her, would have thought her a hallucination? Yes, she tried all, and even went a long journey over land and sea to visit the Earl who was her heir, and awake in him an interest in her child. And she lingered about all these people in the silence of the night, and tried to move them in dreams, since she could not move them waking. It is more easy for one who is no more of this world, to be seen and heard in sleep; for then those who are still in the flesh stand on the borders of the unseen, and see and hear things which, waking, they do not understand. But alas! when they woke, this poor wanderer discovered that her friends remembered no more what she had said to them in their dreams.

Presently, however, when she found Mary re-established in her old home, in her own room, there came to her a new hope. For there is nothing in the world so hard to believe, or to be convinced of as that no effort, no device, will ever make you known and visible to those you love. Lady Mary being little altered in her character, though so much in her being, still believed that if she could but find the way, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all would be revealed and understood. She went to Mary's room with this new hope strong in her heart. When they were alone together, in that nest of comfort which she had herself made beautiful for her child—two hearts so full of thought for each other—what was there in earthly bonds which could prevent them from meeting? She went into the silent room, which was so familiar and dear, and waited like a mother long separated from her child, with a faint doubt trembling on the surface of her mind, yet a quaint joyful confidence underneath in the force of nature. A few words would be enough—a moment, and all would be right. And then she pleased herself with fancies of how, when that was done, she would whisper to her darling what has never been told to flesh and blood; and so go home proud, and satisfied, and happy, in the accomplishment of all that she had hoped.

Mary came in with her candle in her hand, and closed the door between her and all external things. She looked round wistful with that strange consciousness which she had already experienced that some one was there. The other stood so close to her that the girl could not move without touching her. She held up her hands, imploring, to the child of her love. She called to her, "Mary, Mary!" putting her hands upon her, and gazed into her face with an intensity and anguish of eagerness which might have drawn the stars out of the sky. And a strange tumult was in Mary's bosom. She stood looking blankly round her, like one who is blind with open eyes, and saw nothing; and strained her ears, like a deaf man, but heard nothing. All was silence, vacancy, an empty world about her. She sat down at her little table, with a heavy sigh. "The child can see her, but she will not come to me," Mary said, and wept.

Then Lady Mary turned away with a heart full of despair. She went quickly from the house, out into the night. The pang of her disappointment was so keen, that she could not endure it. She remembered what had been said to her in the place from whence she came, and how she had been entreated to be patient and wait. Oh, had she but waited and been patient! She sat down upon the ground, a soul forlorn, outside of life, outside of all things, lost in a world which had no place for her. The morn shone, but she made no shadow in it; the rain fell upon her, but did not hurt her; the little night-breeze blew without finding any resistance in her. She said to herself, "I have failed. What am I that I should do what they all said was impossible? It was my pride, because I have had my own way all my life. But now I have no way and no place on earth, and what I have to tell them will never, never be known. Oh, my little Mary, a servant in her own house! And a word would make it right!—but never, never can she hear that word. I am wrong to say never; she will know when she is in heaven. She will not live to be old and foolish like me. She will go up there early, and then she will know. But I, what will become of me?—for I am nothing here, and I cannot go back to my own place."

A little moaning wind rose up suddenly in the middle of the dark night, and carried a faint wail, like the voice of some one lost, to the windows of the sleeping house. It woke the children, and Mary, who opened her eyes quickly in the dark, wondering if perhaps now the vision might come to her. But the vision had come when she could not see it, and now returned no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The police of Montreal are on the lookout for a man who is doing a new sort of swindle. He has a small lottery ticket on which various prizes are set forth to be drawn for, and charges twenty-five cents each, or five for $1. The object of the lottery is the salvation of souls from purgatory, and each one buying a ticket can have a mass said for any person he names. The time it is supposed to come off is on the 25th of June, at the college of the Jesuits. On inquiry being made there it is almost needless to say that they know nothing of the matter, and will be glad to hear of the impostor being brought to justice.

In a New York paper we see it noted that in Milwaukee, a city of abundant beer, there are proportionally twice as many suicides as in any other city of the United States. It has been often repeated: "A man drunk with whisky wants to kill somebody else; a man drunk with beer wants to kill himself." A well-known German said the other day: "My wife and I have beer every day; nevertheless, I shall vote for prohibition, on account of the women and children of this country."

HOW PRICES GROW.—The Alaskans capture seals, and get forty cents each for the skins. The company which has exclusive monopoly of the business pays the United States $2 royalty on each skin, making the cost to them $2.40. They sell them at the uniform price of $24. Three skins, costing $72, are sufficient for a seal-skin cloak, which sells for $500.00. From 40 cents to $500.00 is quite a raise in prices.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

A VALUABLE NERVE TONIC.

DR. C. G. OLMSTEAD, Milwaukee, Wis., says: "I have used it in my practice ten years, and consider it a valuable nerve tonic."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

(METUCHEN, N. J.)

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My son thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou must go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home!

Though pleasure may shine with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like a meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night,
When treading thy lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as a vestal fire;
'Twill burn, 'twill burn forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest tossed,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
When sails are shivered and compass lost,
Then look to the light of home.

And there like a star through midnight cloud,
Thou'lt see the beacon bright;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.
—*Sarah J. Hale.*

WOMEN IN VARIOUS PLACES.

A good authority declares that: "Although hundreds of women hold positions of financial trust in the country, we have yet to hear of one of them being guilty of embezzlement or defalcation. Gen. Spinner, who first introduced women into the United States Treasury, left on record a striking testimonial to the efficiency and integrity of the sex, and no one ever had a better opportunity to study the question than he, who at one time had 1,000 women under his direction, engaged chiefly in handling money. He testifies that they count more accurately and rapidly than men, that their ability to detect counterfeits proved to be superior in almost every test, that they were, without an exception, honest, and were invariably more careful and painstaking in their work. The shrewdest and quickest detectors of counterfeit currency were women, and in case of dispute as to the genuineness of money, Gen. Spinner invariably took the judgment of a Miss Grandin, who was for a long time employed in his bureau. Although there are several thousand women employed by the government as clerks, accountants, postmistresses, and in other capacities, not one has ever proved unfaithful to her trust."

The *Modern Age* declares that: "It appears from the gathered statistics of the world that women have a greater tenacity of life than men. Among insects the male perishes at a relatively early period. In plants the seminate blossoms die earliest, and are produced in the weaker limbs. Female quadrupeds have more endurance than males. In the human race, despite the intellectual and physical strength of the man, the woman endures longest, and will bear pain to which the strong man succumbs. Zymotic diseases are more fatal to males, and more male children die than females. The married state is favorable to prolongation of life among women. Dr. Hough remarks that there are from two to six per cent. more males born than females, yet there is more than six per cent. excess of females in the living populations."

The following is part of a conversation which took place at a reception given to Mrs. A. S. Duniway of the *New Northwest*, in the parlors of Dr. Clemence S. Lozier, New York. The person interviewed was ex-Gov. Hoyt of Wyoming:

"Do the better classes of women generally avail themselves of the privileges of the ballot?"

"Quite as generally as do the men. But, with us, the question is not whether the women will vote or not, but by what *right* should any body presume to hinder them."

"Do women generally seek office?"

"Not nearly so much as I would desire. No lady ever came to me for an appointment during my nearly six years' term of office. I regretted this, as I should have been gratified to appoint women with proper qualifications for office, if the opportunity had been given me."

"Has the presence of women at the polls been productive of good, or otherwise?"

"Of good, and good only. Men have behaved themselves with uniform decorum at the polls ever since women were enfranchised. The change has been highly satisfactory. Our polls are at all times as orderly as these parlors—made so by woman's presence, as is the case this evening."

"Are women as strong partisans as men?"

"We have not found them so. They will not vote for bad men, and the result has been to prevent, largely, the nomination of bad men."

All of which controverts the opinion of a large class of persons.

Several papers, lately, have called Mrs. Harriet W. Prewitt the oldest newspaper woman in America. In 1848, her husband died, leaving her with three little children and the only income that which was derived from a weekly newspaper published in Yazoo City, Miss., where the family lived at the time.

Mrs. Prewitt was not dismayed, nor did she sit down to be supported. "For more than fourteen years Mrs. Prewitt was editress, book-keeper and mailing clerk for her bright little paper. She also kept house, saw that things were tidy at home, and did the sewing for her three children.

"Her editorials were fearless, and exercised strong influence in Mississippi politics. Mrs. Prewitt held out as she could against the extreme measures of secession, but when she did haul down her Union flag she became one of the boldest, bravest defenders of the Southern cause.

"Finally this brave woman's strength gave way and she became a helpless invalid. For twenty years she has been tied hand and foot to an invalid's chair, with an eye as keen and a mind as bright as ever. She was a beautiful woman once; she is still accomplished, brilliant and a graceful writer of occasional verse as well as prose.

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

Mrs. Alice N. Lincoln, a Boston woman of wise philanthropy made active by the possession of riches, has tried a novel experiment in managing tenement houses in that city. Three years ago she rented a large building containing twenty-seven tenements, which she determined to manage herself. The house was in a poor portion of the city, it contained desperate characters and was foul and ill-kept. It was her endeavor to raise the status of her tenants and still manage the house in a business way.

The results have been embodied in a report which has been read at a conference of Associated Charities in Boston and New York. The outline of her methods is interesting and encouraging.

Printed rules in regard to cleanliness were strictly enforced; punctual payment of rent insisted upon, and habitual drunkenness was never tolerated, though patience with occasional transgressors was judiciously observed. References were required regarding the general good behavior of applicants for rooms, and a second set was let to the same parties at a cheaper rate, in order to encourage decency by having a sufficient number of rooms for the use of one family. Mrs. Lincoln and her partner in the work, collected the rent themselves in order to supervise the building, and it is interesting to note that these women did, in fact, make a far-sighted plan of improvement of the poor, succeed in a business way. They found they could make eleven per cent., upon the rent of the building while charging lower rent for their tenements that was paid for poor, dirty, miserable rooms elsewhere.

But, Mrs. Lincoln says that was the least consideration in view. There was a steady improvement in a majority of the tenants, and in the general tone of the house. The people came in direct contact with their landlady and recognized her as a friend. They went to her for counsel and took pride in showing themselves worthy of her regard.

The main point of note in Mrs. Lincoln's treatment of her tenants, is one which needs especial emphasis. She has found that it is all-important, in dealing with the very poor, to help them preserve their self-respect. She says: "Those tenants who receive outside assistance for which they do not give a fair equivalent in labor, are invariably the most difficult class with which we have to deal. Their independence and self-respect are worth more than food or home to these people, and whoever interferes with their right to provide for themselves, assumes a grave responsibility."

Accordingly she has had to stand by and see many a desperate struggle with poverty, many instances of great self-denial. The result in energy and the power of self-help, aided only indirectly, as in procuring employment for the laborer, has been such as to show that Mrs. Lincoln has weighed well the principles of human nature.

Seances with Mrs. Maud Lord.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In your issue of April 12th, is a letter from J. M. Vale, describing certain manifestations which occurred at a circle given by that excellent medium, Mrs. Maud E. Lord. In this communication the impression is conveyed—though, perhaps, intended for this particular séance only—that at Mrs. L.'s circles spirits are unable to convey objects outside of the ring of sitters. This I know from personal experience to be an error, unless Mrs. L. is much weaker as a physical medium than she was several years ago. I have attended a great many of her séances—some here in the West—but most of them while living in Boston. One evening in particular, I well remember manifestations which occurred to me while sitting outside the circle. They were witnessed by those present, and were considered by all as wonderful proof of spirit presence and power. Like Mr. Vale, on this evening I gave my previously enjoyed seat in the circle to a stranger whom I met there, and who had never before attended one of Mrs. Lord's séances. But I did so more with feelings of pleasure to aid another, than with feeling of regret at my own loss. I sat outside the ring of sitters, and beyond the reach of all. A week previous to this séance, however, I had attended a private circle elsewhere, in which I made arrangements with a spirit friend to give me, if possible, certain manifestations at Mrs. Lord's, as a proof to me of that friend's presence, and I felt much curiosity while sitting outside the ring, to know if the promise given could be fulfilled. Suddenly a guitar, which had been left inside the circle formed by the sitters, rose above their heads, and descended gently on to my lap, resting there nearly one minute, giving forth in the meantime beautiful strains of music. As the music ceased, I raised my hand, and it was grasped by another and shook vigorously, the hand remaining with me, according to promise, long enough for me to examine it as thoroughly as the sense of touch would permit, the séance being a totally dark one. Giving my hand another vigorous shake, it vanished, taking the guitar back into the circle over the heads of the sitters. The hand appeared to me to be very small and delicate. To the touch it was warm and velvety, but just as tangible as my own. The fingers were smooth, tapering beautifully, and about the size, in circumference, of a common lead pencil; and when grasping mine, they were just as active and pliable as any human fingers could be.

At another séance given by Mrs. Lord, at which I was present, some noted manifestations occurred, which to me were good proof that spirits do return. Among those present, was a young man, who claimed to be a reporter on one of the daily papers. He professed to be a confirmed skeptic, and so expressed himself loud enough to be heard by all present, claiming that the manifestations were mere tricks of the medium, and such he would prove them to be, to the satisfaction of all, before the séance was over. He failed, however; but his constantly grasping "at the darkness" every time anything occurred near him, with the hope of catching the medium's hand or sleeve, showed that he was honest in what he said. I sat at his right side, and held his right wrist. This gave me a good chance to closely observe all that passed. At the medium's request that he must not break the circle in his efforts to grab the spirits, a discussion arose between them regarding the genuineness of the manifestations, which resulted in his asking the medium to allow him to apply a test to the then present, so-called spirits. His request was granted on condition that he should not break the circle, to which he agreed. Suddenly, and without a moment's warning, he caught with his right hand a small music box, which was played by turning a crank, and which had been left on his lap by some unseen fingers, and threw it quickly into the air over the heads of the sitters. The room was totally dark, and you, reader, can imagine my surprise, and the skeptic's also, when the music box, instead of falling to the floor as expected, started off on a musical tour around the room, over the heads of the sitters, and finally came back and dropped into the young man's lap from whence it started. He was very quiet and thoughtful during the rest of the séance, and no doubt is a firm Spiritualist to-day.

GEO. F. WHITNEY.

Cleveland, Ohio.

The St. Louis *Medical Brief* states that Dr Rasori recommends the use of a tuning-fork in the treatment of neuralgic pains—the instrument to be applied, while vibrating, over the course of the painful nerve. The sittings are said to last about half an hour, when the pain is usually relieved.

When opiates fail then try *Samaritan Nervine.* It's a sure cure for all nervous ailments.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

SHAKER SERMONS: Scripto-Rational, containing the Substance of Shaker Theology. By H. L. Eads, Bishop of South Union, Kentucky. Published by the Shakers. Revised edition. Price $1.50.

If there has hitherto been some doubt as to the doctrines the Shakers hold, there need be none henceforth; for as Mr. Eads began his life among the Shakers when one year old, and as he is over seventy years old now, he surely has had ample opportunity to know what was taught among them. One thing is very apparent—he is determined that neither reader nor hearer shall have any doubt as to what the preacher believes. He is generally clear and logical in statement, always uncompromising in his theology; a bold strong, dogmatic man, and he attacks every one who preaches a different doctrine. Ingersoll and Talmage, Beecher and McCosh, are each and all lectured for false teaching, and even Spiritualists get a strong rebuke for believing in materialization, which he declares to be impossible, though he does not doubt Spiritualism; claiming that this was known "about ten years before something of the same character began in the world outside of Shakers." It seems the first communications to them were in trance, while the outside world had only raps at first. He tells of a Spiritualist who, when he was visited by the spirit of Aaron Knight, exclaimed, "How strange it is that you are so materialized!" The spirit answered, "Not so much materialized as thou art spiritualized." There is not space to analyze his argument on materialization, though it would be easy to do so. Spiritualists would admit some things he evidently does not think they would, and deny some he thinks they believe. It is doubtful if any Spiritualist believes that psychic force is "dead matter."

The doctrines of the Shakers as set forth in this volume, would not be specially interesting to our readers. As noted above, he is bold and aggressive in statement, but yet he seems to argue in chains, bound as by steel bands to the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. Though he argues that Revelation should be judged by reason, it is only as the orthodox do, to make the Bible suit their pet theories; certain things must be re-translated, or spiritualized, as they call it, or explained away, because they conflict with certain ideas held to be true beyond all question. They interpret to suit the doctrine, and so he does. Let our readers examine the book for themselves. Spiritualists will agree with him in many conclusions, while they reject his arguments; and they cannot fail to be impressed with the zeal and honesty of the writer, even though they laugh at some of his arguments, and are repelled by seeming dogmatism.

NARRATIVE OF SOJOURNER TRUTH; a Bondwoman of the Olden Time, Emancipated by the New York Legislature in 1817. History of her Labors and Correspondence, from her "Book of Life." Also a Memorial Chapter, giving the particulars of her last sickness and death. 400 pages. Price, $1.00.

The first 120 pages is a narrative of her early life and her experiences up to some 35 years ago, prepared by a ready writer in New England. After this comes the continuation of her story, as taken from her lips and from others, by Mrs. Frances W. Titus, of Battle Creek, Michigan. This has added interest from its many fine letters from eminent men and women to Sojourner, and its engraved autographs of the signatures of Garrison, Lincoln, Grant, Lucretia Mott, and others. The Memorial Chapter is just prepared and added to this new edition.

The fact that Sojourner Truth was made free in 1817, by a law which only gave liberty to slaves over forty years old in New York, settles the question of her age, as she must have been 107 years old. Just after her death Wendell Phillips wrote to the *New York Tribune*, and his letter is given in this book:

"Sojourner was a remarkable figure in the Anti-Slavery movement.... Her Meg Merrilies figure added much to the effect of her speech..... Her eloquence was sometimes marvelous. I once heard her describe the captain of a slave ship going up to judgment, followed by his victims as they gathered from the depths of the sea, in a strain that reminded one of Clarence's dream in Shakspeare, and equaled it. Anecdotes of her ready wit are numberless, but they give little idea of the rich, quaint, poetic and often profound speech of a most remarkable person, who used to say to us, 'You read books; God talks to me.'"

In temperance, woman-suffrage and like meetings, she was a welcome presence, and in her last years, became interested in Spiritualism, in her own peculiar way. The nearness and reality of the life beyond was very clear to her and her clairvoyant and intuitive powers were remarkable.

THE DREAM INVESTIGATOR AND ONEIROCRITICA. Monthly. By Jas. Monroe, Peoria. $1.00 per year.

It is the fashion to laugh at dreams, to speak of them as

"Children of night, of indigestion bred."

Yet there have been, or history lies, some wonderful revelations made in dreams, and poets and other authors have often sighed over the memory of exalted conceptions which had vanished as they waked. How many households are there where the legend of a remarkable dream is one of their most cherished possessions. In every home there are dreamers, and the sale of "dream books" with fanciful interpretations is very large. The age is ready for something more in this direction. So at least thinks Mr. J. Monroe, who has started a monthly magazine called the "Dream Investigator." No. 4 of this magazine has been received. In it the editor gives explanations of certain dreams, and correspondents do so "also, if not likewise." One dreams of the devil, and soon after is sick—he does not seem to perceive that it might really have been an undeveloped disease that made him dream of the devil. The work deals with dreams on the very lowest plane; in the editor's thought the dream signifies always gain or loss of money, sickness or health, success or disappointment, praise or blame.

Dreams are more than this, often. In sleep, when man has ceased to be aggressive and positive, and he has become quiet and receptive, the angels come, but rarely with revelations as to food or clothing, wounded or soothed vanity. They come with visions of the life beyond, with revelations of far-reaching truth. The class of dreams Mr. Monroe professes to explain may be, and generally are, the result of some dietetic excess or indiscretion; the kind the angels bring cannot come at all under such conditions. But men and women will continue to err in diet, and so will have bad, or wild, incoherent dreams, and want some standard of interpretation. The "Dream Investigator" may be a success after all.

IS CHRISTIANITY A FAILURE? A lecture by Rev. Madison C. Peters, Pastor First Presbyterian Church, Ottawa, Ill. 8vo. 10 cents. Published by the Author.

The lecture is well-written, well printed and true, from the author's stand-point. Not true, as many read history and the signs of the times of to-day. The author links together Christianity and the Church, the teachings of Jesus and the accepted theology, as interchangeable terms, and claims every step of the world's progress as resulting from what the Church has preached. What if the converse proposition were presented, and it were said the Church is not Christian, but Pauline; that the Church has molded the world much less than the world has molded the Church; that advances in civilization have often been in spite of the Church; that the Church is powerless to remove evils in society to-day and even helps to preserve some of them; that what is called Christianity has not achieved the success foretold, and there is no present appearance that it ever will. If all these things were presented, enlarged upon and illustrated—and men of to-day are saying just such things—the verdict might be different from that given in the essay under consideration. Which view is the correct one?

ARE THE ALLEGED PHENOMENA OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM WORTHY OF SERIOUS INVESTIGATION? A paper read by John A. Willis, Esq., before the Fortnightly Society of Washington, Penn., December 18th, 1883.

The question the essayist had to meet is one continually asked, and is completely answered. He has done it systematically and logically, considering, 1st, What the phenomena are. 2nd, How are they authenticated? 3rd, What facts do they tend to prove? He gives a list of the phenomena, a partial list of the scientists who certify to the genuineness of them, and shows the tremendous issues involved in the facts they prove, and closes by a summary of the whole subject, asserting— the phenomena are true, are well attested, as well authenticated as any facts in science, and if the evidence is held to be insufficient, the proof of any facts whatever must be so also. Because Spiritualism comes just when Materialism is most rife, to give the only complete answer it can have. Because it will inaugurate a new era in the progress of science, religion and morals by removing from the field of controversy some of the great and fundamental facts of being, no longer to be controverted; thus permanently enlarging the field of science, so as to include in it spiritual as well as physical truths, and thereby harmonize science and religion, therefore Spiritualism is worthy of investigation.

The argument, of which a mere outline is given, is well presented, deserves, and will doubtless receive, much attention.

Books Received.

THE SEVEN GREAT MONARCHIES OF THE Ancient Eastern World. By George Rawlinson, M. A. New York: John B. Alden. Price, three Vols., 80 cents each.

TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES. The Greek Text, with Translation. By J. Fitzgerald, M. A. New York: John B. Alden. Price, fine cloth, 25 cents.

BIOGEN. Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life. By Professor Elliott Coues. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. Price, 75 cents.

DIETETICS. Food and Drink for the Sick. By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Chicago: Sanitary Publishing Co. Price, paper cover, 25 cents.

CHANGE OF LIFE. By Alice B. Stockham, M. D. Chicago: Sanitary Publishing Co. Price, paper cover, 25 cents.

TIP LEWIS AND HIS LAMP. By Pansy. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, paper cover, 25 cents.

Magazines for May Not Before Mentioned

ST. NICHOLAS. (The Century Co., New York. Contents: Frontispiece; "Rocket" and "Flyer"; The Scarlet Tanager; "Mr. Plantagenet Norman Dane"; Supporting Herself; The Philopena; Words Inclined to Jingle; Rosy Snow; A Pic-nic; The Land of Fire; The River-end Morey's Rab; The Doves at Mendon; Little Things; The Song of the Roller Skates; Our Roller Skating Brigade; Historic Boys; "Look Out, There!" Marvin and his Boy Hunters; A Meeting on the Rail; Maiden-hair; Work and Play for Young Folk; For Very Little Folk; The St. Nicholas Almanac; Jack-in-the-Pulpit; The Letter-Box; Agassiz Association; The Riddle-Box.

WIDE AWAKE. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) Frontispiece—Gladys; Daisies; Mother's Wings; The Alps and their Avalanches; Fairy Folks; A Brave Girl; The Rich little Dolly; The last trial of Charles Perrault; The President's Page; To-day; Dolce Far Niente; A Double Masquerade; The Invisible Painter; Æsop's Fables versified; The Dog Carts of Antwerp; A Young Antiquarian and his Society; The Procession of the Zodiac; In No-Man's Land; The little Clam; Tangles; Tales of the Pathfinders; In case of Accident; Little Biographies; Ways to do Things; Anna Maria's Housekeeping; What to do about it; Post-Office Department.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. (E. R. Pelton, New York.) Contents: The Ghost of Religion; The Literature of Introspection; "Chinese Gordon"; Queer Fishes; Six Sonnets of Contrast; About Old and New Novels; A Surprising Narrative; Ballads of an English Home; Italian Studies; Platform Women; Machiavelli; The Milk in the Cocoa-Nut; Terrorism in Russia and Terrorism in Europe; A sketch of M. Clemenceau; The Earthly Paradise; Mr. Hayward; Passion; The Harvest of Democracy; Literary Notices; Foreign Literary Notes; Miscellany.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (Fowler and Wells, New York.) Contents: John Rogers; Remarks on Classification; The Constitution of Man; Aries and its Ancient Ruins; Girl-Idleness; Capt. Mary M. Miller; The Mormons; Because Men want them; The Soudan; Shoes and Character; Annuities; Eating; How to see the Stomach; Traveling in Florida, etc.

THE HOMILETIC MONTHLY. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York.) Contents: Sermonic; On the Study of Hymnology; Preaching the Humanities Insufficient; Critical Estimate of Certain Preachers; Pastoral and Sermonic Habits; A Symposium on Evolution; Living Issues for Pulpit Treatment; Around the Editor's Table; Etc.

HOME SCIENCE. (Selden R. Hopkins, N. Y.) Number one, volume one, of this monthly is at hand and contains many good articles by prominent writers and authors.

THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE. (Robert A. Gunn, M. D., New York.) A monthly journal devoted to Medicine, Surgery and the Collateral Sciences.

THE ERIE RAILWAY

What One of its Oldest Employees Says of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y.

Mr. Weyman is the foreman in the Erie Railway Round House and Shops in Newburgh. What he says can be depended upon, and his letter should convince all that DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY is just the preparation needed for Kidney Difficulties, Malaria and all derangements of the Liver.

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Yours, truly. J. WEYMAN.

The testimony of Mr. Weyman is not more positive than the following:

POUGHKEEPSIE, Feb. 22nd, 1884.

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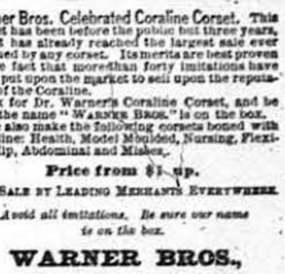

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 10. 1884.

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Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of $3.15 per year. To accommodate those old Subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

Talmage Rampant.

Among all the preachers of the United States none so famous as Rev. Dr. Talmage—for some things. He is never profound, his argument, when he attempts to argue, is of the shallowest, but he has a vivid imagination which like the lightning, flashes a distorting glare on homely things and amuses some people. Other preachers say he is "sensational," and he does not deny the impeachment; evidently thinking sensationalism and effectiveness synonymous terms. But the sensationalism of Talmage means more than that of the ordinary intellectual acrobat. It means that he is conspicuously inexact, to state it mildly; that facts are invented, stretched, distorted; even truth is so extravagantly stated and put in such false relations, as to be no longer truth. Byron, may have had in mind some priest who had been caught falsifying, when he defined a lie as—

"The truth in masquerade."

And Dr. Talmage is fond of presenting truth in masquerade. To get up and keep up the excitement by means of which he lives is no easy task. Preaching the simple gospel is left to those whom he describes as "old fogies," and he revels, instead, in glowing descriptions of Bowery dives and Five-points dance houses, tells of adulterations, of tricks of trade, of the latest move in politics—whatever is uppermost in people's thoughts he must talk about. Thus it happened on Sunday, April 27th; finding doubtless how much of Spiritualism there was among his people, he preached on that topic.

Of course he did not study the subject, it was easier to curse than to think, and more in his line. He must make a "sensational" *i. e.* a lying talk about Spiritualism. So he read the titles on the back of some of Robert Dale Owen's books (he gave no evidence of having ever read any more than this), reproduced all the objections which have been better, because more exactly, stated hundreds of times before, and as often answered; then skillfully interjecting a strong dose of the *odium theologicum*, to take the place of proof, he exclaimed, with his own uncouth and inimitable gestures: "*After that, be a Spiritualist if you dare!*" The signs of the times all indicate that there are millions who do dare, and millions more who will. But to his indictment of Spiritualism though it be "tedious as a twice-told tale."

> "The wall between the material world and the spiritual I think is very thin. That there is communication between this world and another world is certain. Spirits depart from this to that, and the Bible says ministering spirits come from that to this. It may be that complete and constant and unmistakable lines of communication between these two worlds may yet be opened. To unlatch the door between the present state and the future state all the fingers of superstition have been busy. We have had books written entitled 'Footfalls on the Boundaries of Other Worlds,' 'The Debatable Land Between This World and the Next,' 'Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism,' and whole libraries of hocus-pocus enough to deceive the very elect. I have no time to rehearse the story of Divination and Delphic oracle and Planchettes and sibyls and palmistry and whole centuries of imposture. Modern Spiritualism comes in proposing to open the door between this world and the next and afford us communication with the dead. But it has not one reasonable credential. There is nothing in the intelligence or moral character of its founders to commend it. All the wonderful things done by it have been shown to be sleight of hand and rank deception. Dr. Carpenter, Robert Houdin, Mr. Waite and others have exposed the fraud by dramatizing upon the stage in presence of many auditors, all the mysteries of Spiritualism. 'By their fruits shall ye know them,' said Christ, and judging this tree of Spiritualism from its fruits, which have been bad and only bad and bad continually, I conclude that it is one of the worst trees in all the orchard of necromancy. This post office which they propose to set up between the living and the dead is a star route post office that has never yet delivered one letter from the other world to this."

So, the first charge is that the phenomena are false, that there never has been a spirit on earth. Read your Bible, Mr. Talmage, and then, if you do not think it a waste of time, study any ancient history; you will find evidence enough to disprove the assertion that spirits do not appear. But the phenomena have been proved to be false he says: quoting (Heaven save the mark) Dr. Carpenter as the demolisher of Spiritualism, one who has been himself so thoroughly demolished that no one but so complete an ignoramus on the matter would think of quoting him. Houdin could do many things, but with expensive apparatus, could not do what is done in the presence of mediums every day without apparatus. Our readers will recollect Waite, whom the Brooklyn christian mountebank quotes. He is another reverend trickster, who after trying his hand at the exposing trade under the most pious patronage in Boston and elsewhere, finally found he had worked out the vein, and at once set up as manager of a "genuine" spirit show. This last dodge was suddenly brought to an end and the usual scandal with a "woman in the case" followed. Talmage is welcome to the use of such authority as Waite, he undoubtedly has a fellow feeling for his brother in the trade.

Professor Jacobs writes in relation to the phenomena: "As a prestidigitateur of repute, and a sincere Spiritualist, I affirm that the phenomena were absolutely true and belonged to the spiritualistic order of things in every respect. Messrs. Robin and Robert Houdin, when attempting to imitate these same facts, never presented to the public anything beyond an infantine and almost grotesque parody on the said phenomena." S. Bellachini, court conjurer at Berlin, says: "Any explanation of the experiments....by any reference to prestidigitation is absolutely impossible."

If Talmage had wanted to be fair, why did he not quote at least a portion of the roll of eminent scientists who have examined and testified to the genuineness of spirit phenomena? Why did he not read to his congregation some of the names of men shrined in the hearts of the people, who were Spiritualists? He did not know the facts, or he suppressed them; it would not do to even seem to know them.

It would be wasting time to attempt to follow him through his list of ancient spiritual phenomena—he has read the names, and that is all he knows about them, apparently. His next objection is substantially, that Spiritualism comforts the mourner, but it is with a delusion. "That is why I hate Spiritualism," he says. How he knows that it is a delusion which comforts them, or who made him the judge of another's consciousness, he does not say, and it is not easy to guess. True, it *does* comfort the mourner and it is the crowning glory of Spiritualism that it does. Talmage may hate, but an innumerable host of mourners love it, for this. Here is more Talmagian talk:

> "Another remark: Spiritualism is doom and death to its disciples. It ruins the body. Look in upon an audience of Spiritualists. Cadaverous, weak, nervous, exhausted; hands clammy and cold. Nothing prospers but long hair—soft marshes yielding nothing but rank grass. Spiritualism destroys the physical health. Its disciples are ever hearing startling news from the other world. Strange beings crossing the room in white. Table fidgety, wanting to get its feet loose, as if to dance. Voices sepulchral and ominous; bewildered with raps.
>
> "I never knew a confirmed Spiritualist who had a healthy nervous system. It is incipient epilepsy and catalepsy."

That is refreshing in its sublimity of lying. The average Spiritualist meeting is filled with men and women of as perfect physical, and as good mental and moral health as any church in the land can boast. Spiritualists as a rule are more temperate than prohibitionists, for they are temperate in all things; because they study high themes, seeking to understand them, their mental powers are developed, and their nerves move harmoniously. Not a Spiritualist could be scared by all Talmage's roaring. Their nerves would be quiescent while his people's were throbbing almost to madness. The idea, too, of *Talmage* accusing any one of being "cadaverous." Does he ever look in a mirror? The JOURNAL will pay him one thousand dollars if he will exhibit a Spiritualist whose cadaverousness surpasses, or equals, his. Indeed so suggestive of a race ante-dating Man is Talmage's physiological and anatomical structure, his picture has been used in scientific lectures to convey to the audience a conception of what the long sought "missing link" would probably look like if ever discovered. Here he goes again:

> "Another remark: Spiritualism is a social and marital curse. The worst deeds of licentiousness and worst orgies of obscenity have been enacted under its patronage."

That there have been and now are persons believing in spirit phenomena who are immoral and licentious is true. But the mere knowledge of spirit existence and return does not make a true Spiritualist, any more than familiarity with the New Testament makes Talmage a true follower of Jesus. Something more is needed in both cases; and it is as hopeless to expect some believers in spirit phenomena ever to be Spiritualists, as it is that Talmage will ever be a Christian in the higher and better meaning of that word. Spiritualism is a synthesis of facts. The use made of these facts depends upon the nature of the individual receiving them. If he comes of orthodox stock and has been fully imbued with the teachings of the so-called "Christian plan of salvation," if he believes in the regulation system of rewards and punishments and has been held in restraint through fear of hell; if he has done good deeds with his hands while his eyes were set on the crown which was to reward him, then indeed he is quite likely not to be as good a man, apparently, as before. "Why?" The reason is self-evident. He finds the old, man-made scheme of salvation a myth and having never been taught that he should do right because it is right, he at once regrets his past opportunities for debauching himself and plunges in to make up for lost time. He has thrown off his superstition, and with it his semblance of decency. It takes time, often a long time, for such pseudo Christians to discover what they inevitably do in the long run: that he who commits sin must suffer, and that the blood of Jesus cannot wash him white nor fit him to associate with the pure.

Talmage's fire-escape-and-eternal-psalm-singing-harp-playing-repent-at-the-eleventh-hour-vicarious-atonement "religion" is directly responsible for all the immorality to be found among so-called Spiritualists. Talmage's theology sends the red-handed murderer straight into the arms of Jesus, while his innocent victim who had no opportunity to "repent" furnishes hell with one more victim. Hence the perfect appropriateness and sound orthodoxy of the headlines sometimes used by daily papers in setting off a hanging. For instance: "Jerked to Jesus," "Swung but Saved," "Hung and in Heaven," "Hemp helped him to Heaven and his Harp." How can a man who believes the murderer may save his soul by a scratch, just as the gates of eternity swing open, and at once enter the realms of the blest on equal terms, make a good Spiritualist? How can a man who believes he can gain favors by tickling God's vanity and appeasing his jealousy make a good Spiritualist? Spiritualism must use the material it finds, in making Spiritualists; and when a grist of Talmagian Christians go into its hopper it is unreasonable to expect other than a low-grade product. Spiritualism cannot transcend the laws of the universe and it cannot change a Talmagian into a true Spiritualist, until after long discipline and an entire change of his nature—work that is often only accomplished long after he has entered spirit-life. Of all places in America from which to say that "Spiritualism is a social and marital curse" a pulpit, and especially a Brooklyn pulpit, is the most unfortunate; it is liable to recall so many unpleasant reminiscences, right at home as it were.

"Spiritualism," says Talmage, "is the cause of much insanity." When he first fulminated his insanity fuse it was more stalwart. Here is the way he formulated the falsehood some seven years ago: "There is not an insane asylum from Maine to Texas which does not contain victims of Spiritualism." Whereupon Dr. Eugene Crowell, also of Brooklyn, and whose standing in every particular is not surpassed by that of any orthodox Christian in his city, made a careful and complete investigation of the statistics. He corresponded with the superintendents of all the asylums and institutions for the insane in the United States, and embodied the results in a pamphlet from which we quote as follows:

> "We find there are seven inmates insane from religious excitement for every one insane from Spiritualism. It will also be seen that while there are eighty-seven asylums, there are only seventy-six insane Spiritualists within their walls—not one to each institution.
>
> "An important fact should here be noticed, which is, that as the knowledge of Spiritualism has extended, and the number of its adherents has increased, the records show not only a comparatively but an absolutely less number of cases in which Spiritualism is assigned as the exciting cause of insanity, and it is a question whether the greater comparative decrease in the number of cases ascribed to religious excitement may not justly be attributed, at least in a great degree, to the influence of Spiritualism in disseminating more correct, rational, and consequently less revolting ideas, of the nature and extent of future punishment."

"Spiritualism," says Talmage, "ruins the soul." His proof of this is that the entire system is based on the assumed insufficiency of the word of God as a revelation. He assumes this will ruin the soul. Spiritualists certainly do not believe that any opinion can ruin the soul. They can admit the charge but deny his inference. He does not attempt to prove the Bible is the word of God, or that God ever did, or could speak to man, but is sure God has exhausted himself and cannot, or will not inspire men to-day. Such a faith seems more ruinous to the soul than the unbelief he charges on Spiritualists.

There is one venerable objection missed in its place among his platitudes—"the spirits speak bad grammar and do absurd things." Queries: Could the spirit of an expert mathematician ever make Dr. T. exact in statement and fair in presentation of a case? Doubtful! Would not the most truthful spirit, in trying to speak through Talmage, find his words turned into "truth in masquerade"? Can a pipe of one inch bore, give a stream of two feet diameter? Does not the organization of the medium largely color the expression of the spirit's thought? When Dr. T. knows more than he does now, he will find a law that "was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be," a law acting on Bible writers as on all other mediums, the law that inspiration is controlled greatly as to its expression, by the organism receiving it. Doctor, read the prophecies, notably the first chapter of Hosea, and tell your people what it literally means if you can; show a mediumistic utterance, if you can find one, that is worse than that, till it is twisted, spiritualized, made to fit a theory. For eccentric actions, study David dancing before the ark, also Ezekiel in many particulars, and Saul, when inspiration came upon him. No book teaches and explains Spiritualism so well as the "dear old Bible," none furnishes more instances of sudden access of spirit power causing eccentric action.

Despite all attacks, Spiritualists will hold to their faith, exult in their knowledge of a continuity of life, still, in earnest aspiration say with Harriet Beecher Stowe, to the loved and gone before:

"Sweet souls around us, watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide."

Bronson Murray of New York City, who is now looking after his large estate near Odell, Illinois, under date of the 2nd inst., says: "I write to-day to express my appreciation of Mr. Savage's address. Men of such power, fearlessness and sincerity are a glory to the race."

A Thoughtful Woman's Letter.

We give extracts from a letter from an intelligent and cultivated woman, who attends a Presbyterian church, but, like many others, is not satisfied, and reaches out for more light, yet wants to keep the good there may be in that church. The delay in its publication has not come from neglect or forgetfulness, but from a pressure of imperative duties. Her questions open the way for much that might well be said, but our reply must be brief, yet it shall express the interest and respect we feel for so open and fair a mind:

> "Will you pardon my intrusion upon your time and attention? I must plead an earnest desire for 'more light.' I read your paper attentively, religiously and thankfully. You will not find my name on your list of subscribers; a friend furnishes me the reading of your excellent paper, while I provide her with *The Advance*, in exchange! Q. e. d., who is the gainer?
>
> "I think Spiritualists should feel under infinite obligation to the fearless editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for his unswerving adherence to the truth as far as he sees it, for his bold denunciation of fraud wherever it is found, and for the consequent lifting of the cause into respectability. But I am not touching upon the questions which are really perplexing me. Spiritualism has done, and is doing, a great work. To demonstrate the reality of a future existence is an inestimable boon in these days of materialistic skepticism. But do not Spiritualists lack an element—some thing, whatever it may be—which orthodox Christians, with all their bigotry and ignorance, possess? an element which is necessary to unity of purpose, and which is a *power?* It seems to me that in Unitarianism there is an equal lack. The article in the JOURNAL of Nov. 24th, by Giles B. Stebbins, interested me greatly, but he seems not to have touched upon the correct solution of the difficulty. I fear that a simple belief in the ministration of disembodied spirits (the sole tenet of belief held by all Spiritualists; or, perhaps, I should say, the only common standing ground) will not put the Unitarians, with all their breadth of learning, upon a par in working force with orthodox Christians. Now, where or what is the deficiency? I am always speculating about the Christ, as to his nature, his divinity, etc., without ever coming to any satisfactory solution in my own mind; but I have an inkling, a faint dawning of an idea, which I am hoping you can help me elaborate. Jesus said, or it is recorded of him that he said, 'All power is given me of my Father.' And as we believe that the celestial forces are under thorough organization, may not Jesus be at the head of all the hosts who minister to this earth of ours, and so may there not come a direct spiritual, directing, aiding force from him to all who enlist 'under the banner of King Immanuel?' And are we not, if our minds are taken up with thoughts of departed friends, necessarily in a lower sphere than the one perfect man Christ Jesus, and if we look to them for help, do we not miss the very sustaining power which we all need?
>
> "I desire, before closing, to express my pleasure in the articles recently contributed by the Hon. Joel Tiffany."

In reply we can only say that the orthodox churches have strong social power. In early Christian days it cost a great deal to be a Christian, and it was worth a great deal, for that primitive Christianity, while not perfect, was an onward and upward step. To-day it costs nothing to be a popular Christian—brings no persecution, or abuse that is—and it is worth (spiritually) about what it costs. Yet there is a spiritual power which vitalizes the churches. They are taught to accept certain great primal ideas—Deity, duty, immortality—and even if their conceptions of them are imperfect, yet the ideas are in unison with their spiritual needs and with their deepest intuitions, and so give them inspiration and enthusiasm. That power, however, is weakening in those ecclesiastical bodies, because larger conceptions and better methods than their creeds offer are gaining ground outside their limits.

The problem is how to enlarge and make more spiritual and rational, the prevalent conceptions of these primal ideas, and the methods and spirit of sectarian dogmatism are not competent to solve that problem.

Church creeds weaken, and are becoming mere drifting traditions, not living spiritual or mental forces. Between Materialism and Spiritualism lies the choice,—not merely spirit phenomena, important and beautiful as they are, but the broad spiritual philosophy to which they point.

The JOURNAL'S correspondent quotes the saying of Jesus: "All power is given me of my Father." A fuller interpretation might be: "All the power I have is given me," etc.,—as all the powers of our souls come from the Over Soul. We want no kings in heaven or on earth. Let heaven be a spiritual republic or let us keep out of it. Jesus said: "Call no man master," and his large manhood would not lead him to take control of supernal affairs or to be an "aiding force" to mortals in such way as to hinder other celestial visitants from giving their aid in due season. Do we "miss sustaining power" by communion with dear friends on earth? Does the divine economy hinder our getting "help which we need" from those friends, whether on earth or in heaven? The more we help our friends, and look to them for help and sympathy in our need, the more and better can highest angels help us and we reach up to them.

Does not this correspondent overrate the power of the orthodox church and underrate the power of Spiritualism? Does she realize its great work in forty years? Greater than that of Christianity in three centuries. Is there not inward light, joy and uplifting enthusiasm among Spiritualists, far sweeter and stronger than in the fever heat of "revivals of religion"?

That power, of which this letter speaks, in the churches, so far as it is a genuine outpouring of the Spirit, is hindered and weakened by their dogmas. That same power is helped by the freedom which Spiritualism hospitably gives to more light, and by the beautiful truths it affirms and verifies. The more creeds, dogmas and set forms and priesthoods and sectarian churches, the less life and light and growth. Leave sect and creed, and thus foster the growth of the *inner life* which they belittle, and so help the world to larger and truer daily life. Lucretia Mott had a good motto: "Truth for authority, not authority for truth."

Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., writes: "We are having regular meetings at our Spiritual Hall every Sunday, lectures and conference. We have two fine séance rooms. We cordially invite genuine mediums, to whom we will give the use of the hall free. We will also give the use of the hall to endorsed lecturers, advertise their Sunday meetings without charge, and let them have the collections."

Gerald Massey.

This distinguished poet, author and lecturer scarcely needs an introduction to our readers. Like all thinkers, he has created strong antagonisms, because he has made men think. His lectures of ten years ago throughout America, are still vividly remembered, and he now brings the ripened fruit of the hard study of those ten silent years. Of course his opinions have changed somewhat. Differ from him in conclusions reached, as many will, it is impossible to doubt the intensity of his convictions, impossible not to respect the unfaltering industry of his search after truth.

Before his advent as a lecturer he was chiefly known as a poet. His fame in England largely rests, even now, upon a poetic inspiration whose suggestiveness has helped many another to fame and to fortune. The four bulky quartos, the result of ten years' intense application, have presented him in a new aspect. He comes now as a philosopher, a historian of thought, a revealer of old-time modes of expressing thought. Signs and symbols of old religions, records of the life and death of extinct races, the soul there was in dead faiths—among these he has been delving for ten years. He has reached some startling conclusions, needing careful examination before acceptance.

Mr. Massey's life has been remarkable as a triumph over adverse conditions. One of ten children, the son of a canal-boatman, whose income was only $2.50 per week; when but eight years old working from early morning till half-past six in the evening in a silk-factory, who can wonder that the child forgot his half-frozen feet and danced gleefully as the fire devoured his prison house. Straw-plaiting, and then errand-boy's work, were the next steps in his career, which had for help only free access to the poor man's library, the street-corner book stall. Soon he began to write poems and chansons, and their worth was recognized by such men as Hepworth Dixon, Walter Savage Landor, Dr. Samuel Smiles, John Ruskin, Lord Palmerston and others. Through their sympathy and help the young poet grew more and more prolific, and his contributions to periodical literature more frequent. He became actively engaged in all that stirred men's thoughts in his day. He wrote on Spiritualism in 1872, had to do with the Chartist excitement, the Corn Law agitation, and the lectures he delivered in England and this country, marked the intense and many-sided activity of his mind. Ever since his attention was drawn to the matter, he has been an ardent Spiritualist, and the English Spiritualist papers bear witness that he scorned to hide his convictions. In his own home he had for his bosom-companion a medium through whom the angel world communicated. As a veteran Spiritualist, a great Poet, a profound Thinker, a bold Iconoclast, he commands attention, respect and sympathy even from those who at present utterly reject his conclusions. Mr Massey, is now visiting in Chicago preparatory to continuing his journey Westward, around the world. He will be able to give a few lectures between here and San Francisco. Societies or individuals desiring to engage his services for one or more lectures, should address him at once in care of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Church and State.

There are signs that the union of Church and State in England will at no distant period be severed. A proposition to remove the Bishops from the House of Lords, introduced in the Commons recently, lacked only eleven votes of a majority. It is amusing to read the comments of the newspapers on this bold movement. The *Spectator* says:

> "There is not a Bishop on the bench who has ever delivered a good spiritual speech on the righteousness or unrighteousness of a war. There is not a bishop on the bench who has ever discussed the question of the franchise, the question of democracy, from a spiritual point of view at all, or who has has ever spoken on such a question with anything like authority; to get rid of the bishops would be merely to throw overboard a deck load which goes near to sinking the ship."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* agrees with the *Spectator*, and adds:

> "The chief reason why the bishops should be allowed to remain in the house of lords is to illustrate before the eyes of the nation some of the evil consequences of an established church. As long as the lawn-sleeves remain in the gilded chamber we need never lack for proof of the political mischief of a church establishment. The voice of the bishops is given uniformly by a majority of their order on the side of everything that is politically bad, and of a great deal that is morally indefensible."

Of course the Bishops don't like the movement. The Archbishop of Canterbury told a reporter of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that

> ...."in his opinion the exclusion of the bishops would be the first step toward disestablishment. It would be a rude inroad on the constitution, making a great breach with the past."

The Archbishop is right; but the "first step" does not seem to frighten the English. They are quite resigned to the separation.

Joseph Cook—Justice Overtaking a Slanderer.

Our earnest and sprightly contemporary, *Unity*, quotes and approves the following from the Boston *Commonwealth:*

"Rev. Joseph Cook, after much lapse of time, and to a hesitating Christian brotherhood, to-day is the discovered character that wiser men have always represented him. We contend that he lacks literary veracity, and this lacking carries in its train certain other faults which every one knows. His lectures are assertive to the limit, and as unreliable as assertive. He has the dogmatism of the clergyman without the clergyman's reserved speech. He professes a professed doctrine of love in language that would fit a doctrine of hate. When he reports an opponent he does so carelessly and wrongly. He professes a respect for antagonism which he never illustrates."

There have been no more malignant and wholesale slanders of Spiritualists, or baser misstatements of Spiritualism, than those of this pretender to learning and piety.

An Unruly Corpse.

A short time ago Clem Davis, a colored man, resident in the lower part of Richland county, S. C., apparently fell dead, and was prepared for burial. As no undertaker was close at hand, the supposed corpse was laid out on the bed, while a messenger was sent in a wagon to Columbia for a coffin. That night, as is customary with the negroes, they gathered at the house in large numbers, and were alternately engaged in praying, preaching and singing until a little after midnight, when the corpse rose up and sat erect in the bed. The negroes fled in terror, and the corpse himself was badly frightened, but one after another the mourners were induced to return and view the dead who had come to life. The negroes are wild with joy over the astounding restoration. Davis had a narrow escape from being buried alive. He had been in a comatose state for nearly twenty-four hours.

GENERAL NOTES.

Lyman C. Howe spoke at Indianapolis, Ind., May 4th.

Dr. Samuel Watson lectured at Little Rock, Ark., April 20th, afternoon and evening, to fine audiences.

Mr. G. W. Kates, editor *Light for Thinkers*, Atlanta, Ga., has been lecturing in Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. Walter Howell, the blind lecturer, has kindly sent us his photograph, which we take pleasure in placing with our collection.

Miss Eva Curtin, a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Eaton, Ohio, has gone insane on the subject of religion and salvation by the sanctification method.

Mr. Swartz has now selected Martine's Hall, on Ada St., near Madison, to hold his meetings on Sunday at 3 P. M. Last Sunday the attendance was large owing to the promise of an exhibition of slate-writing, but the medium failed to appear.

Lyman C. Howe has been doing efficient work at Erie, Pa. He lectured there each Sunday during last month. He gave the cause a fresh impetus, and other lecturers will follow him.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn has closed his series of lectures at Frobisher Hall, New York. We were glad to hear that his venture has been a success, and that his lectures met with such general appreciation.

Dr. J. A. Marvin, as we learn from Detroit, is gaining in reputation, as a magnetic physician and as a man who wins respect by his honorable course. His office is at 210 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.

The crowded state of our advertising columns precludes publication in the paper of our Book List, but we have printed it in a neat pamphlet, which will be sent to any who may notify us that they desire it.

Dr. J. K. Bailey writes that he has spent the month of April in Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., and has spoken at Union Corners the 6th; at East Otto, 12th, 13th and 23rd; at Ashford, 20th; at Ellicottville, 27th, and at Salamanca, 30th. Address him at Milan, Ohio.

The *Theosophist* for April is at hand, with a varied contents, treating on oriental philosophy, art, literature, occultism, embracing mesmerism, Spiritualism and other sciences. For sale at this office. Price per copy, 50 cents.

Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter will answer calls to attend camp meetings, to give tests and psychometric readings. Mrs. Porter is greatly interested in the work in which she is engaged, and some who have tested her powers seem very much pleased. She can be addressed at her residence, 433 West Lake st., Chicago.

Emma Hardinge-Britten will lecture at Republican Hall, for the First Society of Spiritualists, New York, during the Sundays of May; also at Lake Pleasant, Neshaminy Falls and Onset Bay Camp Meetings, and be happy to make other engagements previous to her departure for California and the Pacific Coast in the fall. Address her in care of Mrs. Mills, 265 West 34th street, New York.

The meetings now held at Lester's Academy, 619 West Lake St., are carried on under the auspices of the Children's Progressive Lyceum—Wm. Nicoll, Conductor. The exercises on last Sunday evening were enlivened by some excellent singing, an address by Dr. Stevens, who happened to be present, and brief remarks by several others.

Bill Murphy, a flagman at a railroad crossing in Kansas City, has resigned his position because of a presentiment which possesses him that his crossing will soon be the scene of a terrible disaster. Murphy lost an arm in a railway accident some time ago, and alleges that he was warned of impending danger some time before the accident befel him. He proposes to regard the warning this time.

W. S. Pettit, of Alliance, Ohio, writes: "The Independent Church has closed an engagement for the last two Sundays in April, with J. H. Randall, of Jamestown, N. Y. He is a good speaker. O. P. Kellogg will speak for us each Sunday in May, when we expect to have a good time, short discourses and to the point. One of the greatest drawbacks to a good attendance, especially among the young people, at liberal and spiritualistic meetings, is that at least two-thirds of our speakers talk entirely too long; most of them occupy from one to one and a quarter hours, when three quarters of an hour should be the maximum. I have talked with quite a number of both old and young, and find that if our speakers would take a little out of the spread and add a little to the pith of their lectures, they would do more good." And we agree with Pettit, on this.

Next Sunday, Mrs. O. T. Shepard lectures again at Milwaukee, Wis.

Col. Hammet, a cotton manufacturer, is in love with all his working girls. He says the Southern cotton mill operatives are far superior to their sisters in New England, and describes them thus: "Tall, shapely, with well poised heads, and faces which would do for molds of beauty, they are as lady-like at the hearthstone as they are proficient at the loom. They are all under the salutary influence of home and church relationship, and are a class of whom any nation should be proud."

Orange Judd, Editor of the *American Agriculturist* for some thirty years, but unconnected with its business management for a year or two past, has lately retired from its editorial department and located in the West. He desires to gather a complete "*Postal-Card Album*" of his old readers and friends, and requests them all to send him now a postal giving their present location and address, naming also, when convenient, the year in which they were his subscribers. Mr. Judd's address is Chicago, Illinois.

A. F. Ackerly was admitted to bail in the sum of one hundred dollars as the result of his detection while cheating at Moberly, Mo. The JOURNAL is informed on good authority that Ackerly was thought to be a novice or a crank, and hence the smallness of the bond. Had the officers of the law been readers of the JOURNAL, the young man would, no doubt, have had a bond large enough to have kept him in jail; as it is, he can well afford to forfeit the amount, the "conditions" for his standing trial being unsuited to his sensitive soul and sinuous career

The Rev. M. N. Capron, a supernumerary member of the Northern New York Conference of the M. E. church, has been tried on charge of beer drinking on various occasions, and the conference held the charge to be sustained. There were also various charges of lying, embezzlement and fraud, which were mostly rejected, but enough was considered to be proved to warrant the deposition from the ministry, which the conference decreed. As the sentence does not touch his church relations, he is still a member in good standing, notwithstanding his conviction. It is proper to state, however, that it is by no means certain that a review of the evidence will not result in the Rev. Mr. Capron's complete vindication. Able lawyers say it will.

J. R. Brown, somewhat notorious as a mind reader, has been giving exhibitions of his powers in Minneapolis, Minn. We see by one extract from a paper published there, that he assumes to be a medium, and is in partnership with Lillie May Brown, who claims to be a materializing medium, and together they propose to cast in the shade all other spiritual manifestations. In another extract we learn that at one of his entertainments, after giving some interesting experiments in mind reading, the "remainder of the exercises consisted in exposing the tricks of Spiritualist mediums." The probability is that the exhibition of Brown & Co., is simply a money-making scheme, and presents no evidence whatever that any spirit power is connected therewith.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Events and Comments.

THE CRANKS.

Perhaps the most expressive term coined in recent times is that of "crank," and one of the most fertile fields for the operation of cranks has been Spiritualism. By their persistency, effrontery, rascality or credulity, they have been taken for the representatives of Spiritualism by the world. By the publication of the most absurd and crude matter, they have been a source of sorrow to thinking Spiritualists, and a disgrace and shame to the cause. The most harmful of these, as far as their representation of Spiritualism to the world is concerned, are those claiming mediumship and having a "great mission" to perform. Often it is the most exalted spirits only who guide them, and their arrogance is intensified by the sanction of the most famous names. One of these has recently sent out a "private circular letter," urging all true reformers to hasten to Rochester, the birthplace of Spiritualism, to form a great congress to reorganize the whole social fabric. The "medium's band" is composed of Washington, Lafayette, Thomas Paine, Josephine, Goethe, *D. M. Bennett*, Mozart, and a score of others, and the call is signed by Humboldt, Apollonius of Tyana, and Confucius! Shades of the immortals, think of such names appended to a letter ending as follows:

"Men of to-day! where did your power to guide the 'Car of State,' come from, but from *Woman?* Men of to-morrow! your power to successfully cope with Errors 'grave and hoary with age,' will come from *Woman!* And your present and future happiness will be secured to you, by the inspirational capacity of a Woman, whose love for the Race of Man and Womankind, including Children, qualifies her to forgive all intended slights, as well as to remember every kindly attention. Is she not worthy of your patronage?"

If the reader understands that the authors wish the patronage bestowed on woman, they are mistaken. It is to a woman, and that woman is the "medium," as is explained in a preceding paragraph:

"Now our Instrument of Communication does not feel confident to lead all other 'Chosen Ones,' in this work of Organization, notwithstanding we have had her under conscious disciplinary training for many years, to do this very work. She is by nature a *Worker*, as well as by natural endowment a *Teacher*; therefore, under the inspiration of 'Spirit Power in Combination,' will become a *Leader* in the world of Thought and Action."

In this grand work she wants everybody who can't come, to send a dollar to her to help it forward! It is true that this is all nonsense, and will be so regarded by those who understand Spiritualism, and as such is unworthy of notice; but it is of consequence because representative of countless other efforts made under the shadow of great names, which disgust those otherwise inclined to accept the philosophy of Spiritualism.

At the time of the Woodhull excitement, when J. M. Peebles introduced that irrepressible to a Cleveland audience, as the "modern Joan of Arc," and men like J. O. Barrett were certain she would be the next President, a circular was sent out from the same source as the one under criticism, inviting all true Spiritualists and reformers to Rochester, to go up to Chicago to help the grand Woodhull clique to found a new government! The manner of going was exceedingly appropriate. A monster balloon would take the delighted cranks heavenward as well as westward, and drop them down in the heart of that city, which forever afterwards would be famous for the gathering. This call was signed by nearly all the statesmen known to American history.

A PLEA FOR THE DOCTORS.

I am not in favor of the so-called "Doctor's Laws," nor am I in favor of quacks. It unluckily happens, that the field of human maladies is one where pretense and charlatanry flourish as nowhere else. In the realm of the subtle forces on which health depends, pretentious ignorance is more often trusted than modest skill. Why the Spiritualist press should be called on to berate and belittle the medical profession, is difficult to answer. No matter how miraculous the cures by spirit aid, that has nothing to do with the skill of the trained physician, and the flings and insults offered the profession indicate a lamentable ignorance of the requirements which are exacted of the practitioner. After a person has given at least three years to the exclusive study of the structure of the human form, its diseased conditions and the most successful methods of treatment, does it not stand to reason that he knows more on these subjects than an Indian juggler or a "natural bonesetter?" Physicians, after the most rigid course of studies, may not be infallible, and medical science is rapidly advancing, yet the same may be said of clairvoyance and spirit-diagnosis. Some of the most appalling prescriptions purported to have a spiritual source, and clairvoyant examinations, while sometimes astonishingly correct, are at times wide of the truth. While we would consult any source which promised information we would not discard the trained physician. The warfare against them, waged by spiritual publications, is as uncalled for as unwise.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

"What is the 'salvation embrace'?" asks Labouchère. "I read in the *Midland Echo* that David Withers, of Leamington, has run away with Kate Key, a girl of 17. Withers was the standard-bearer in the Ninety-fourth Corps of the Salvation Army, and Kate was a private. No familiarity between the two had been noticed beyond what is known as the 'salvation embrace.'"

Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts have grown rapidly in popular favor, as it is known that they are produced by extractions from the fruit, not made up with chemicals. Each flavor is from the true fruit and aromatics, free from poisonous oils and ethers. They are natural flavors, which give the most delicate and grateful taste.

Messrs. Cassell & Company, New York, have in press for immediate publication, THE UNITED STATES ART DIRECTORY AND YEAR BOOK (*Second Year*), being a Chronicle of Events in the Art World, and a Guide for all interested in the Progress of Art in America. This new edition of a book which was universally pronounced upon its first appearance to be one of the most useful publications ever issued, will be found to have been materially improved and augmented.

TAKIGRAFY, the best shorthand for any and all purposes, is taught in a new time and labor saving way by D. Kimball, 79 Madison St., Chicago. "THE NUTSHELL," giving alphabet and principles, and two one dollar lessons, sent for 25 cents. Illustrated Circular free.

The Dial (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago,) happily begins its fifth year (in its May number) with new and specially selected type throughout, and the promise of even greater beauty of execution than that in which it already is known to excel all journals of its class. It will continue its distinctive and approved features of exhaustive review articles by special writers, critical notices of important new books, notes on interesting literary events, and other features completing its scope as a trustworthy and elegant journal of current literature.

Washington Gladden will contribute an article to the June *Century* on the "Use and Abuse of Parties." Dr. Gladden holds that parties are necessary to all constitutional governments being based on the progressive and conservative tendencies of human nature. While claiming that the "dearth of principles and the strife of patronage are characteristic facts of our recent political life," he comes to the conclusion that—at least outside the cities—more of good can be accomplished by joining one party or another, working earnestly for its success, and bolting bad nominations.

Come, Gentle Spring.

and bring malaria, dyspepsia, biliousness, torpidity of liver and a train of kindred maladies. Fortunately Kidney-Wort is at hand. It may be had of the nearest druggist and will purify the system, correct the stomach and bowels, stimulate the liver and kidneys to healthy action, remove all poisonous humors and make you feel like a new man. As a spring medicine, tonic and blood Purifier it has no equal.

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Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit life from Rapid City, Dakota, March 2nd, Alice McMillan, aged 28 years and 10 months.

The deceased was an excellent medium, and contributed much to the happiness and enjoyment of her aged mother, by the loving messages that were given through her organism. She will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

The Brooklyn Spiritualist Society will hold services every Sunday, commencing September 16th at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. at the Hall, corner of Fulton and Bedford Avenues. J. Wm. Fletcher, speaker. All spiritual papers on sale in the hall. Meetings free.

WM. H. JOHNSON, President.

CHURCH OF THE NEW SPIRITUAL DISPENSATION, 128 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Public services every Sunday at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

Lyceum for young and old, Sundays at 10:30 A. M. Abraham J. Kipp, Superintendent.

Ladies Aid and Mutual Relief Fraternity, Wednesday, at 2:30.

Church Social every second and fourth Wednesday, in each month, at 8 P. M.

Psychic Fraternity for development of mediums, every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, *sharp*. Mrs. T. B. Stryker, President.

The South Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Franklin Hall, corner 3rd Avenue and 18th Street, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. Bogert President; Dr. Patch, Secretary and Treasurer.

A Progressive Spiritual Meeting will be held every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in Franklin Hall, corner of 3rd avenue and 18th street South Brooklyn. Seats free.

GERARD ENGELEN, Chairman.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference meets at Everett Hall, 398 Fulton Street, every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Capt. J. David, President; W. J. Cushing, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity will meet at 16 Smith St., two doors from Fulton, in the hall of Union for Christian Work, every Thursday evening, 8 P. M.

April 24th.—Lecture by John Jeffreys
May 1st.—Lecture by Prof. Henry Kiddle.

S. B. NICHOLS, President.
John Jeffreys Secretary. A. G. Kipp, Treasurer.

At Steck Hall, No. 11 East 14th Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York City, the Harmonial Association, Andrew Jackson Davis, President and regular speaker, hold a public meeting every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, to which everybody is most cordially invited. These meetings continue without intermission until June 11th, 1884. Services commence and conclude with music.

New York City Ladies Spiritualist Aid Society, meet every Wednesday, at 3 P. M., at 171 East 69th Street

MRS. S. A. McCUTCHEN, Secretary.

The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, convenes every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 7:30 evening in Frobisher Hall, No. 23 East 14th St., near Union Square.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. will hold Meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at the Supreme Court Room, Town Hall; also on the first Monday and Tuesday evenings of each month, at which Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham will officiate.

E. HENLING Sec. H. J. HORN, Pres.

Kansas City, Mo.

The First Spiritual Society of Kansas City, Mo., meets every Sunday evening at 7:30 in Pythian Hall, corner 11th and Main Street. Dr. E. G. Granville. President; A. J. Colby Secretary.

Mediums' Meetings, Chicago.

The Spiritual Truth Seekers meet in Lester's Academy, 619 West Lake Street every Sunday. Conference at 3 P. M.; Medium's Meeting at 7:30 P. M. All meetings free.

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 10, 1884.

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Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of $3.15 per year. To accommodate those old Subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

Talmage Rampant.

Among all the preachers of the United States none so famous as Rev. Dr. Talmage—for some things. He is never profound, his argument, when he attempts to argue, is of the shallowest, but he has a vivid imagination which like the lightning, flashes a distorting glare on homely things and amuses some people. Other preachers say he is "sensational," and he does not deny the impeachment; evidently thinking sensationalism and effectiveness synonymous terms. But the sensationalism of Talmage means more than that of the ordinary intellectual acrobat. It means that he is conspicuously inexact, to state it mildly; that facts are invented, stretched, distorted; even truth is so extravagantly stated and put in such false relations, as to be no longer truth. Byron, may have had in mind some priest who had been caught falsifying, when he defined a lie as—

"The truth in masquerade."

And Dr. Talmage is fond of presenting truth in masquerade. To get up and keep up the excitement by means of which he lives is no easy task. Preaching the simple gospel is left to those whom he describes as "old fogies," and he revels, instead, in glowing descriptions of Bowery dives and Five-points dance houses, tells of adulterations, of tricks of trade, of the latest move in politics—whatever is uppermost in people's thoughts he must talk about. Thus it happened on Sunday, April 27th; finding doubtless how much of Spiritualism there was among his people, he preached on that topic.

Of course he did not study the subject, it was easier to curse than to think, and more in his line. He must make a "sensational" *i. e.* a lying talk about Spiritualism. So he read the titles on the back of some of Robert Dale Owen's books (he gave no evidence of having ever read any more than this), reproduced all the objections which have been better, because more exactly, stated hundreds of times before, and as often answered; then skillfully interjecting a strong dose of the *odium theologicum*, to take the place of proof, he exclaimed, with his own uncouth and inimitable gestures: "*After that, be a Spiritualist if you dare!*" The signs of the times all indicate that there are millions who do dare, and millions more who will. But to his indictment of Spiritualism though it be "tedious as a twice-told tale."

> "The wall between the material world and the spiritual I think is very thin. That there is communication between this world and another world is certain. Spirits depart from this to that, and the Bible says ministering spirits come from that to this. It may be that complete and constant and unmistakable lines of communication between these two worlds may yet be opened. To unlatch the door between the present state and the future state all the fingers of superstition have been busy. We have had books written entitled 'Footfalls on the Boundaries of Other Worlds,' 'The Debatable Land Between This World and the Next,' 'Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism,' and whole libraries of hocus-pocus enough to deceive the very elect. I have no time to rehearse the story of Divination and Delphic oracle and Planchettes and sibyls and palmistry and whole centuries of imposture. Modern Spiritualism comes in proposing to open the door between this world and the next and afford us communication with the dead. But it has not one reasonable credential. There is nothing in the intelligence or moral character of its founders to commend it. All the wonderful things done by it have been shown to be sleight of hand and rank deception. Dr. Carpenter, Robert Houdin, Mr. Waite and others have exposed the fraud by dramatizing upon the stage in presence of many auditors, all the mysteries of Spiritualism. 'By their fruits shall ye know them,' said Christ, and judging this tree of Spiritualism from its fruits, which have been bad and only bad and bad continually, I conclude that it is one of the worst trees in all the orchard of necromancy. This post office which they propose to set up between the living and the dead is a star route post office that has never yet delivered one letter from the other world to this."

So, the first charge is that the phenomena are false, that there never has been a spirit on earth. Read your Bible, Mr. Talmage, and then, if you do not think it a waste of time, study any ancient history; you will find evidence enough to disprove the assertion that spirits do not appear. But the phenomena have been proved to be false he says: quoting (Heaven save the mark) Dr. Carpenter as the demolisher of Spiritualism, one who has been himself so thoroughly demolished that no one but so complete an ignoramus on the matter would think of quoting him. Houdin could do many things, but with expensive apparatus, could not do what is done in the presence of mediums every day without apparatus. Our readers will recollect Waite, whom the Brooklyn christian mountebank quotes. He is another reverend trickster, who after trying his hand at the exposing trade under the most pious patronage in Boston and elsewhere, finally found he had worked out the vein, and at once set up as manager of a "genuine" spirit show. This last dodge was suddenly brought to an end and the usual scandal with a "woman in the case" followed. Talmage is welcome to the use of such authority as Waite, he undoubtedly has a fellow feeling for his brother in the trade.

Professor Jacobs writes in relation to the phenomena: "As a prestidigitateur of repute, and a sincere Spiritualist, I affirm that the phenomena were absolutely true and belonged to the spiritualistic order of things in every respect. Messrs. Robin and Robert Houdin, when attempting to imitate these same facts, never presented to the public anything beyond an infantine and almost grotesque parody on the said phenomena." S. Bellachini, court conjurer at Berlin, says: "Any explanation of the experiments....by any reference to prestidigitation is absolutely impossible."

If Talmage had wanted to be fair, why did he not quote at least a portion of the roll of eminent scientists who have examined and testified to the genuineness of spirit phenomena? Why did he not read to his congregation some of the names of men shrined in the hearts of the people, who were Spiritualists? He did not know the facts, or he suppressed them; it would not do to even seem to know them.

It would be wasting time to attempt to follow him through his list of ancient spiritual phenomena—he has read the names, and that is all he knows about them, apparently. His next objection is substantially, that Spiritualism comforts the mourner, but it is with a delusion. "That is why I hate Spiritualism," he says. How he knows that it is a delusion which comforts them, or who made him the judge of another's consciousness, he does not say, and it is not easy to guess. True, it *does* comfort the mourner and it is the crowning glory of Spiritualism that it does. Talmage may hate, but an innumerable host of mourners love it, for this. Here is more Talmagian talk:

> "Another remark: Spiritualism is doom and death to its disciples. It ruins the body. Look in upon an audience of Spiritualists. Cadaverous, weak, nervous, exhausted; hands clammy and cold. Nothing prospers but long hair—soft marshes yielding nothing but rank grass. Spiritualism destroys the physical health. Its disciples are ever hearing startling news from the other world. Strange beings crossing the room in white. Table fidgety, wanting to get its feet loose, as if to dance. Voices sepulchral and ominous; bewildered with raps.
>
> "I never knew a confirmed Spiritualist who had a healthy nervous system. It is incipient epilepsy and catalepsy."

That is refreshing in its sublimity of lying. The average Spiritualist meeting is filled with men and women of as perfect physical, and as good mental and moral health as any church in the land can boast. Spiritualists as a rule are more temperate than prohibitionists, for they are temperate in all things; because they study high themes, seeking to understand them, their mental powers are developed, and their nerves move harmoniously. Not a Spiritualist could be scared by all Talmage's roaring. Their nerves would be quiescent while his people's were throbbing almost to madness. The idea, too, of *Talmage* accusing any one of being "cadaverous." Does he ever look in a mirror? The JOURNAL will pay him one thousand dollars if he will exhibit a Spiritualist whose cadaverousness surpasses, or equals, his. Indeed so suggestive of a race ante-dating Man is Talmage's physiological and anatomical structure, his picture has been used in scientific lectures to convey to the audience a conception of what the long sought "missing link" would probably look like if ever discovered. Here he goes again:

> "Another remark: Spiritualism is a social and marital curse. The worst deeds of licentiousness and worst orgies of obscenity have been enacted under its patronage."

That there have been and now are persons believing in spirit phenomena who are immoral and licentious is true. But the mere knowledge of spirit existence and return does not make a true Spiritualist, any more than familiarity with the New Testament makes Talmage a true follower of Jesus. Something more is needed in both cases; and it is as hopeless to expect some believers in spirit phenomena ever to be Spiritualists, as it is that Talmage will ever be a Christian in the higher and better meaning of that word. Spiritualism is a synthesis of facts. The use made of these facts depends upon the nature of the individual receiving them. If he comes of orthodox stock and has been fully imbued with the teachings of the so-called "Christian plan of salvation," if he believes in the regulation system of rewards and punishments and has been held in restraint through fear of hell; if he has done good deeds with his hands while his eyes were set on the crown which was to reward him, then indeed he is quite likely not to be as good a man, apparently, as before. "Why?" The reason is self-evident. He finds the old, man-made scheme of salvation a myth and having never been taught that he should do right because it is right, he at once regrets his past opportunities for debauching himself and plunges in to make up for lost time. He has thrown off his superstition, and with it his semblance of decency. It takes time, often a long time, for such pseudo Christians to discover what they inevitably do in the long run: that he who commits sin must suffer, and that the blood of Jesus cannot wash him white nor fit him to associate with the pure.

Talmage's fire-escape-and-eternal-psalm-singing-harp-playing-repent-at-the-eleventh-hour-vicarious-atonement "religion" is directly responsible for all the immorality to be found among so-called Spiritualists. Talmage's theology sends the red-handed murderer straight into the arms of Jesus, while his innocent victim who had no opportunity to "repent" furnishes hell with one more victim. Hence the perfect appropriateness and sound orthodoxy of the headlines sometimes used by daily papers in setting off a hanging. For instance: "Jerked to Jesus," "Swung but Saved," "Hung and in Heaven," "Hemp helped him to Heaven and his Harp." How can a man who believes the murderer may save his soul by a scratch, just as the gates of eternity swing open, and at once enter the realms of the blest on equal terms, make a good Spiritualist? How can a man who believes he can gain favors by tickling God's vanity and appeasing his jealousy make a good Spiritualist? Spiritualism must use the material it finds, in making Spiritualists; and when a grist of Talmagian Christians go into its hopper it is unreasonable to expect other than a low-grade product. Spiritualism cannot transcend the laws of the universe and it cannot change a Talmagian into a true Spiritualist, until after long discipline and an entire change of his nature—work that is often only accomplished long after he has entered spirit-life. Of all places in America from which to say that "Spiritualism is a social and marital curse" a pulpit, and especially a Brooklyn pulpit, is the most unfortunate; it is liable to recall so many unpleasant reminiscences, right at home as it were.

"Spiritualism," says Talmage, "is the cause of much insanity." When he first fulminated his insanity fuse it was more stalwart. Here is the way he formulated the falsehood some seven years ago: "There is not an insane asylum from Maine to Texas which does not contain victims of Spiritualism." Whereupon Dr. Eugene Crowell, also of Brooklyn, and whose standing in every particular is not surpassed by that of any orthodox Christian in his city, made a careful and complete investigation of the statistics. He corresponded with the superintendents of all the asylums and institutions for the insane in the United States, and embodied the results in a pamphlet from which we quote as follows:

> "We find there are seven inmates insane from religious excitement for every one insane from Spiritualism. It will also be seen that while there are eighty-seven asylums, there are only seventy-six insane Spiritualists within their walls—not one to each institution.
>
> "An important fact should here be noticed, which is, that as the knowledge of Spiritualism has extended, and the number of its adherents has increased, the records show not only a comparatively but an absolutely less number of cases in which Spiritualism is assigned as the exciting cause of insanity, and it is a question whether the greater comparative decrease in the number of cases ascribed to religious excitement may not justly be attributed, at least in a great degree, to the influence of Spiritualism in disseminating more correct, rational, and consequently less revolting ideas, of the nature and extent of future punishment."

"Spiritualism," says Talmage, "ruins the soul." His proof of this is that the entire system is based on the assumed insufficiency of the word of God as a revelation. He assumes this will ruin the soul. Spiritualists certainly do not believe that any opinion can ruin the soul. They can admit the charge but deny his inference. He does not attempt to prove the Bible is the word of God, or that God ever did, or could speak to man, but is sure God has exhausted himself and cannot, or will not inspire men to-day. Such a faith seems more ruinous to the soul than the unbelief he charges on Spiritualists.

There is one venerable objection missed in its place among his platitudes—"the spirits speak bad grammar and do absurd things." Queries: Could the spirit of an expert mathematician ever make Dr. T. exact in statement and fair in presentation of a case? Doubtful! Would not the most truthful spirit, in trying to speak through Talmage, find his words turned into "truth in masquerade"? Can a pipe of one inch bore, give a stream of two feet diameter? Does not the organization of the medium largely color the expression of the spirit's thought? When Dr. T. knows more than he does now, he will find a law that "was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be," a law acting on Bible writers as on all other mediums, the law that inspiration is controlled greatly as to its expression, by the organism receiving it. Doctor, read the prophecies, notably the first chapter of Hosea, and tell your people what it literally means if you can; show a mediumistic utterance, if you can find one, that is worse than that, till it is twisted, spiritualized, made to fit a theory. For eccentric actions, study David dancing before the ark, also Ezekiel in many particulars, and Saul, when inspiration came upon him. No book teaches and explains Spiritualism so well as the "dear old Bible," none furnishes more instances of sudden access of spirit power causing eccentric action.

Despite all attacks, Spiritualists will hold to their faith, exult in their knowledge of a continuity of life, still, in earnest aspiration say with Harriet Beecher Stowe, to the loved and gone before:

"Sweet souls around us, watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide."

Bronson Murray of New York City, who is now looking after his large estate near Odell, Illinois, under date of the 2nd inst., says: "I write to-day to express my appreciation of Mr. Savage's address. Men of such power, fearlessness and sincerity are a glory to the race."

A Thoughtful Woman's Letter.

We give extracts from a letter from an intelligent and cultivated woman, who attends a Presbyterian church, but, like many others, is not satisfied, and reaches out for more light, yet wants to keep the good there may be in that church. The delay in its publication has not come from neglect or forgetfulness, but from a pressure of imperative duties. Her questions open the way for much that might well be said, but our reply must be brief, yet it shall express the interest and respect we feel for so open and fair a mind:

> "Will you pardon my intrusion upon your time and attention? I must plead an earnest desire for 'more light.' I read your paper attentively, religiously and thankfully. You will not find my name on your list of subscribers; a friend furnishes me the reading of your excellent paper, while I provide her with *The Advance*, in exchange! Q. e. d., who is the gainer?
>
> "I think Spiritualists should feel under infinite obligation to the fearless editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for his unswerving adherence to the truth as far as he sees it, for his bold denunciation of fraud wherever it is found, and for the consequent lifting of the cause into respectability. But I am not touching upon the questions which are really perplexing me. Spiritualism has done, and is doing, a great work. To demonstrate the reality of a future existence is an inestimable boon in these days of materialistic skepticism. But do not Spiritualists lack an element—some thing, whatever it may be—which orthodox Christians with all their bigotry and ignorance, possess? An element which is necessary to unity of purpose, and which is a *power?* It seems to me that in Unitarianism there is an equal lack. The article in the JOURNAL of Nov. 24th, by Giles B. Stebbins, interested me greatly, but he seems not to have touched upon the correct solution of the difficulty. I fear that a simple belief in the ministration of disembodied spirits (the sole tenet of belief held by all Spiritualists; or, perhaps, I should say, the only common standing ground) will not put the Unitarians, with all their breadth of learning, upon a par in working force with orthodox Christians. Now, where or what is the deficiency? I am always speculating about the Christ, as to his nature, his divinity, etc., without ever coming to any satisfactory solution in my own mind; but I have an inkling, a faint dawning of an idea, which I am hoping you can help me elaborate. Jesus said, or it is recorded of him that he said, 'All power is given me of my Father.' And as we believe that the celestial forces are under thorough organization, may not Jesus be at the head of all the hosts who minister to this earth of ours, and so may there not come a direct spiritual, directing, aiding force from him to all who enlist 'under the banner of King Immanuel?' And are we not, if our minds are taken up with thoughts of departed friends, necessarily in a lower sphere than the one perfect man Christ Jesus, and if we look to them for help, do we not miss the very sustaining power which we all need?
>
> "I desire, before closing, to express my pleasure in the articles recently contributed by the Hon. Joel Tiffany."

In reply we can only say that the orthodox churches have strong social power. In early Christian days it cost a great deal to be a Christian, and it was worth a great deal, for that primitive Christianity, while not perfect, was an onward and upward step. To-day it costs nothing to be a popular Christian—brings no persecution, or abuse that is—and it is worth (spiritually) about what it costs. Yet there is a spiritual power which vitalizes the churches. They are taught to accept certain great primal ideas—Deity, duty, immortality—and even if their conceptions of them are imperfect, ~~yet the ideas~~ are in unison with their ~~spiritual~~ needs and with their deepest intuitions, and so give them inspiration and enthusiasm. That power, however, is weakening in those ecclesiastical bodies, because larger conceptions and better methods than their creeds offer are gaining ground outside their limits.

The problem is how to enlarge and make more spiritual and rational, the prevalent conceptions of these primal ideas, and the methods and spirit of sectarian dogmatism are not competent to solve that problem.

Church creeds weaken, and are becoming mere drifting traditions, not living spiritual or mental forces. Between Materialism and Spiritualism lies the choice,—not merely spirit phenomena, important and beautiful as they are, but the broad spiritual philosophy to which they point.

The JOURNAL'S correspondent quotes the saying of Jesus: "All power is given me of my Father." A fuller interpretation might be: "All the power I have is given me," etc.,—as all the powers of our souls come from the Over Soul. We want no kings in heaven or on earth. Let heaven be a spiritual republic or let us keep out of it. Jesus said: "Call no man master," and his large manhood would not lead him to take control of supernal affairs or to be an "aiding force" to mortals in such way as to hinder other celestial visitants from giving their aid in due season. Do we "miss sustaining power" by communion with dear friends on earth? Does the divine economy hinder our getting "help which we need" from those friends, whether on earth or in heaven? The more we help our friends, and look to them for help and sympathy in our need, the more and better can highest angels help us and we reach up to them.

Does not this correspondent overrate the power of the orthodox church and underrate the power of Spiritualism? Does she realize its great work in forty years? Greater than that of Christianity in three centuries. Is there not inward light, joy and uplifting enthusiasm among Spiritualists, far sweeter and stronger than in the fever heat of "revivals of religion"?

That power, of which this letter speaks, in the churches, so far as it is a genuine outpouring of the Spirit, is hindered and weakened by their dogmas. That same power is helped by the freedom which Spiritualism hospitably gives to more light, and by the beautiful truths it affirms and verifies. The more creeds, dogmas and set forms and priesthoods and sectarian churches, the less life and light and growth. Leave sect and creed, and thus foster the growth of the *inner life* which they belittle, and so help the world to larger and truer daily life. Lucretia Mott had a good motto: "Truth for authority, not authority for truth."

Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., writes: "We are having regular meetings at our Spiritual Hall every Sunday, lectures and conference. We have two fine séance rooms. We cordially invite genuine mediums, to whom we will give the use of the hall free. We will also give the use of the hall to endorsed lecturers, advertise their Sunday meetings without charge, and let them have the collections."

Gerald Massey.

This distinguished poet, author and lecturer scarcely needs an introduction to our readers. Like all thinkers, he has created strong antagonisms, because he has made men think. His lectures of ten years ago throughout America, are still vividly remembered, and he now brings the ripened fruit of the hard study of those ten silent years. Of course his opinions have changed somewhat. Differ from him in conclusions reached, as many will, it is impossible to doubt the intensity of his convictions, impossible not to respect the unfaltering industry of his search after truth.

Before his advent as a lecturer he was chiefly known as a poet. His fame in England largely rests, even now, upon a poetic inspiration whose suggestiveness has helped many another to fame and to fortune. The four bulky quartos, the result of ten years' intense application, have presented him in a new aspect. He comes now as a philosopher, a historian of thought, a revealer of old-time modes of expressing thought. Signs and symbols of old religions, records of the life and death of extinct races, the soul there was in dead faiths—among these he has been delving for ten years. He has reached some startling conclusions, needing careful examination before acceptance.

Mr. Massey's life has been remarkable as a triumph over adverse conditions. One of ten children, the son of a canal-boatman, whose income was only $2.50 per week; when but eight years old working from early morning till half-past six in the evening in a silk-factory, who can wonder that the child forgot his half-frozen feet and danced gleefully as the fire devoured his prison house. Straw-plaiting, and then errand-boy's work, were the next steps in his career, which had for help only free access to the poor man's library, the street-corner book stall. Soon he began to write poems and chansons, and their worth was recognized by such men as Hepworth Dixon, Walter Savage Landor, Dr. Samuel Smiles, John Ruskin, Lord Palmerston and others. Through their sympathy and help the young poet grew more and more prolific, and his contributions to periodical literature more frequent. He became actively engaged in all that stirred men's thoughts in his day. He wrote on Spiritualism in 1872, had to do with the Chartist excitement, the Corn Law agitation, and the lectures he delivered in England and this country, marked the intense and many-sided activity of his mind. Ever since his attention was drawn to the matter, he has been an ardent Spiritualist, and the English Spiritualist papers bear witness that he scorned to hide his convictions. In his own home he had for his bosom-companion a medium through whom the angel world communicated. As a veteran Spiritualist, a great Poet, a profound Thinker, a bold Iconoclast, he commands attention, respect and sympathy even from those who at present utterly reject his conclusions. Mr Massey, is now visiting in Chicago preparatory to continuing his journey Westward, around the world. He will be able to give a few lectures between here and San Francisco. Societies or individuals desiring to engage his services for one or more lectures, should address him at once in care of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Church and State.

There are signs that the union of Church and State in England will at no distant period be severed. A proposition to remove the Bishops from the House of Lords, introduced in the Commons recently, lacked only eleven votes of a majority. It is amusing to read the comments of the newspapers on this bold movement. The *Spectator* says:

> "There is not a Bishop on the bench who has ever delivered a good spiritual speech on the righteousness or unrighteousness of a war. There is not a bishop on the bench who has ever discussed the question of the franchise, the question of democracy, from a spiritual point of view at all, or who has has ever spoken on such a question with anything like authority; to get rid of the bishops would be merely to throw overboard a deck load which goes near to sinking the ship."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* agrees with the *Spectator*, and adds:

> "The chief reason why the bishops should be allowed to remain in the house of lords is to illustrate before the eyes of the nation some of the evil consequences of an established church. As long as the lawn-sleeves remain in the gilded chamber we need never lack for proof of the political mischief of a church establishment. The voice of the bishops is given uniformly by a majority of their order on the side of everything that is politically bad, and of a great deal that is morally indefensible."

Of course the Bishops don't like the movement. The Archbishop of Canterbury told a reporter of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that

> "....In his opinion the exclusion of the bishops would be the first step toward disestablishment. It would be a rude inroad on the constitution, making a great breach with the past."

The Archbishop is right; but the "first step" does not seem to frighten the English. They are quite resigned to the separation.

Joseph Cook—Justice Overtaking a Slanderer.

Our earnest and sprightly contemporary, *Unity*, quotes and approves the following from the Boston *Commonwealth*:

> "Rev. Joseph Cook, after much lapse of time, and to a hesitating Christian brotherhood, to-day is the discovered character that wiser men have always represented him. We contend that he lacks literary veracity, and this lacking carries in its train certain other faults which every one knows. His lectures are assertive to the limit, and as unreliable as assertive. He has the dogmatism of the clergyman without the clergyman's reserved speech. He professes a professed doctrine of love in language that would fit a doctrine of hate. When he reports an opponent he does so carelessly and wrongly. He professes a respect for antagonism which he never illustrates."

There have been no more malignant and wholesale slanders of Spiritualists, or baser misstatements of Spiritualism, than those of this pretender to learning and piety.

An Unruly Corpse.

A short time ago Clem Davis, a colored man, resident in the lower part of Richland county, S. C., apparently fell dead, and was prepared for burial. As no undertaker was close at hand, the supposed corpse was laid out on the bed, while a messenger was sent in a wagon to Columbia for a coffin. That night, as is customary with the negroes, they gathered at the house in large numbers, and were alternately engaged in praying, preaching and singing until a little after midnight, when the corpse rose up and sat erect in the bed. The negroes fled in terror, and the corpse himself was badly frightened, but one after another the mourners were induced to return and view the dead who had come to life. The negroes are wild with joy over the astounding restoration. Davis had a narrow escape from being buried alive. He had been in a comatose state for nearly twenty-four hours.

GENERAL NOTES.

Lyman C. Howe spoke at Indianapolis, Ind., May 4th.

Dr. Samuel Watson lectured at Little Rock, Ark., April 20th, afternoon and evening, to fine audiences.

Mr. G. W. Kates, editor *Light for Thinkers*, Atlanta, Ga., has been lecturing in Memphis, Tenn.

Mr. Walter Howell, the blind lecturer, has kindly sent us his photograph, which we take pleasure in placing with our collection.

Miss Eva Curtin, a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Eaton, Ohio, has gone insane on the subject of religion and salvation by the sanctification method.

Mr. Swartz has now selected Martine's Hall, on Ada St., near Madison, to hold his meetings on Sunday at 3 P. M. Last Sunday the attendance was large owing to the promise of an exhibition of slate-writing, but the medium failed to appear.

Lyman C. Howe has been doing efficient work at Erie, Pa. He lectured there each Sunday during last month. He gave the cause a fresh impetus, and other lecturers will follow him.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn has closed his series of lectures at Frobisher Hall, New York. We were glad to hear that his venture has been a success, and that his lectures met with such general appreciation.

Dr. J. A. Marvin, as we learn from Detroit, is gaining in reputation, as a magnetic physician and as a man who wins respect by his honorable course. His office is at 210 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.

The crowded state of our advertising columns precludes publication in the paper of our Book List, but we have printed it in a neat pamphlet, which will be sent to any who may notify us that they desire it.

Dr. J. K. Bailey writes that he has spent the month of April in Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., and has spoken at Union Corners the 6th; at East Otto, 12th, 13th and 23rd; at Ashford, 20th; at Ellicottville 27th, and at Salamanca, 30th. Address him at Milan, Ohio.

The *Theosophist* for April is at hand, with a varied contents, treating on oriental philosophy, art, literature, occultism, embracing mesmerism, Spiritualism and other sciences. For sale at this office. Price per copy, 50 cents.

Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter will answer calls to attend camp meetings, to give tests and psychometric readings. Mrs. Porter is greatly interested in the work in which she is engaged, and some who have tested her powers seem very much pleased. She can be addressed at her residence, 433 West Lake st., Chicago.

Emma Hardinge-Britten will lecture at Republican Hall, for the First Society of Spiritualists, New York, during the Sundays of May; also at Lake Pleasant, Neshaminy Falls and Onset Bay Camp Meetings, and be happy to make other engagements previous to her departure for California and the Pacific Coast in the fall. Address her in care of Mrs. Mills, 265 West 34th street, New York.

The meetings now held at Lester's Academy, 619 West Lake St., are carried on under the auspices of the Children's Progressive Lyceum—Wm. Nicoll, Conductor. The exercises on last Sunday evening were enlivened by some excellent singing, an address by Dr. Stevens, who happened to be present, and brief remarks by several others.

Bill Murphy, a flagman at a railroad crossing in Kansas City, has resigned his position because of a presentiment which possesses him that his crossing will soon be the scene of a terrible disaster. Murphy lost an arm in a railway accident some time ago, and alleges that he was warned of impending danger some time before the accident befel him. He proposes to regard the warning this time.

W. S. Pettit, of Alliance, Ohio, writes: "The Independent Church has closed an engagement for the last two Sundays in April, with J. H. Randall, of Jamestown, N. Y. He is a good speaker. O. P. Kellogg will speak for us each Sunday in May, when we expect to have a good time, short discourses and to the point. One of the greatest drawbacks to a good attendance, especially among the young people, at liberal and spiritualistic meetings, is that at least two-thirds of our speakers talk entirely too long; most of them occupy from one to one and a quarter hours, when three quarters of an hour should be the maximum. I have talked with quite a number of both old and young, and find that if our speakers would take a little out of the spread and add a little to the pith of their lectures, they would do more good." And we agree with Pettit, on this.

Next Sunday, Mrs. O. T. Shepard lectures again at Milwaukee, Wis.

Col. Hammet, a cotton manufacturer, is in love with all his working girls. He says the Southern cotton mill operatives are far superior to their sisters in New England, and describes them thus: "Tall, shapely, with well poised heads, and faces which would do for molds of beauty, they are as lady-like at the hearthstone as they are proficient at the loom. They are all under the salutary influence of home and church relationship, and are a class of whom any nation should be proud."

Orange Judd, Editor of the *American Agriculturist* for some thirty years, but unconnected with its business management for a year or two past, has lately retired from its editorial department and located in the West. He desires to gather a complete "*Postal-Card Album*" of his old readers and friends, and requests them all to send him now a postal giving their present location and address, naming also, when convenient, the year in which they were his subscribers. Mr. Judd's address is Chicago, Illinois.

A. F. Ackerly was admitted to bail in the sum of one hundred dollars as the result of his detection while cheating at Moberly, Mo. The JOURNAL is informed on good authority that Ackerly was thought to be a novice or a crank, and hence the smallness of the bond. Had the officers of the law been readers of the JOURNAL, the young man would, no doubt, have had a bond large enough to have kept him in jail; as it is, he can well afford to forfeit the amount, the "conditions" for his standing trial being unsuited to his sensitive soul and sinuous career

The Rev. M. N. Capron, a supernumerary member of the Northern New York Conference of the M. E. church, has been tried on charge of beer drinking on various occasions, and the conference held the charge to be sustained. There were also various charges of lying, embezzlement and fraud, which were mostly rejected, but enough was considered to be proved to warrant the deposition from the ministry, which the conference decreed. As the sentence does not touch his church relations, he is still a member in good standing, notwithstanding his conviction. It is proper to state, however, that it is by no means certain that a review of the evidence will not result in the Rev. Mr. Capron's complete vindication. Able lawyers say it will.

J. R. Brown, somewhat notorious as a mind reader, has been giving exhibitions of his powers in Minneapolis, Minn. We see by one extract from a paper published there, that he assumes to be a medium, and is in partnership with Lillie May Brown, who claims to be a materializing medium, and together they propose to cast in the shade all other spiritual manifestations. In another extract we learn that at one of his entertainments, after giving some interesting experiments in mind reading, the "remainder of the exercises consisted in exposing the tricks of Spiritualist mediums." The probability is that the exhibition of Brown & Co., is simply a money-making scheme, and presents no evidence whatever that any spirit power is connected therewith.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Events and Comments.

THE CRANKS.

Perhaps the most expressive term coined in recent times is that of "crank," and one of the most fertile fields for the operation of cranks has been Spiritualism. By their persistency, effrontery, rascality or credulity, they have been taken for the representatives of Spiritualism by the world. By the publication of the most absurd and crude matter, they have been a source of sorrow to thinking Spiritualists, and a disgrace and shame to the cause. The most harmful of these, as far as their representation of Spiritualism to the world is concerned, are those claiming mediumship and having a "great mission" to perform. Often it is the most exalted spirits only who guide them, and their arrogance is intensified by the sanction of the most famous names. One of these has recently sent out a "private circular letter," urging all true reformers to hasten to Rochester, the birthplace of Spiritualism, to form a great congress to reorganize the whole social fabric. The "medium's band" is composed of Washington, Lafayette, Thomas Paine, Josephine, Goethe, *D. M. Bennett*, Mozart, and a score of others, and the call is signed by Humboldt, Apollonius of Tyana, and Confucius! Shades of the immortals, think of such names appended to a letter ending as follows:

"Men of to-day! where did your power to guide the 'Car of State,' come from, but from *Woman?* Men of to-morrow! your power to successfully cope with Errors 'grave and hoary with age,' will come from *Woman!* And your present and future happiness will be secured to you, by the inspirational capacity of a Woman, whose love for the Race of Man and Womankind, including Children, qualifies her to forgive all intended slights, as well as to remember every kindly attention. Is she not worthy of your patronage?"

If the reader understands that the authors wish the patronage bestowed on woman, they are mistaken. It is to a woman, and that woman is the "medium," as is explained in a preceding paragraph:

"Now our Instrument of Communication does not feel confident to lead all other 'Chosen Ones,' in this work of Organization, notwithstanding we have had her under conscious disciplinary training for many years, to do this very work. She is by nature a *Worker*, as well as by natural endowment a *Teacher*, therefore, under the inspiration of 'Spirit Power in Combination,' will become a *Leader* in the world of Thought and Action."

In this grand work she wants everybody who can't come, to send a dollar to her to help it forward! It is true that this is all nonsense, and will be so regarded by those who understand Spiritualism, and as such is unworthy of notice; but it is of consequence because representative of countless other efforts made under the shadow of great names, which disgust those otherwise inclined to accept the philosophy of Spiritualism.

At the time of the Woodhull excitement, when J. M. Peebles introduced that irrepressible to a Cleveland audience, as the "modern Joan of Arc," and men like J. O. Barrett were certain she would be the next President, a circular was sent out from the same source as the one under criticism, inviting all true Spiritualists and reformers to Rochester, to go up to Chicago to help the grand Woodhull clique to found a new government! The manner of going was exceedingly appropriate. A monster balloon would take the delighted cranks heavenward as well as westward, and drop them down in the heart of that city, which forever afterwards would be famous for the gathering. This call was signed by nearly all the statesmen known to American history.

A PLEA FOR THE DOCTORS.

I am not in favor of the so-called "Doctor's Laws," nor am I in favor of quacks. It unluckily happens, that the field of human maladies is one where pretense and charlatanry flourish as nowhere else. In the realm of the subtle forces on which health depends, pretentious ignorance is more often trusted than modest skill. Why the Spiritualist press should be called on to berate and belittle the medical profession, is difficult to answer. No matter how miraculous the cures by spirit aid, that has nothing to do with the skill of the trained physician, and the flings and insults offered the profession indicate a lamentable ignorance of the requirements which are exacted of the practitioner. After a person has given at least three years to the exclusive study of the structure of the human form, its diseased conditions and the most successful methods of treatment, does it not stand to reason that he knows more on these subjects than an Indian juggler or a "natural bonesetter?" Physicians, after the most rigid course of studies, may not be infallible, and medical science is rapidly advancing, yet the same may be said of clairvoyance and spirit-diagnosis. Some of the most appalling prescriptions purported to have a spiritual source, and clairvoyant examinations, while sometimes astonishingly correct, are at times wide of the truth. While we would consult any source which promised information we would not discard the trained physician. The warfare against them, waged by spiritual publications, is as uncalled for as unwise.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

"What is the 'salvation embrace'?" asks Labouchère. "I read in the *Midland Echo* that David Withers, of Leamington, has run away with Kate Key, a girl of 17. Withers was the standard-bearer in the Ninety-fourth Corps of the Salvation Army, and Kate was a private. No familiarity between the two had been noticed beyond what is known as the 'salvation embrace.'"

Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts have grown rapidly in popular favor, as it is known that they are produced by extractions from the fruit, not made up with chemicals. Each flavor is from the true fruit and aromatics, free from poisonous oils and ethers. They are natural flavors, which give the most delicate and grateful taste.

Messrs. Cassell & Company, New York, have in press for immediate publication, THE UNITED STATES ART DIRECTORY AND YEAR BOOK (*Second Year*), being a Chronicle of Events in the Art World, and a Guide for all interested in the Progress of Art in America. This new edition of a book which was universally pronounced upon its first appearance to be one of the most useful publications ever issued, will be found to have been materially improved and augmented.

TAKIGRAFY, the best shorthand for any and all purposes, is taught in a new time and labor saving way by D. Kimball, 79 Madison St., Chicago. "THE NUTSHELL," giving alphabet and principles, and two one dollar lessons, sent for 25 cents. Illustrated Circular free.

The Dial (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago,) happily begins its fifth year (in its May number) with new and specially selected type throughout, and the promise of even greater beauty of execution than that in which it already is known to excel all journals of its class. It will continue its distinctive and approved features of exhaustive review articles by special writers, critical notices of important new books, notes on interesting literary events, and other features completing its scope as a trustworthy and elegant journal of current literature.

Washington Gladden will contribute an article to the June *Century* on the "Use and Abuse of Parties." Dr. Gladden holds that parties are necessary to all constitutional governments being based on the progressive and conservative tendencies of human nature. While claiming that the "dearth of principles and the strife of patronage are characteristic facts of our recent political life," he comes to the conclusion that—at least outside the cities—more of good can be accomplished by joining one party or another, working earnestly for its success, and bolting bad nominations.

Come, Gentle Spring,

and bring malaria, dyspepsia, billiousness, torpidity of liver and a train of kindred maladies. Fortunately Kidney-Wort is at hand. It may be had of the nearest druggist and will purify the system, correct the stomach and bowels, stimulate the liver and kidneys to healthy action, remove all poisonous humors and make you feel like a new man. As a spring medicine, tonic and blood Purifier it has no equal.

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Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit life from Rapid City, Dakota, March 2nd, Alice McMinn, aged 28 years and 10 months.

The deceased was an excellent medium, and contributed much to the happiness and enjoyment of her aged mother, by the loving messages that were given through her organism. She will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

The Brooklyn Spiritualist Society will hold services every Sunday, commencing September 16th at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. at the Hall, corner of Fulton and Bedford Avenues. J. Wm. Fletcher, speaker. All spiritual papers on sale in the hall. Meetings free.

WM. H. JOHNSON. President.

CHURCH OF THE NEW SPIRITUAL DISPENSATION. 133 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Public services every Sunday at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

Lyceum for young and old, Sundays at 10:30 A. M. Abraham J. Kipp, Superintendent.

Ladies Aid and Mutual Relief Fraternity, Wednesday, at 2:30.

Church Social every second and fourth Wednesday, in each month, at 8 P. M.

Psychic Fraternity for development of mediums, every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, *sharp*. Mrs. T. B. Stryker, President.

The South Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Franklin Hall, corner 3rd Avenue and 18th Street, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. Bogert President; Dr. Patch, Secretary and Treasurer.

A Progressive Spiritual Meeting will be held every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in Franklin Hall, corner of 3rd avenue and 18th street South Brooklyn. Seats free.

GERARD ENGELEN, Chairman.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference meets at Everett Hall, 398 Fulton Street, every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Capt. J. David, President; W. J. Cushing, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity will meet at 16 Smith St., two doors from Fulton, in the hall of Union for Christian Work, every Thursday evening, 8 P. M.

April 24th.—Lecture by John Jeffreys
May 1st.—Lecture by Prof. Henry Kiddle.

S. B. NICHOLS. President.
John Jeffreys Secretary. A. G. Kipp, Treasurer.

At Steck Hall, No. 11 East 14th Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York City, the Harmonial Association, Andrew Jackson Davis, President and regular speaker, hold a public meeting every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, to which everybody is most cordially invited. These meetings continue without intermission until June 11th, 1884. Services commence and conclude with music.

New York City Ladies Spiritualist Aid Society, meet every Wednesday, at 3 P. M., at 171 East 69th Street

MRS. S. A. McCRETCHEN, Secretary.

The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, convenes every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 7:30 evening, in Frobisher Hall, No. 23 East 14th St., near Union Square.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. will hold Meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at the Supreme Court Room, Town Hall; also on the first Monday and Tuesday evenings of each month, at which Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham will officiate.

E. HENLING Sec. H. J. HORN, Pres.

Kansas City, Mo.

The First Spiritual Society of Kansas City, Mo., meets every Sunday evening at 7:30 in Pythian Hall, corner 11th and Main Street. Dr. E. G. Granville. President; A. J. Colby Secretary.

Mediums' Meetings, Chicago.

The Spiritual Truth Seekers meet in Lester's Academy, 619 West Lake Street every Sunday. Conference at 3 P. M.; Medium's Meeting at 7:30 P. M. All meetings free.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Sighting the Shore.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

I throw down my oars and am drifting
Spell-bound by the charm of a dream;
The shadows before me are lifting,
There's light on life's treacherous stream.
Far onward I saw a boat sailing,
And lo! a white pilgrim alone
Sat brow-bent and weary, bewailing
The presence of one who had gone.

He fain would have sank in the waters,
So sad and so lonesome was he;
His sons bade him cheer, and his daughters,
The wife of his youth, where was she?
He longed for her soul, but believed not
In any existence beyond;
He prayed, but alas, he received not;
He yearned, but she did not respond.

"Why was it?" I wish I could tell you
Why love cannot answer its own!
Why, when a sore sorrow befell you,
You called and heard echo alone.
The souls of the dead must be longing
As deeply as we to perceive
The laws of communion belonging
To them and their earth-loves who grieve.

But oft when we soreliest need them
The vail seems the thickest between
This world and the next. Does God lead them
Far into the lovely unseen,
Away from the dripping of tear drops
That quiet may strengthen and heal,
And splendors far past the pale hill tops
Shut out Love's beseeching appeals?

The white pilgrim, lonesomely sailing,
Had never been able to sight
The country of souls, nor to hear them
Call out from their shadowless height.
He hoped they still lived, but he doubted
Because of the silence they kept;
But now, as he neared the vast ocean,
Sweet sounds o'er the interspace crept.

Old voices spoke out of the silence;
His soul was a flitter with joy!
The tremblements greeting his senses
Were nothing to cheat nor decoy.
They were the sweet tones of his loved ones
His ripe soul was quickened to hear;
The prayers of his gaunt heart were answered
Despite all his doubting and fear.

No marvel ecstatic emotion
Crept winily into his blood!
No marvel he cried in his gladness
"They live! and our Father is good."
So long had the plan of existence
Been viewed with unhappy distrust,
The finale of human endeavor
A windowless house in the dust.

He rose to his feet and back-looking,
A picture of holy delight,
Called out, "I have sighted the landing;
I read not life's riddle aright.
'To be' is the mystical answer
Inscrutably hidden so long,
The bloom-brightened form of my lost one
Appears, and my name is her song!"

I take up my oars and row onward
Made glad by the beautiful dream;
The shadows lie back in the distance,
There's light on life's broadening stream;
The joys which the pilgrim sailed up to
Are waiting for you and for me,
When we come to the place where life's river
Flows into eternity's sea.

"Dr." Hiltz, the Exposer of Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I send you a "show bill" for a performance which came off here as to time, but which, in fact, was a miserable swindle! The chief manager of the fraudulent exhibition said there are no spiritual manifestations; that all mediums are frauds and liars.

His slate-writing was performed by the aid of chemicals, which were put on his own slates before the test was given; then, by rubbing the surface with the wet fingers, the writing would disappear. He would allow the committee to examine, and then screw the slates together. During the pretended writing, he scratched the back of the slates with his finger nails to produce a sound similar to the moving of a pencil, after which the committee read the communication, the slates having become dry.

He said that he paid Charles Watkins $500 to learn this (his) slate-writing trick, and also paid Dr. Henry Slade $1,500 to learn his tricks. He said, too, that he learned Mrs. Simpson's principal method of turning water into wine! He had a full house, and many of our orthodox friends think they have learned all there is to be known about Spiritualism. Honest mediums are apparently disgraced by such performances.

If the Spiritualist press generally had seen fit to pursue the course taken by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in relation to frauds, such disgraceful exhibitions would now be nearly or quite impossible. At the present time there is plenty of capital that is regarded as true Spiritualism, and which is manufactured by dishonest persons, and presented as the genuine article, and which is fully indorsed by some Spiritualist papers. The tricks of this bogus system are bought, or obtained otherwise, and then given back by our opponents to us and the public, in the most disgusting manner; and we are told that this is all there is to Spiritualism, greatly to the disadvantage of truth and honesty.

I was greatly pleased with No. 3 of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. The letters from Mrs. Maud Lord, A. J. Davis and Giles B. Stebbins, have the true ring. The sermon by Rev. David Swing is of great value. The pamphlet, "How to Form Home Circles," is the best one published for general distribution. I have spent the most of the Sundays of last winter at different schoolhouses, explaining the Harmonial Philosophy and selling books. Circles are being formed, and intelligent, honest work, with true progress, is sure to follow, and thereby the good old RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is advertised. Let all who love the truth and the good, rally now to our standard and work for humanity. Come, friends, let us freely aid our fellow man, as the angels have aided us, thus becoming co-workers in this field of human and spiritual progress.

Delphos, Kansas. JOY N. BLANCHARD.

The statements made by this pretended exposer of Spiritualism, with reference to Charles Watkins, Dr. Slade and Mrs. Simpson, are false in every respect. His whole "stock in trade" consists of malicious lies; but honest mediums will not be hurt thereby.

W. W. Lougee writes: Saturday is the "red letter" day of the week with me, for then I know that I will receive, barring accident, the dear old RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. I like it better and better, although I am but a recent subscriber; yet I hope my name will always be found on your book, as such, as long as I remain in the earth-life. I have read your paper, more or less, for the past six or seven years, and to its teachings I am greatly indebted for my conversion to a belief in the teachings of the harmonial philosophy. My spirit friends speak to me, and give me advice nearly every day; they have never given me any bad counsel. The voices are not audible to others, but seem to come to me entirely independent of the sense of hearing, for when I stop my ears the answers to my questions are heard as plainly as at other times. These voices tell me that it is soul speaking to soul.

The English people seem to have carried the art of mourning to a nicety in detail which appears disgusting, to call it by no harsher term. The London *Echo* tells us that among the other mourners was the Royal Society of Musicians, of whom the late Duke of Albany was a patron. At their last dinner they were served up among the other entrées "sweetbreads *in demi deuil*"—sweetbreads in half-mourning. The grief of the Royal Society must have been something unprecedented when it struck to the stomach in this fashion. But why should the sweetbreads have been singled out to typify their sorrow? A roast of beef in half-mourning would certainly have been a more dignified and imposing sight, and a bottle of brandy and water in weeds could have remained as a monument of wo even after its contents had disappeared.

As to Strange Dreams.

Some Remarkable Stories Suggested by the Rev. Dr. Buckley's Recent Essay.

New York *Herald:* Four gentlemen were seated one evening last week in a private room of an uptown resort. One of them made casual reference to dreaming, and mentioned incidentally a paper read the night previous by a clergyman on the phenomena of dreams, and reported in the *Herald* of that morning. Two of the party scoffed at the idea that persons ever dreamed of events to come. They admitted that they seldom had dreams, but when they did dream the fancies had little continuity and relevancy. One gentleman, however, boldly affirmed that he had had several demonstrations that the mind did often carry out in sleep the design of the day.

"When I was about 12 years old," he said, "like most boys of that age, my principal occupation was devilitry of one kind or another. An old man, heartily detested by all the boys, had died in our neighborhood; and every evening his widow and grown daughter had to pass down a lane running parallel with our fence, along the top of which was laid flat boarding. Noticing the nightly trips of these two females, an idea occurred to me. Keeping my own counsel, I laid my plans. I intended, some night when my parents were out, to wrap a sheet around my body, and, climbing the fence, run along it when the women came by.

"Now here is the curious fact. Two days after, and before I had a chance to carry out the plan, all the people about were greatly excited. A ghost had appeared and there could be no mistake as to its identity. It walked down the lane and distinctly said: 'I am the ghost of old S——.' This was sworn to by two witnesses. I wondered who had forestalled me. I asked all the other boys, but none of them, I was sure, knew anything of the matter.

"The next night there was a battalion of watchers, I among them. All patiently, some tremblingly, awaited the coming of the spectre. Twelve o'clock, one o'clock passed, but it didn't come. Then we all went to bed. The next morning it was announced that a gentleman had seen the spook later in the night, and heard its cry. By this time my soul was filled with envy to think of the unknown who was kicking up such a row. A night intervened without disturbance, but on the following night it was laid forever, and with it the belief of many that souls can return from the other shore.

"Two men had watched. At last they saw the gleam of white at the end of the lane. Suddenly it occurred to them what was the cause of the ghost's great stature. It was walking on the fence. They laid for it, grabbed it by the arm, tore away the sheet, and with such endearing names as 'D—d little imp of hell!' they awoke the spirit. Glancing wildly about me, I became unconscious. The mystery was solved. The neighbors were enraged until it was found that I was really sick from fright. I was sent away to school soon after, and never told until long years had succeeded that the scheme I carried out in sleep I hatched while wide awake.

"Several years afterward I made up my mind to strike out for myself and leave home. Most of you, no doubt, have gone through the experience, so there is no need to speak of my homesickness. I had been away two weeks, and had, besides some money, a stock of attachments for sewing-machines, but I had not the skill or boldness to dispose of them. One day I went to the Grand Central depot and took the first train for home. Arriving at Stamford, Conn., I felt impelled to stop over. It was the first time I had ever been in the town, and yet everything seemed familiar—streets, houses, the very trees shading the walks. At last it all came to me—I had seen Stamford in a dream. Details returned to my memory, and, walking along, I could tell what was to appear next. I knew that in a triangular space formed by the junction of two streets I should find a brick building, the lower floor occupied as a dry-goods store, with a sign over it in black and gold. In this store I sold my stock to a man whose face had never before looked in mine except in a dream.

"Some time before I had had a suit of clothes made by a tailor in a town twenty miles distant from my home, and on wearing them, found the vest did not fit. I decided to return the garment for alterations, and went to bed. In the morning it was missing, and the most thorough search could not find it. About ten days after it came to me by express, with note from the maker, hoping that it would now prove all right. Investigation showed that in the night I had decided to return it. I had gotten out of bed at half-past 10 p. m., gone to the express office, and had written a note to the maker stating the alteration to be made, and then had expressed the package. All the time I must have been sound asleep. In 1881 a friend of mine went to Wisconsin under engagement to a manufacturing concern in Racine. Two months after I had a dream, in which I fancied myself on a train bound for Albany. Waiting in the depot in Springfield, Mass., I saw my friend coming toward me, and getting down, shook hands with him, and asked him to explain his sudden appearance. He said, 'The factory had burned down two weeks before, and the firm had refused to continue its contracts.' In a joking way I told the dream next morning to a gentleman who had been offered a position by the firm named. An hour after I had repeated it a telegram came from Racine announcing the total destruction of the factory by fire the previous night. Subsequently letters brought the news that the firm had cancelled all contracts.

"In the Township of Guilford, Conn., lives a queer character known as 'Sherm' Davis—fisherman, hunter, clam-digger—he is anything in fact that will turn for him an honest penny. He lives not far from the scene of the Mary Stannard tragedy, and most people who visited Black Rock at that time struck up an acquaintance with 'Sherm.' His house is always open and it is considered the correct thing when in that vicinity for the tired hunter or wet trout-fisherman to stop there and enjoy a chat with Sherm's family, and after supper indulge in generous draughts of punch. The night before I was to make my first visit to Davis's, in a dream I had the experience to come—all day, in company with a friend, I whipped trout-streams, but no fly was fascinating enough to tempt a single fish. Tired, wet and hungry we reached Sherm's at 5 o'clock. We found him just emptying a dilapidated basket containing fourteen trout, the largest weighing eleven ounces. He condoled with us over our poor luck, and soon, over a nice supper, we forgot the fatigue of the day. This was the dream. The reality, even to the weight and number of Davis's catch, was precisely as I dreamed the previous night it would be, except that my friend caught two small fish, when my dream had given him no catch whatever."—*New York Herald.*

An Appreciative Letter.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The JOURNAL has just come to hand, and I am reminded that seven years have gone since you assumed control of its destiny. Well do I remember the morning the news came to Bellefontaine, O., of the sudden and tragic ending of the earthly career of S. S. Jones. I was in the office of Dr. Cooper, that staunch and true Spiritualist, so well known in Ohio. I said to the Doctor: "Who will be able to take so responsible a position as editor and manager of the JOURNAL?" "Col. Bundy is there," said he, "and the JOURNAL will go on just as well as before, and I think will be improved. He knows the business." Dr. Cooper was a good prophet.

When I look back to that time, and pass mentally over the period since, and realize what you have passed through, I can but wonder how you have endured so well. I know personally something of the severe strain put upon you, and I know that, without abundant aid from the highest source of power, wisdom and love, you could not have gone so safely through the seven years just closed. I also know that, without the able and efficient help of a tried and trusted wife, you would have found the road far more difficult to travel. But the JOURNAL has gone on from good to better, improving each year, until it has no peer in the spiritual ranks. Its principal writers are able and advanced thinkers, who reflect credit upon the journalism of the day.

If there is one thing I like the JOURNAL for more than another, it is, that I always know it will be found on the side of public and private virtue; on the side of the highest morality, and unwavering in its opposition to trickery and fraud in those who go before the world as public mediums; and because of its uncompromising hostility to whatever would drag our noble cause—the grandest the world has seen—into the dust and foulness of earth. Long may its prosperity and usefulness increase, is my heartiest wish. MILTON ALLEN.

2411 N. College Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Abyssinian mountaineer warriors frequently banquet on masses of raw and steaming beef, freshly cut from the recently slaughtered beast. They use a seasoning composed of salt and red pepper.

Suppose—A Contrast.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Suppose that when Truesdell was playing the role of medium, the JOURNAL had said: "This man Truesdell is a fraud; all Spiritualists are warned to keep aloof from him."

Result: The *Banner* would have come out with the following in substance:

"MORE PERSECUTION.

"We most sincerely regret that any one should feel inclined to close the door of the angel world when opened by our dear ones. A certain western sheet contains a villainous attack upon that well tried and time-tested medium, John W. Truesdell. Mr. Truesdell is too well known as a medium and as an honest man to make vindication at our hands necessary. Such a man as the editor of the western sheet is a stench in the nostrils of the cause, a stumbling-block in the road of progression. The angel world will surely cut short the career of such a man."

The now defunct "Mud and Mutter" would have had something like the following:

"That low, groveling, dirt-throwing, filthy sheet, the Bundyite Blatherskite materialistic organ of a class of would-be spiritual leaders, dares to raise its puny voice in insulting mien against John W. Truesdell, who is well known as a true, sincere and honest medium. We will now show this Bundy up in a new light; but before doing so, we must ask our readers to pardon us for unvailing so pestiferous, so corrupt, so hideous a sight before their astonished eyes; but the grand old cause which, through the angel world, has promised to take care of us—to foster our paper and to hold up our hands long after the rotten, corrupt and cursed form of this hydra-headed villain Bundy shall be consigned to the dust—the grand old cause, we say, demands that we again expose his corrupt and fraudulent designs to the gaze of a horrified public.

"We know that it will seem like rawhiding the villain through the public streets, shocking the public sensibility, but duty commands, and we obey; he has brought our thunder upon his own head.

"Bundy is a low, contemptible brute, without one spark of sensibility or refinement. Demons rejoiced the day he was born, and the angel world turned away and wept.

"He is a scurrilous, lying, low-bred puppy. Truesdell has been interviewed by reporters from this office, who pronounce him a true, genuine medium; one whose latchets Bundy is unworthy to stoop down and loosen. We have direct authority from the harmonious workers on the other shore, to say that the Bundy organ must and will perish; while Mind and Matter will survive long after we have passed over to fill a long-felt want on the other side."

Well, how is it now? Why, the *Banner* is firing light and harmless missiles at the head of poor Truesdell, calling him all kinds of naughty things; Mind and Matter is quietly resting in oblivion, swept onward by the surging waves of progress and enlightenment.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is stronger than ever in its position, and says substantially: "Truesdell, whatever may be your motive, you have done a good work in showing up the methods of tricksters and pointing out how shams may be detected, and for this you deserve commendation. Spiritualists with a desire for the truth, freed from all varnish, will always welcome every means of obtaining it. Hence they receive your book as a friendly assistant in their efforts, and as you deny being a Spiritualist you are not a subject for their discipline."

How many of these occurrences will be necessary to bring all Spiritualists to the conservative camp?

Concordia, Kansas. R. B. ANDERSON.

Frauds Exposed.

Plan Which They Laid to Get Money from The Women.

The people of Rochester, N. Y., are exercised over a decided sensation. The trouble arose in the camp of a band of Spiritualists, which boasts of a boy medium—Harry G. Van Auken. Since nightly séances in Comedy Hall were abandoned some weeks ago the boy has been giving séances three times a week at No. 36 Sophia street for the benefit of the little company of believers around him and any who might happen in. The Van Auken company consists of Dr. C. E. Tilden, Mrs. M. A. Van Auken, "magnetic healers"; Frederick H. Van Auken, cabinet manager and lecturer; Harry G. Van Auken, medium; Dr. Tilden's wife, and Mrs. Van Auken's three small children. They are called collectively "the Van Auken Spiritual Company." Dr. Bristol, who died in Dansville some years ago, is the spirit-managing medium, and leads 200 spirits, including many Indians and prominent men now deceased, who communicate with the world through Harry G. Van Auken. Several evenings ago some young men who attended a séance at the house on Sophia street found the spirits unwilling to work because the "Big Squaw" was absent. It was afterward learned that the "Big Squaw" was Mrs. Matilda J. Dean, proprietress of a house of ill-repute in this city. Mrs. Dean, who has suffered from some dropsical trouble, engaged Dr. Tilden and Mrs. Van Auken to treat her, and she says they cured her, for which she paid them $100, and afterward employed them to treat friends in Steuben County. When they opened in Comedy Hall she gave them sums aggregating $1,125. Then they told her that Dr. Bristol wished her to advance the cause of Spiritualism by giving money to start a company on the road. They would make her a medium, a great star, the brightest light in the mediumistic firmament, and Alexander Von Humboldt would be her guide. She paid $2 a lesson for mediumistic teachings, and was told $3,000 would start the company. This sum was too much for Mrs. Dean, and she refused to advance the money. Then Vine Goddard, the boy who managed the cabinet, asked her for money enough to enable him to leave the Van Aukens. He said that Harry was not a medium, and the Dean woman offered him $50 to expose the young man. Vine's father was sent for, and the medium was exposed to Mrs. Dean. A short time afterward a séance was held at the house of Vine's father, W. S. Goddard being present, and the exposure was complete. The Goddards say that the Van Aukens claimed at first that Vine was as good a medium as Harry. Vine discovered the tricks of the medium by watching him through the curtains of the cabinet.

It is stated by one who has attended the séances that Dr. Bristol's spirit had communicated to the Van Aukens information that Vine Goddard was in league with Thomas A. Raymond to injure the cause of Spiritualism. Mr. Raymond some time since attended one of Van Auken's séances, and discovered his tricks and exposed them to the large audience in attendance. It is also stated that threats had been made to apply a spirit battery to Mrs. Dean's head which would end her earthly career if she refused to come forward with the capital necessary to organize a mediumistic society. The affair has created quite a sensation here, as there has been a growing feeling against the Van Aukens ever since Mr. Raymond's exposure of some of their most difficult manifestations.—*New York Times.*

Witnesses.

The bill providing that disbelief in Deity shall not affect the credibility of a witness was defeated in the Massachusetts House of Representatives last week, by a vote of 62 to 75. Mr. Kendrick, of Springfield, said, as reported in the papers, that "so long as this is a Christian State, and the vast majority do believe in a God, it is not right to allow the testimony of those who do not so believe to have as much weight as those who believe in the pains and penalties of perjury." Mr. O'Sullivan, of Lawrence, "in the name of Christianity protested against the bill." Mr. Wilson, of Salem, in a speech defending the bill, claimed that it was in the interest of sincerity and honesty; that educated agnostics were among the most honest and moral people in the world, and among the most reliable as witnesses. The change was asked for, he said, by some of the most reverent Christians. Mr. Millett of Malden and Mr. Bracket of Boston spoke in favor of the bill, pointing out the absurdity of allowing men of undoubted rectitude of character to be liable to attack on account of their disbelief in Deity. Bigotry and intolerance are strongly intrenched and hard to overcome; but "the harder the conflict, the more glorious the victory." The attempt to do justice to atheists defeated this year may also be defeated next year; but it should be renewed annually until it succeeds, as it certainly must succeed, and at no distant period. The bill allowing atheists to give testimony in the courts of this State was, we remember, defeated many times before it became a law.—*The Index,* April 24th.

The postal service was last year self-supporting only in fifteen States and two territories—the latter being Alaska and Dakota. Ohio showed a deficit of $430,156, while Illinois paid a profit of $852,319. Not a dollar of postal revenue was ever received from a State south of Mason & Dixon's line.

Press Notices of the Journal.

We have received the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago for several years, and in our opinion for pure literature no paper in the United States excels it. While we have not been convinced of the truth of its peculiar philosophy we have the highest regard for its candor, independence and vigor. It is attractive and in all respects a model journal.—*Iroquois Times,* Watseka, Ill., April 19th.

We have lately received a premium list from the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, at Chicago, J. C. Bundy, publisher. This paper has made for itself an enviable place in the ranks of journalism. Making its central object the advocation and consideration of spiritual philosophy, it extends its purposes in the interests of all art, science, literature, romance and general reform. It is an eight-page paper, typographically unexcelled, ably, even brilliantly edited and worth many times its subscription price. The premium list embraces books, gold watches, silver watches, jewelry, silver tableware and splendid sweet-toned organs. The list may be seen and subscription money left at this office.—*Journal,* Delphi, Ind.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, offers valuable premiums, in books, gold and silver watches, table ware, organs, etc., for subscribers, affording a rare opportunity to its subscribers and friends to earn, with little labor, some fine premiums. In regard to the paper, we will say that it has come regularly to our sanctum during the past several years, has been perused with a great deal of pleasure, its methods closely scrutinized; and we regard it as an honest, able and fearless advocate of all true reforms, discussing all questions in a spirit of toleration, keeping a close watch over Spiritualism, fearlessly exposing fraud, and commanding the respect of all its candid thinking readers, of whatever sect, denomination or party. Special list of premiums sent on application. Address John C. Bundy, Editor and Publisher, Chicago, Ill.—*Dodge Co. Republican,* Kasson, Minn., April 24th.

Those of our readers who desire a Spiritualist paper, can do no better than to subscribe for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, published at Chicago. It is the ablest paper of the kind published in this country.—*The Republican,* Unionville, Mo., April 24th.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.—This is one of the best printed papers in Chicago. It is devoted to Spiritualism, and is a good paper to read whether you care to investigate the subject or not, as it contains valuable information for every one. In addition to its fine typographical appearance, it is edited with ability, and takes high rank amongst the journals of the country. Send for specimen copies to John C. Bundy, editor and publisher, Chicago, Ill.—*Weekly Courant,* Columbia, Penn., April 24th.

We acknowledge receipt of the list of premiums offered by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to subscribers. The JOURNAL is published at Chicago by Col. John C. Bundy, at $2.50 a year. The JOURNAL is devoted to "Modern Spiritualism and General Reform." Col. Bundy, by his demand for "test conditions" and his warfare upon frauds, has given the JOURNAL a world-wide influence and drawn to his side the best and most progressive minds of the civilized world. He has done a colossal work toward rescuing Spiritualism from the "bad name" which fraud within the ranks and ignorance and bigotry on the outside had fastened upon the cause. We have read the JOURNAL for years, and we know of no cleaner publication, nor of any finer spiritual tonic. It never leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Of course we do not agree with all that appears in the JOURNAL, and we have seen mediums "exposed" in its columns whom we know have given genuine manifestations, but we are so heartily in sympathy with its general trend and purpose, that we readily overlook what seems to be an occasional mistake or injustice. Send for specimen copies.—*Advance,* Worthington, Minn., April 24th.

Facts versus Misrepresentation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Justice demands a correction of an extraordinary statement of Mr. Massey in the JOURNAL of April 12. I stated that, "in sorrow be it said," he had affirmed that both versions of the Toledoth Jeshu had connected Jeshu with the Queen of Jannæus and placed his execution before B. C. 70, when, in truth, only one version so stated, the second one never naming the Queen at all and narrating the life and death of Jesus as happening at a much later period. To this he replies: "My book does not say that both versions of the 'Toledoth Jehoshua' relate that the Queen of Jannæus showed favor to Jehoshua. It says: 'The traditions relate'; and the two books were only included amongst the general traditions, consequently Mr. Coleman's 'sorrow' is quite uncalled for." *This is positively untrue.* Mr. M.'s exact words are these: "The traditions, *especially those of the first and second 'Toledoth Jehoshua,'* relate that the Queen of Jannæus.... showed favor to Jehoshua and his teaching.... but that during her reign, which ended 71 B. C., he was put to death." What I said was literally true; and I cannot understand how a gentleman of Mr. M.'s intelligence and character can dare to deny his own language in this manner, and thus accuse another of misrepresenting him who is wholly innocent thereof. I take special care to be strictly correct in my quotations, and I could not possibly have misquoted him in the manner implied. So far from the two Toledoths being included only in the "*general* traditions," he names them as *specially* containing that which he now says he did not state that they related. Had he frankly admitted his error, attributing it to a slip of the memory or other analogous cause, the explanation would have been accepted by all, doubtless; but to deny its existence and charge me with misrepresentation when he must know I am innocent, only makes the matter worse, not better. Moreover, no other "traditions" than those of the first Toledoth connect Jesus and this Queen, and I challenge production of any other independent "tradition" so relating.

I supposed Techiels for Jechiels was a misprint or an error in transcription, and said nothing adverse thereto. It is remarkable, if not inexplicable, that, if Mr. M. has had a Hebraist working the Talmud for him for years, *he failed to use, in his work, one single line of this Talmudic wealth, but instead copied all his Talmudic matter from Baring-Gould's little work! !* In stating that he is acquainted with all I advanced from the Talmud, etc., contrary to his theories, he thereby admits that he deliberately suppressed it in his writings, thus misleading his readers. He also admits that he, without warrant, changed the name Jeshu to Jehoshua for the very reason I had surmised, as stated in my former article; namely Jeshu, the correct name, being identified with Jesus of Nazareth in the Talmud and the two Toledoths, he changed it to Jehoshua to mislead the public into the belief that the Jesus of the Talmud and of the Toledoths was a different person from the New Testament Jesus of Nazareth. WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

San Francisco, Cal.

A Call Upon David Bruce to Finish his Work.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In a late issue of the JOURNAL, Mr. David Bruce, aged 82, exposes another fraud, the Cole medium of Brooklyn, N. Y. While all Spiritualists are glad to see frauds exposed, they demand good evidence of fraud, and those who profess to expose should be able to give good evidence. There are so many phases of mediumship and the laws of control are so imperfectly understood, that when an expose of fraud is attempted, something more than suspicion or the bare assertion of an exposer should be furnished. I know nothing of the Cole medium or his methods or phases, only what I have seen in the papers. The questions are placed in a locked box, and purport to be answered there, in the presence of the questioner. In other cases, questions in sealed letters are put in the box, and answers given on outside sheets of paper put in with the sealed letters (in some cases also answered, written on the blank sheets inside the sealed envelopes, with the letters or questions.) These are among the methods of the Cole medium as I understand them.

In the case of Mr. Bruce, it was a personal attendance and experience with Mr. Cole and his box, in which he claims to have been at first convinced of his genuine mediumship, and then convinced that he was a fraud. Then he was further convinced of the latter, by witnessing a "very similar imitation of his method through one of his own spiritual friends." Then he was amused to see how easily he had been humbugged." At first," he says, "with one it was a source of merriment to observe how easily the trick could be done when a person's incredulity has been calmed down."

Now, the weak spot in Mr. Bruce's "expose," is in not giving the *modus operandi* by which the "trick" is so easily discovered. Why did he not go on and explain the whole proceedings, so that all could see it? He says: "There was no difficulty in a sitter, a stranger, getting a message on pretended magnetized paper held between Cole and himself, through the box, but it was of a vague, general character." Why does he not explain even how this is done? It was done in his presence, and is a fraud?

He refers to sealed letters sent to be answered, that had been adroitly opened. The same thing has been charged against Mansfield, who answers sealed letters; but in this case, where Mr. Bruce was present to see the question put into the box, and answers come out with them, surprising him, which he subsequently found to be done by a trick, easily imitated by a friend after his incredulity had been calmed, there does not seem to be much force to the charge of the "adroitly opened" letters of others, until he first explains the trick peformed in his own presence. In the interest of genuine mediumship, will Mr. Bruce please complete his "expose" of the Cole fraud, by giving all details, and the methods by which his tricks are done? His bare word that he discovered a trick is hardly good evidence to strangers, unless he can tell how the trick is performed, and it seems strange that he omitted to add this evidence to his expose. Others sometimes failed in the same cry, when an expose amounts to but very little, and does not carry conviction. N. S. WOOD

Ellis Davidson, of Hallowell, Kansas, writes: Spiritualism is lively in Columbus, Cherokee County, Kansas; also at Oswego, Labette County. I take six papers, and the JOURNAL excels them all. I have two daughters who are mediums. We converse with the spirits three times a week. Our eldest daughter sits in a chair and our little spirit daughter comes and talks through her organism just as naturally as if she was present. I have, while lying on my bed, sick, seen many spirits and conversed with them. I know Spiritualism to be a truth.

An Intelligent Cat. H. Stuart Wortley, in *Nature,* tells an interesting story of a cat he found in the Malakoff with its foot pinned to the ground by a bayonet. For two mornings he took her to the nearest regimental surgeon and had her foot dressed. The third morning the cat went herself to the doctor's tent, scratched the canvas to be let in, and then held up her paw to be doctored.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The fashionable name for nervous debility is neurore.

Mgr. Capel calls newspaper interviewers "intellectual mosquitoes."

A taxidermist in Reading, Pa., has a collection of 75,000 butterflies.

New York has 40,000 persons who depend on gambling for a livelihood.

Col. Ingersoll is described by a Western paper as "the great, round, fat, oily man of Satan."

The Spanish gypsies assert that they know the dance which Herodias's daughter danced before Herod.

A camel can carry a ton, and twenty pounds of hair, worth $2.50 a pound, may be sheared from his body every year.

A man has been arrested in London for simply laying up something for a rainy day. In his room over 900 umbrellas were discovered.

A South Carolina man discovered that a chalk mark around a barrel of sugar is a sure cure for ants, and is now mad because the Patent Office refuses him a patent for it.

Plymouth Congregational Church, Worcester, Mass., refused the use of the church for the funeral of a prominent citizen who was to be buried by the Odd Fellows.

How easy is the thought, in certain moods, of the loveliest, most unselfish devotion. How hard is the doing of the thought in the face of a thousand unlovely difficulties.—*Mac Donald.*

A curious coincidence has been dug out of American history, showing that on Oct. 30, 1781, the Continental Congress elected the first Secretary of War, whose name was Benjamin Lincoln. In 1881, just a century later, the present Secretary of War, Robert T. Lincoln, was appointed.

Mr. Henry George, the distinguished author of "Progress and Poverty," has returned from Europe, and some two hundred of New York's best citizens gave a public dinner in his honor on Wednesday, April 30th, in the auditorium of the Cosmopolitan Theatre, corner of Broadway and Forty-first street.☐

Dr. Charles E. Clark, of Boston, while rummaging around in a junk shop in that city recently found some valuable Colonial documents worth their weight in gold. The papers were bought by Abbott Lawrence, and by him they have been given to the Boston Public Library.

"It is not many years," says the Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, "since I attended a Protestant Church fair where gambling in various forms, in defiance of the laws of the State, was carried on openly all over the house. An oil-painting of Jesus Christ was put up, with a label on its breast, 'A dollar a chance,' and I was importuned to buy a ticket."

Joseph Rawhs, aged sixty, of Hamilton, N. C., had an invalid wife to whom he was much attached. For years he had prayed that when she died he might die at the same instant. He was on a farm Tuesday when a messenger brought the news that his wife was dying. He hurried to her bedside and knelt as if to pray. The next instant he was dead.

The common sparrow, that was never a great favorite in Great Britain, is now looked upon as a pest in the United States, where the bird was lately welcomed, housed, fed and protected by law. It has been found that the sparrow does drive away birds, does play havoc with the flower garden and the vinery and orchard, and does not destroy grubs and worms, when better fare can be had.—*New York Times.*

Caleb Dickinson, a queer old man, who used to go through the streets of Hatfield, Mass., with his noddle surmounted by a woman's plush hat, decorated with a stuffed bird, knew a hawk from a handsaw after all. Such method was there in his madness that he left $100,000 to found a hospital for the indigent sick of Northampton, Hatfield and Whatley.

"If Fred Douglass had not married a white woman he would have been elected a delegate to Chicago by the recent Republican Convention in this city," said an intelligent Washington negro the other day. "White folks think the woman disgraced herself by marrying a negro, but the negroes are almost unanimous in thinking Douglass was the one who married an inferior."

Homeopathy seems to be steadily gaining ground. In New York an insane asylum has been conducted under homeopathic treatment for upward of fourteen years. The same practice is now extended to a second institution. Michigan is building an asylum to be conducted under similar treatment. It would thus seem that as the old and new systems of medicine are both demonstrated as having virtues, the bitter warfare should cease.

An old and skilled New York physician, when interviewed on the hot water craze, said: "It has long been used. It is an internal wash; nothing more or less. As such it is excellent. An old trainer of prize-fighters used to tell me about it before I had even heard of it elsewhere. He said he had cured everything from toothache to rheumatism with it. My lady patients often beg me to prescribe it for them, and I very often do so; sometimes because I think it likely to do good, and sometimes because I don't think it will do any harm."

"A dying man may be burned with a red-hot iron and not feel pain," Dr. Crawford said to a reporter for the *Mail* of Stockton, Cal. "Consciousness may remain to the dying almost to the dissolution, but generally they lose the power of thought long before actual death. In cases of death in which there seems to be suffering the writhing and spasms are due to reflex muscular action. Fear weakens the nervous system and consequently hastens death; and the reverse of fear may prolong life." The Doctor cited a medical report concerning a Methodist minister. He lay on the verge of death, cold and pulseless, and friends around his bed sang his favorite hymn. As they ceased, and while the physician stood timing the death, the minister's hands moved, and he whispered, "Glory!" Restoratives were administered, and an hour later the man had recovered. He lived many years after that. He said he understood every word spoken at his bedside. Under the nervous excitement and enthusiasm wrought by the hymn, he had exerted his muscular strength and lived.

"The Wealth That Endures."

There's a clink in the chime
Of dollars and dime,
A musical sound to the ear,
There's a magical hold
In the color of gold,
A mingling of awe and of fear;
But back of all this
Is an exquisite bliss,
A power that conquers it all,
'Tis the spirit's true health,
The inner life's wealth
That answer's humanity's call.

There's a charm and a grace
In a beauteous face
That conquers and governs the sense:
But more wonderful still
Is that masterful will,
Yielding to right its just recompense.
There's a glamour in fame,
In a wide-spreading name,
That feeds the ambition of earth;
But above trappings of state
Or pomp of the great,
Is the honest heart's absolute worth.

There's a spell in the years,
Unshadowed by fears,
And crowned with the pleasures of ease;
But more strength-giving yet
Are the saddened hours set
To the sorrows of pain's stern decrees.
There is infinite worth
In this grand human birth,
Though the days fleet on toward the change.
There's a voice in the soul
Commands the control
Of a future's measureless range.

—*Ella Dare.*

A Lucky Dream for Mother and Baby.

ATLANTA, GA., April 20.—Walter Phelps Stuart made his advent into the world under remarkable circumstances in a Pullman car on the Western and Atlantic Road during the terrible storm last week. On Tuesday night, when fifty or sixty miles north of Acworth, Ga., Dr. Walter, of Marietta, Ohio, who was a passenger on the car, had a vivid dream of wrapping a newly born infant in a sheet. His vision seemed to indicate that the mother was in the car. The dream made such an impression on him that he arose and asked the porter if any one on the train was sick. "Yes," replied the porter, "a lady is very seasick, and we have telegraphed ahead for a physician."

The doctor, having volunteered to attend her, gave his opinion of her condition, and she admitted that it might possibly be so. The result was that with her husband's consent he took the case in hand, and in half an hour the number of passengers was increased by one. It was not until daylight that the infant had other swaddling clothes than a sheet, and the first garment was a decidedly novel one. The only other female passenger aboard was a young lady who had never in her life made a baby's dress. The doctor said to her: "You must take hold now. If you will do the sewing I will show you how."

They found an old salt bag, cut off the bottom, ran some strings through the top to gather it at the neck, ripped the seam for a short distance on each side and sewed the seam for a short distance on each side and sewed in some tiny sleeves made of an old undershirt. The red brand on the front of the salt bag was its unique and only decoration.

The mother is the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman living in Florida, to whose home she was journeying from her own home in Cincinnati. The interesting event that took place was wholly unexpected and unprepared for. As the physician who had been telegraphed for failed to appear, the premonition of the fellow-passenger proved very opportune. The child was named Walter, after the doctor, and Phelps, after the young lady who made the salt bag dress.

Spiritualists Jubilant.

A Wealthy Lady's Spirit Directs a Medium to Where Her Stolen Bonds are Secreted.

AUGUSTA, Ga., April 23.—The Spiritualists of this city are agitated over the discovery through a medium of $15,000 of lost bonds and securities, the disappearance of which has for months been a mystery. Several months ago Mrs. Fannie Smith, leaving a fortune of $100,000, died. She had previously missed $15,000, but the matter was kept comparatively quiet. After her death William Painter, who had assumed the administratorship, published a list of the lost securities, describing them in detail. The Spiritualists interested themselves in the search, and a prominent medium here claimed to have secured a clue. In an alleged conversation with the spirit of the departed lady, it was learned that her death had been hastened by the loss of the money, but since her demise she had learned that the securities were secreted in a piece of old matting in a stock of dry goods. A search was instituted and the treasure was found, the securities corresponding exactly with those which had been advertised by the administrator.

A Minister Crazed by His Troubles.

WARSAW, N. Y., April 26.—The Rev. C. H. Harrison, of Belmont, Allegheny County, delivered a sermon against the doctrine of immediate sanctification. The Methodist Episcopal Conference of that district expelled him from his charge and deposed him from the ministry. He at once became a raving maniac, and was taken to the Buffalo Insane Asylum in a terribly excited condition. Although shackled and handcuffed it required six men to keep him in proper restraint on the cars. He was a powerful man, of unusual mental soundness before the decision of the conference was announced. Many friends have banded together and to-day commenced legal proceedings against the conference, backed by a guaranteed subscription of $10,000.

Rendered Insane by a Fraud.

ERIE, Pa., April 26.—Gainsworth Pettis, a mill-owner, of Lockport Township, was brought to the County Asylum to-day, his insanity arising from mystification over materialization tricks practiced by an alleged spirit-medium. Pettis was a great skeptic, but finally surrendered his sense and reason to the bogus medium and became convinced that he, too, possessed mediumistic power. Through the medium's jugglery, Elisha, Moses, Abraham and others were materialized at the dupe's command, Jones personating all the characters and even appearing as the Messiah. Believing the spirit of Nebuchadnezzar controlled him Pettis went into the fields to live with the beasts, and ate herbs and roots. The keepers had great difficulty in bringing him in. Dr. Lovett says Pettis is hopelessly insane.

Narrow Escape from a Terrible Death.

EMPORIA, Kas., April 26.—This afternoon when the friends of Miss Maggie Pierce, of this county, assembled to attend her funeral, tokens of life were discovered in the supposed corpse, and thus the young lady narrowly escaped the horrible fate of being buried alive.

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It is better in some respects to be admired by those with whom you live, than to be loved by them. And this not on account of any gratification of vanity, but because admiration is so much more tolerant than love.—*Arthur Helps.*

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Major H. W. Hines, Boston, writes: "*Samaritan Nervine* cured me of fits." $1.50, Druggist.

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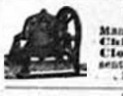

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Is Spiritualism True?

Abstract of an Anniversary Address by Mrs. E. L. Watson, under the Inspiration of Prof. Wm. Denton, in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal., Sunday, March 30th, 1884.

(Reported for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL by W. E. Coleman.)

Facts are the finger-prints of God, and one fact, if it be a fact, is worth more than all the speculations of the ages. A fact, though it be nothing more than a rain-drop which fell on the earth millions of years ago, lives on forever. One simple fact overthrows a multitude of theories. What are the facts concerning the occult forces manifesting themselves in the world the last quarter of a century, and what is the value of their testimony? Dr. Carpenter tells us that when asserted facts, so astounding as those of Spiritualism, are presented, we should follow our common sense and doubt our senses. If Dr. Carpenter's dictum was adopted as a standard of action, where would be our natural sciences to-day? Where would be astronomy and geology to-day, if upon them had not been brought to bear the evidence of our senses? It is only through our senses, that we can become acquainted with the operations of natural law, or form any idea of its multiform activities in the universe. Is it that because so few have witnessed the alleged spiritual phenomena, therefore, their evidence should be discredited? How many persons have ever seen a meteor fall to the ground, yet we believe the testimony of those few. Few have ever seen a murder committed, but we all believe murders do occur. If we did not rely upon the testimony of discoverers and inventors, how barren would be the realm of fact! We rely upon the testimony of others for the great majority of our facts, and we depend upon our senses, vision, hearing, etc., for the truth of those facts personal to ourselves.

In every age of the world we have evidence of the occurrence of phenomena that can be accounted for on no other hypothesis than action independent of a human brain. Unless we can take the testimony of the ancients and accept, to some extent at least, the reality of the phenomena attested by them, we must throw aside all the bibles, and fall into cold materialism. I do not go to the bibles of any people to confirm me in my knowledge of spiritual verities, but if, in my own experience, I encounter facts of an analogous character to those related of old, then can I believe that there may be a foundation of facts in the ancient scripture. I accept no authority except facts that can be demonstrated. Facts continually repeat themselves in the realm of nature and the realm of man's experience. I do not go to the bible for evidence of the truth of Spiritualism, but to my own experience; and if the facts are corroborated by the scriptures, *so much the better for the scriptures, and none the worse for the facts!*

Scientists admit that the hypothesis which can account for the greatest number of facts is probably nearest the truth. In the matter of these phenomena, it is clear that no hypothesis has been advanced, except the spiritual, that meets and covers the facts in the case. How can unintelligent electricity explain invisible intelligence? How can the idea that your own mind can operate through tables, lift pianos, unconsciously to yourself, explain the intelligence which has been manifested? How can unconscious cerebration explain the constant repetition of facts claiming to be spiritual, in seeming identity of our friends who have left the physical body? How can the unconscious cerebration of the medium give us the exact words of your dying father over a thousand miles away? How can electricity, magnetism, mind-reading, explain phenomena like these. What hypothesis so reasonable as that of the presence of the intelligence purporting to communicate? How can electricity take a clean slate, placed twenty feet away from the psychic, and in a few minutes produce upon it an intelligent sentence? How can any other law or force, aside from that of spiritual power, explain this phenomenon occurring separate from all human contact? How is it possible for the simple human will to produce an accurate form of a departed friend, reproducing even his idiosyncrasies? How can the will-power produce a visible, tangible form?

How can the non-spiritual theories explain how it is that a person with closed eyes can relate accurately what is happening in the street at a distance? Such facts, it is said, indicate the existence of extraordinary powers of the human mind acting in unknown channels unconsciously to itself; that they are the product of intelligence in the body. If it is proved that you can be conscious of things transpiring at a distance, does it not prove the existence of a spiritual body; that the power exists independent of the physical, material faculties? If you can hear without the material tympanum, or see without the use of the physical organs of vision, does it not indicate the existence of unseen, spiritual organs of sense? If, then, in this life, we can perceive independent of the optic nerve, and hear irrespective of the visible tympanum, can we not believe that after the outward eye and ear are dissolved by death, this transcendent power still exists? The facts of clairvoyance and psychometry establish an independent spiritual nature in man during physical life, and this fact gives rich promise of an independent spiritual existence for man after his material dissolution. It is not the physical eye and ear which sees and hears; in the last analysis of science, these organs, though requisite for vision and hearing, cannot be sensed in the more delicate links connecting them with the finer powers of the human mind as exemplified in seeing and hearing. For our sensations we are dependent on our nervous system; if, then, we can sense physical being through the medium of our physical nerves, can we not also, with the inner, spiritual nervous system, sense the higher realities of the spiritual realm?

We are told that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, and therefore the material and spiritual bodies cannot be co-existent. This is not scientifically true; for one gas is known to be the vacuum for another gas. See the power of magnetism; its potencies operate through intervening wood or marble, moving ponderable bodies. This influence eludes the test of the finest microscope. It is said that we cannot be conscious of two sensations at the same time, yet do we not both see and hear at the same time?

Some may doubt clairvoyance, doubt the movement of ponderable bodies, deny that hands have been controlled to write sentences never formulated in a physical brain and the mouth made to speak words never emanating from human brains; but as the witnesses thereto are millions, of what avail is human testimony if their evidences is rejected? We believe firmly in the immutability of nature; that these phenomena are as much the subject of natural law as are the strata of the earth's surface. Not all the witnesses to their truth are babes, ignoramuses, atheists, and so-called "infidels." We have the testimony of Apollonius, Plato, Socrates, Jesus, Paul, Peter, James and John. These latter are good Christian witnesses, and the Christians dare not destroy the foundation on which their religion rests by claiming that the spiritual phenomena in the New Testament were not recorded till nearly a hundred years after their supposed occurrence. They dare not impeach their own witnesses; for Spiritualism has converted more hard-headed materialists than were ever won over by Christianity. Materialists and atheists will not accept dead witnesses; they say, "Bring us live men and women, else we cannot believe. Let us see these things for ourselves." Professor Hare was confident of his ability to expose the fallacy of the spiritual phenomena in a few days or weeks, and he went to work just as was his wont in chemical researches; and after a thorough, rigid, scientific examination he was forced to admit the actuality of the phenomena, and to accept their spiritual origin, because no other hypothesis would cover the facts. What was the result of Judge Edmond's investigations? Mediumship developed in his own family, and himself developed as a clairvoyant, beholding spirits and spiritual scenes! His daughter was controlled to speak languages of which she knew nothing; and regardless of the odium, obloquy, and ostracism cast upon him, he boldly avowed at all times his spiritualistic faith. Ulrici, Zöllner, Wallace and Crookes all went to work to examine the phenomena, believing them to be at the best only the result of an occult force in nature; but they ended by acknowledging that no other hypothesis than the spiritual was competent to explain the facts. At the Church Congress a year or two ago, such men as Canon Wilberforce acknowledged the truth of spiritual phenomena, and asked, "How are we to utilize this most powerful weapon for reducing materialism to a minimum, and bringing the world to an abiding knowledge of immortality?"

I was known as a lover of nature and a scientist, but I became convinced that not only was man a spirit that lived after death, but that the living spirit could communicate with those on earth, through the operations of natural law. I also discovered that psychics could read the past history, through incalculable ages, of geologic specimens and other material substances,—that by touching a small portion of an Egyptian pyramid or a meteoric stone, one could explain its nature and its chemical ingredients. I also demonstrated that the invisible spirit could so far temporarily clothe itself in matter as to leave with us a mold of its hand or foot, retaining peculiarities by which it could be identified as pertaining to the departed. I have demonstrated that among all nations psychics are found; and as the microscope reveals new forms and the telescope (through which in Galileo's day you remember the theologians refused to look) opens up to us new vistas of grandeur, sublimity and beauty, so the sensitive psychic, through our spiritual spectra, reveals to us the prismatic hues of our very thoughts. The tongues of Pentecostal fire now enlighten the multitude, and in every country and with all people are the phenomena present.

What is the use of it all, you say. Ask God Almighty. I am not accountable for the facts of nature. As the theologians refused to look through Galileo's telescope at Jupiter's four moons, saying the moons if existent were of no use to the earth, so now they refuse to look through the spiritual telescope, claiming that we received all needful inspiration and revelation eighteen centuries ago. There is no such thing as a useless fact in nature. Jupiter's moons, if useless to this world, have uses adapted to other parts of the universe; and facts that seem of no use this year become useful next year. How "undignified" it is for spirits to rap, we are told. God bless you, *did they not rap before they died?* At the "undignified" antics of decapitated frogs all the world stood aghast, but from those antics the wonderful influences of the galvanic battery were determined. When Cyrus W. Field went to Europe, how they scorned him and shut the door in the face of the audacious American; and yet what glorious results has the Atlantic Telegraph secured. Was not Franklin's kite and door-key "undignified," yet who could then trace the marvelous discoveries in electricity since that time thereby outwrought, changing our whole life, as it were? and so it is with the undignified and so-called trifling phenomena of Spiritualism. Look at the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, how small and insignificant; but when handled by a Shakespeare or a Byron, they carve out a Hamlet or a Childe Harold. Nothing is insignificant in nature; there is nothing in nature that God does not need.

[The orator closed with an eloquent peroration on the value of the little or the supposed insignificant things in nature, the reproduction of which in print, except in its entirety, would only mar its power and beauty. Owing to the enchained attention of the reporter while listening to this strain of fervid eloquence, no adequate notes thereof were made; in fact, nothing but a verbatim report would afford any adequate conception of its effectiveness and brilliancy.]

Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.

Allusion was made in *The Chicago Times* of Sunday last, to a rumor that a place for Buddhistic worship had been established in Paris. *The Temps* confirms the rumor. It says that an English lady has bought a site for a Buddhistic temple, and has obtained a colossal bronze Buddha to put into it, and proposes to do whatever may be necessary to inaugurate that religion in Paris. It is said that in 1878 an Indian rajah secured from Mr. Bordoux, then minister of worship, permission to allow Buddhistic worship to the visitors at the great exposition, and gave them a statue from the art collection to use as Buddha.

That distinguished English esthete, Mgr. Capel, has been again getting himself into trouble. In a Philadelphia Roman Catholic church some days ago his sermon was made up largely of condolences to Queen Victoria on the death of her son Leopold and unctuous eulogy of that Prince's "virtues." The congregation was mostly Irish. Many of them left the church. Those who remained were indignant. The pastor freely expressed his opinion of the Monsignor's cheek. Capel, by the way, is barely tolerated now even in Roman Catholic ecclesiastical circles.

The will of Aaron Somers, an old Connecticut farmer who died last week in Bridgeport, states that his property shall go "to the worthy, poor, deserving, white American Protestant Democratic widows and orphans in Bridgeport until all is expended." His estate is valued at $10,000.

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Brooklyn, N. Y., Spiritual Fraternity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Among the more recent speakers who have appeared on the spiritual platforms in New York and Brooklyn, is Mr. Charles Dawbarn, of New York City. A man of brains, a thinker, a scholar and, I believe, something of a medium and a psychometrist, he brings strong and earnest words, that at once attract and enchain his audiences. He has spoken twice at our Fraternity meetings, his last lecture being on the evening of April 17th; his subject, "The Difficulties and Dangers of Spirit Communion." It was an argument against public and promiscuous circles. The speaker argued that all such circles attract vicious and evilly disposed spirits, who would, through the action of their psychological powers, obtain certain facts where direct and genuine spirit communications had been received from departed friends, and that many—nay, a large proportion of the so-called spirit communications did not emanate from our own loved ones, but were the product of this class of mischievous spirits, who were always present at public circles for the purpose of deceiving and misleading those who were desirous of obtaining words from their own loved ones. He said that the claim made by many mediums that they were controlled by Plato, Socrates, or any other ancient spirit, could not be proved, for we had no means of establishing their identity. He said he knew of a medium who was controlled by what claimed to be the spirit of Dr. Benjamin Rush; that he had known of two other mediums who claimed to be under the same control, and each of the three practiced a different system of medicine. He argued that none of them were controlled by the spirit claimed, but by one of the class which he felt it to be his solemn duty to warn all who heard him to avoid. He said we could not be too cautious in our effort to guard against this class of spirits, who comes with high-sounding names. He said it was not pleasant for a lecturer to show the dark side of spirit communion, but it was necessary to do so in order to impart a right understanding of the whole subject. His lecture made a marked impression on the audience, and remarks criticising it were made by Mr. Smith, Mr. Davis and W. C. Bowen.

On the evening of April 24th, Mr. John Jeffreys, formerly a lay preacher in the Methodist Church, gave us a lecture on the Christians' idea of the resurrection of Christ; their creed accepted the idea of a physical resurrection, which was contrary to the revealments of nature and science. He argued that Christ's appearance to his disciples was a spiritual one, and that it could be rationally accounted for by what we now know of materialization. He said that science had caused church members to make many changes in their creeds and manner of expounding Biblical matters, and that modern spiritual phenomena were explaining much in the old Biblical records, and he urged the audience to search the Scriptures for the truths that could be made more clear in the full light of the science of Spiritualism.

Mr. Albert Smith, the able and eloquent Swedenborgian scholar and writer, said that he believed that the speaker's idea of the resurrection of Christ was the correct one, and that modern Spiritualism would, through its revealments, make more clear, not only the writings of ancient seers and prophets, but also those of Emanuel Swedenborg. He said that the various opinions among Spiritualists, so widely different, seemed to be for a wise and beneficent purpose. Mr. Smith is a very fine speaker, of a deeply reverent and religious nature, and whenever he speaks at our meetings, he is listened to with great attention. We hope that the spirit will move him to come oftener to our meetings.

Bro. J. A. Wilson and Dr. I. M. Comings made short addresses. Mr. and Mrs. Lillie were with us this evening, and gave us some of their spiritual songs. While Mr. Jeffreys was speaking she saw a spirit of an elderly lady standing by his side, and described her so accurately that he recognized her as his mother. Mrs. Lillie gave the closing address, and all who had the pleasure of hearing her, with one accord said that it was one of the noblest and best short addresses which she had ever given in our city. Mr. Lillie closed our meeting with one of his beautiful songs. These faithful and efficient workers are to return here in June, and speak in the large hall of the Brooklyn Institute, for the Church of the New Dispensation, and in September are to speak, sing and work for our cause in Brooklyn for a year. God bless them both for their zeal, purity and blameless lives, is the wish and prayer of all of their Brooklyn friends.

T. De Witt Talmage, who rants and raves in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, announced in the daily papers that he would speak Sunday morning from the subject: "Is Modern Spiritualism a Revelation or Swindle?" 4,000 people were present. The writer never before in his life heard such a mass of lies and contradictions in one hour's tirade against the cause, as his sermon contained. It consisted of low buffoonery, unworthy the dignity of a hearing, even in the lowest concert hall; it was full of lies and misstatements, some of which I will mention. He asserted that all Spiritualists are long-haired, cadaverous persons, whose nervous organizations are shattered and destroyed; that the insane asylums are filled with people made insane by it, and that all Spiritualists are free-lovers, and ignored the marriage relations; and that one thousand women in Brooklyn had been led into immoralities through its teachings. All these statements he must have known to be absolutely false. He made the assertion that not one well authenticated communication had ever come from the Spirit-world. He said in conclusion that he hated Spiritualism, and wished that he could gather up all spirit raps that had ever been made, into one thundering rap of annihilation!

It had been announced in the daily papers, that Mrs. J. T. Lillie would review the sermon of Talmage in the Church of the New Dispensation, Sunday evening, which attracted a large audience. Hon. A. H. Dailey, in introducing the fair lecturer, said that Talmage, in his senseless and false tirade, had said that all Spiritualists are thin, cadaverous and broken down in their nervous organization; that he would introduce to them at least one healthy specimen, and as Mrs. Lillie came to the front of the platform an avalanche of applause greeted her. For an hour the reverend liar was excoriated, parboiled and flayed alive, so much so that if he had heard her and had any manhood left, he would have retired to some cave in the Arctic regions, and hated himself to death.

Mrs. Lillie read the same chapter that Talmage did, Acts 8th, and also his text, Deuteronomy 18:10, 11, 12, and said that he had announced that he believed the Bible, which she held in her hand, was the veritable word of God—every thing in it, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelation. She showed the records of the Bible proved that Talmage's God was one that could not be loved nor reverenced; that this very book was filled with spiritual phenomena, precisely like what is coming to the world to-day.

The shepherds were led to the manger where Jesus lay, by the stars of night. Christ's resurrection, on which the Christian Church bases its hopes of immortality, was in the night. Spirits came in darkness to open the doors of Peter's prison. If materialization requires a dim light for its fruition, Christ came to his disciples in a similar manner. In answer to the objection that spirits, who were able to materialize, could not more clearly define themselves, she said that even Christ's own disciples did not know him when he appeared among them as a materialized spirit. The charge that Spiritualists are immoral, and that they ignore the marriage relations, is a sweeping falsehood, that cannot be borne out by any facts, and she cited the case of David, who hankered after another man's wife, and sent him to the battle's front to be killed; and David was a man after Talmage's God's own heart.

Mrs. Lillie said that she had been brought up in the Church, and when her mother, in teaching her the Catechism, asked who was the wisest man, the answer was, "Solomon." As she had advanced in life, she had learned something of the history of this notorious character; he had besides his army of wives, 300 intimate lady friends. She pronounced Talmage's statement that the insane asylums are filled with people, made so by Spiritualism, as absolutely false. Any clergyman who is so blind that he will not see, and so deaf that he will not listen to the voices that have come from the Spirit-world, has no business to defame the character and intelligence of the millions who have borne witness to the truth.

The lecture abounded in sparkling scintillations of wit and biting sarcasm. Mrs. Lillie proved herself an excellent mimic, imitating the nasal twang and squeaking voice of Talmage. She closed with a grand peroration, recounting the blessings which had come to humanity by this new dispensation, and urgently appealing to Spiritualists to live its grand truths, and so be in full accord with the light and joy falling upon humanity from supernal realms. She was listened to with close attention, and was frequently applauded, and at the close she received quite an ovation. The lecture was one of the best ever given by Mrs. Lillie in Brooklyn, and will long be remembered by those who were present.

Dr. I. M. Comings will lecture for our Fraternity, May 22nd; subject: "Why I am a Spiritualist." Hon. A. H. Dailey, May 29th; subject: "Despise not the day of small things." June 5th, Albert Smith; subject: "Sidartha."

Brooklyn, N. Y. S. B. NICHOLS.

The Athenæum says that Prof. Sayce, just returned from Egypt, has brought with him copies of sixty Phœnician inscriptions, forty-four Cypriote inscriptions, thirty-four Carian (of which only thirteen are known), and a large number of Greek inscriptions, mostly of the seventh century B. C. The former add to the treasures fast accumulating by which the world's knowledge of Semitic life and history in ante-Christian times will be enriched.

The worshipers at a church in Solano, Col., went on Sunday night as usual to service, but found that the bats had taken possession of the house and were so thick and aggressive that the service was necessarily postponed. On Tuesday the deacons inaugurated a bat-hunt, and behind one of the window casings found and killed 241 of them.

The Sunday-school, as we know it, is little over 100 years old. Yet how it has grown! How mighty is the tree and how widespread are the branches! According to a recent and carefully prepared estimate, the number of children and teachers in the Christian Sunday-schools throughout the world is 15,000,000.

The London *Spectator* says: "Murder is a cause of death in England to 237 per 10,000,000, in Belgium to 240, in France to 265, in Scandinavia to 266, in Germany to 279, in Ireland (1879) to 294, in Austria to 310, in Russia to 323, in Italy to 504, in Spain to 533, in the United States to 820."

A parochial clergyman writes to the *Times* on the "Working Classes and Divorces." He says the cheapest divorce case costs £30 to £40, and urges that the cost should be reduced, so that respectable workingmen may enjoy the luxury of divorce.

Don't slander your next door neighbor. He may be in impoverished circumstances, and have few if any friends. Don't speak ill of any man until you are positive as to the exact amount he can lift and the nature of the person when aroused.

At the banquet recently given by the lord mayor of London to the venerable Lord Shaftsbury, clergymen of all sects were present, the archbishop of Canterbury responding to the toast, "The Clergy and Ministers of All Denominations."

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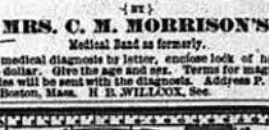

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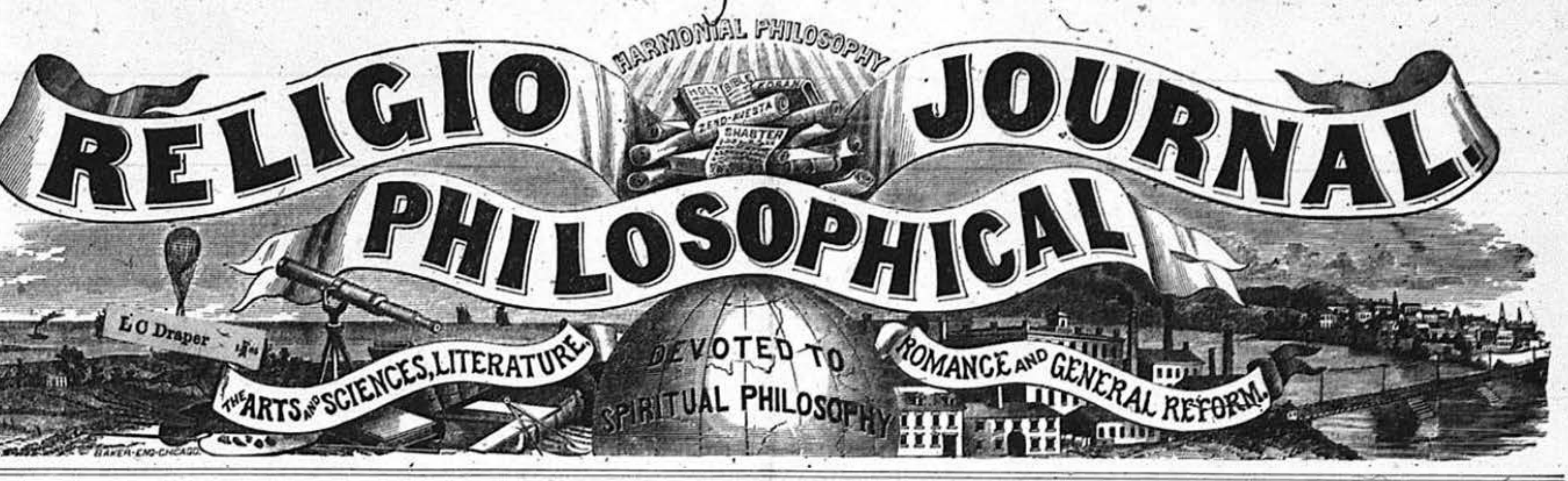

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XXXVI. CHICAGO, MAY 17, 1884. No. 12

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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A LAW OF PROGRESS.

A Sermon Delivered by Wm. I. Gill.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end.—*Isa.* 9: 7.

Progress is the primary law of the universe. All finite fixity, however admirable and impressive, is but a base from which to rise. Whoever says "enough" to aught that is good, reverses the great enactment written on the brow of reason and indelibly impressed on the heart of the world. Of the increase of his government there shall be no end. Let this be our theme, and to foster and stimulate hope and effort for a permanent and universal advancement, be our aim.

Mr. Spencer, the Briareus of evolution, physical, mental and moral, has a large volume with the title: "Illustrations of Progress." This writer's definition of progress is very striking, and has commanded universal interest. It is as follows: "Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations." I see some of you enjoy that well. Its perspicuity requires no comment, except that he here uses the word evolution for progress, on the ground that all evolution is progress. And he prefers the term evolution, because the term progress has become from long usage, identified with the telic notion of design and purposed object, of which he wants to be rid in the study of the universe, because it smacks of a personal Deity who has planned a goal or goals for the world and its several parts. He therefore prefers evolution, meaning by it continuous differentiation and definite coherent integration. Wherever these are there is real progress, without the obtrusion of any foreign element of design or comparison of relative ends, or means to ands. In other words, all variations or changes which multiply definite and fixed forms of existence are examples of progress. This is the modern anti-theistic definition of progress. It may be made to appear supported by facts, if they are well selected and marshaled, with a sagacious exclusion of other facts which carry a different import; and no living man has any ability for such action at all equal to Mr. Spencer.

It will be no waste of time to spend a moment in the exercise of our ingenuity on the other side. We would not, however, rush to the opposite extreme, and say that an increase of definite and fixed heterogeneity is never exemplified in a case of progress, but only that this is not universal, so that it does not define progress. It has often been a change for the worse instead of the better, while changes in the opposite direction have been at times eminently beneficial. One of the fixed and very definite and sadly coherent differentiations of India is caste, which is eminently injurious, and we are longing for progress there by its dissolution. Something approaching caste has for long periods operated against the progress of Europe, where the population has been divided and classified into princes, nobles, commons, peasants, serfs and slaves; and over all we have sometimes seen the papal priestly caste; and all these differentiations have been most definite and fixed and coherent in the darker ages. The United States is decidedly in the rear in these elements of progress, and, strange to say, she has fought hard and suffered much to be rid of some of them; and to avoid the differentiation into two nations. Not long ago there existed among us the unhappy differentiation of slavery, which the Nation with fearful effort destroyed; and the lack of homogeneity which still exists between North and South, and between blacks and whites is the source of some of our chief perplexity and trouble.

The growing homogeneity between different nations and between different sections of the same nation is universally recognized as a proof and element of progress, wherever the change has been the effect of freedom, and not of repressive force. The welding and fusion of the old Gallic tribes and Norse invaders and settlers into a comparatively homogeneous mass, has made the magnificent nation of modern France. A similar process has successively created England and Great Britain. It has recently given us the Prusso-German Empire for the old and loose confederation called the Empire of Germany. It has given us the Kingdom of Italy for the petty States which divided between them the Latin loot, which was often used very differentiatingly by the Pope of Rome. And just about a hundred years ago, it gave us the United States for the old Colonies. Never was the world so homogeneous as it is today. Far distant and once unknown nations are approximating and conforming to each other. Even languages and dialects are diminishing in number, and a few leading languages are supplanting the weaker and inferior. Tribes and races which will not conform to this law of growing homogeneity, are destined to perish and disappear. We therefore conclude with great assurance that all evolution is not progress.

What, then, is progress? Without pretending to be absolutely precise and exhaustive, we may say that it is any change that approves itself to our reason and our approved feelings. Progress cannot be described by any forms of changes, but only by the ends they subserve or accomplish. The telic conception cannot be excluded from it. We never think of progress except in this light. Cosmic progress, social progress, intellectual and moral progress are always determined by this principle,—a rational and beneficial result.

The simple fact that we are finite and God is infinite, calls for such endless progress. Finite nature admits of it, and only by it can the infinity of God be indicated.

Now, we inquire, what is the law of this progress? What is the method by which progress among men and in the spirit of man is secured? A right answer to this question is important for our guidance and encouragement in the battle of life, that we may know how to work wisely, wait patiently, and endure bravely. It may teach us how to "stand and wait" with "quietness and assurance" when we have "done all" that we find to do, to rest in faith, and when the work is yet undone, to rest in faith in the unseen process of achievement by the providence of God.

This law of progress consists in the conquest, use and assimilation of opposing forces. Without this, I believe, there is no progress for the spirit of man. Opposing forces are necessary, and it is necessary that they be conquered and appropriated for higher ends. If we yield to these forces we become their slave, and must blindly grind in their prison-house, and if we do not use them they will use us.

The material world seems to be constructed on this principle, or as symbolical of it. By the interaction of opposing forces all things in nature operate. The centripetal and centrifugal forces are necessary to each other; and the cosmic balance of worlds is due to their joint yet antagonistic action. The expansive and explosive action of ignited powder is rendered effective, dangerous and deadly only by compression. Liberated steam is powerless. Only when it is opposed, compressed, restricted very powerfully in a metal cylinder, can it be made to exert force and be utilized as a trained agent in the service of man. You are able to walk only because the earth resists the action of your feet; and that tells the reason why you cannot walk on the air, on the water, on the quicksand or the yielding bog. Striking with your foot the solid earth and meeting resistance, you are thence able to push yourself forward. Thus the boatman propels his boat either by pushing at the water or the land; and the swimmer conquers the resistance of the water by the greater resistance which it makes to the strokes of his hands and feet. "The light dove cleaves the air" by means of its resistance to the stroke of her wings. The wax must be soft to be easily impressed with the seal, but if too soft it cannot retain it, and a certain high power of resistance is necessary to such a respit. The resistance which the marble presents to the chisel and mallet of the sculptor is the necessary condition for the development and exhibition of his art and genius.

Passing from material to mental action, we find here the same law equally conspicuous. Thought makes progress chiefly by means of the counteraction of opposing thought. The free conflict of judgment and opinion and argument is the best educator of the race, especially in the higher region of intellectual action. We owe an incalculable debt to the heretics among the early Christians. They were the whetstone on which the orthodox intellect was sharpened to the keenest edge. They taught their opponents how to conquer, how to poise the lance and thrust it home. What were Athanasius without Arius and Pelagius?

Science and the philosophy which is thence originated, render more nobly in these days a similar service. How the Church is incited and necessitated to investigate, to think, to argue, to take broader and profounder views alike of God's providences and revelations; to put a better interpretation upon her symbolic standards or to state them afresh, and thus in general to rise to a higher intellectual plane, fit precursor of a higher form and power of the spiritual life.

Not only science proper, but science falsely so-called, the aberrations of scientific men, are scientifically trained and disciplined in the traces of divine providence equally to chasten and purify and exalt the Church. A battle even with windmills is better than cowardly and inglorious inaction; still more with active and powerful spirits of darkness under the guise of angels of light, whose true character is hence disclosed. The deistic controversy in England of the last century, and the rationalistic controversy then, and later in Germany, have left to the Church a larger breadth of learning, a deeper philosophic insight, and a more vital sympathy with various phases of truth and spiritual life. And sure as is the right of truth to reign, the so-called "higher criticism" of our own day shall, as the days pass and the issues of the contest appear, minister to a like result. The buried cities of the Orient shall ultimately surrender all their hoarded and concealed treasures to the service of him who is the Truth, and polished slab and cylinder, and plaster, and papyrus, and huge sculptured monsters, and the very Sphinx herself shall speak, and all with one voice in attestation of the living Truth and Church of God. A strong faith generates a brave heart, and the brave heart justifies and verifies its faith.

But as we are all journeying on toward a perfect world, the heavenly Jerusalem, where it is supposed no heretics or infidels or skeptics can ever come, either for their own pleasure or our benefit, who is to help us there? Is that a world of eternal mental stagnation, or will other laws of progress be developed? Not other laws, but other means and forms in the working of the same law which we have formulated, the conquest and use of opposing forces. If there cannot be the same forces to oppose, there may be others. Satan is expelled from heaven, but our own purer and more alert and upright intellect may then be able to do for us what it cannot do here in consequence of its imperfection and the general imperfection of our faith and character.

Intellectual conflict can never cease and the law of progress by conquest can never perish; but the battle may then be wholly within the breast of the holy ones. Ah! you say, they have had enough of that here, and this is often their hardest trial; and they look forward to the better world as "the rest" from this as well as from outward troubles. Very true. But what is it which is the source of unrest, of pain and agony in these inner conflicts on earth? It is an imperfect faith and with it an imperfect character. We are afraid, like Peter, at the rising waves, and our spirit begins to sink; and then it is that the struggle becomes dreadful. It is a struggle with Apollyon in the very valley of the shadow of spiritual death, where hobgoblins and satyrs of every hateful and horrid form and voice dance before us and chatter in our ears. If our faith were stronger, we should be less disturbed; and if perfect, we should fight like the archangel Michael, in perfect serenity and assurance, with every faculty marshaled into line and working with precision and undissipated energy. It is this lack of moral faith and spiritual vigor which makes us unwilling and unable to entertain suggestions which accord not with prepossessions for fear of consequences; and when they are forced upon us our weakness makes us tremble, until after a sad conflict, at last victorious, we eat honey out of the carcass of the slaughtered lion; or in plainer phrase, we have learned something from the enemy which we should have been much slower to learn but for his most unwelcome help; because of our want of the perfect poise and energy of an intelligent and inquisitive faith, in consequence of which we often avert our gaze from facts and turn our inquiries into wrong channels in obedience to a false working hypothesis.

Now let us indulge for a moment the happy supposition that we are in a perfect world, and ourselves as perfect; and then suppose that in studying God's creation anywhere we are confronted with facts which we cannot reconcile with accepted religious ideas or principles, should we be troubled, worried or irritated into anxious and distressing unrest? By no means. We should recognize the apparent conflict between the old notions and the new knowledge, and say that a reconciliation is to be found somewhere, and should proceed at once in the search for it, stimulated by the assured prospect of further discovery, just as men have gone delightedly into battle because of their perfect assurance of the righteousness of their cause and of its sure and speedy triumph. The celestial philosopher and saint will not predetermine precisely how his object is to be attained. While great principles must remain always undisturbed, he will have no special ism which he is resolved to maintain; but he will consider that possibly some subordinate ideas of his will have to be corrected, or without this, other discoveries may furnish the solution of the pondered problem. Just in proportion as we approximate this perfect subjective condition here, are we qualified to be leaders and guides of the people, and make our conflicts with error easy and successful.

It is our imperfection here which is the great source of our weakness, which creates confusion and strife and bitterness in our own ranks, and renders the aid of skeptical thought and labor so necessary and so painful; and the remarkable point of this Providence is that much of the skepticism is born of this, our imperfection, which by this method may find a cure.

Successful efforts to bring intellectual discords into harmony are a three-fold benefaction; first, in the exercise by which they are achieved; second, in the fresh light which they shed on great and central truth; and third, in the ever-accumulating faith they beget in these truths. On these grounds it is that all scientific and philosophical ideas are to be squarely encountered and fairly conquered and brought in captivity to the obedience of Christ. Each of us has also practical discords to harmonize, which daily test our faith, our moral and spiritual skill and nerve, so that none of us can complain of a want of a theater of strenuous moral action, where power may be exercised and developed, and its present enjoyment and future and eternal fruitage be determined. Here the battle is always to the strong and the race to the swift; and all have an equal chance to run the race and fight the good fight.

As the world now is, therefore, we have in every direction for our advancement the advantage of both these forms of opposition, from our inner selves, and from the world of external circumstances as well as of skeptical minds which delight to find difficulties of thought and fact which our pious souls unaided would never see. How very fortunate we are. What a mighty and eternal blessing is the unbelieving spirit of modern science preparing for the Church of God. March on, ye crowned leaders of unreligious thought, ye skilled students of a supposed Godless world! Gather and accumulate your scientific treasures as you go. The Church of the living God is their heir, and she will wrench them from your unwilling hands and lay them baptized and holy at the feet of her Master, with adoring joy.

As it is in the intellectual, so is it in what is called the moral and spiritual world. Trial, temptation in various difficulties arising from the action of opposing forces, are inevitable, not merely as a consequence of the alleged fall of man and the operation and influence of sin in the world. No moral and spiritual strength can ever be developed except from exertion in conquering some form of opposing force and utilizing it, and in the continuance in that consists all the nature of any power, finite or infinite. It was not so much to chastise or purge out his sin as to augment his spiritual power, that Abraham was so greatly tried; and "having faith to overcome," he lives an immortal encouragement to the "faith and patience of the saints." What would Job have been without his afflictions, including the suspicions and upbraidings of his mistaken friends? He would have been a case of "arrested development," obscured in the dead level of common men. Now he shoots up, columnar and granite-like, toward the sky, a monument of greatness which can never fall nor crumble. In these days you hear much of Martin Luther. But who does not see that it was his brave fightings within and without which made him great and cover his name with glory? There was first his long conflict, the hardest of his life, between his moral intelligence and the mummeries of Popery, as to the grounds of salvation and the source of spiritual peace. This conflict intensified his better conviction and quickened his perceptions; and all the papal opposition had subsequently the same effect. If ever his imagination is excited to see the devil in bodily shape, he assails him with a material weapon, slinging the inkstand at the advancing form. Such antagonism clears a man from all doubt as to which side he belongs. He is definite, fixed and firm, "strengthened, settled, established."

On the same principle God's providence is ever graciously working for us and with us, even when it seems to be against us, and by means of such events we may often make the most rapid ascent in the kingdom of God. A lady, a widow, who had an only and much loved son, lost him; and then she said the Lord designed that she should make the needy world her husband and son, and to them she zealously devoted her time, talents and wealth. Many of the finest poems of all languages have had their origin in some such experiences; and in such mood it was, after the loss of his wife, that Longfellow wrote his "Footsteps of the Angels:"

> "With a slow and noiseless footstep
> Comes that messenger divine,
> Takes the vacant chair beside me,
> Lays her gentle hand on mine;
> And she sits and gazes at me,
> With those deep and tender eyes,
> Like the stars so still and saint-like,
> Looking downward from the skies;
> Uttered not but comprehended
> Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
> Soft rebukes in blessings ended
> Breathing from her lips of prayer."

Hence works of fiction, which essay to describe the course of the human spirit through this life, tell the same story. It is somewhat appalling at times, to an observing mind, to note how true they are to life when they represent blunders, disappointments, disasters, utter failure as to all the main and most cherished objects in life, finally resulting in a spiritual enlightenment and elevation which would otherwise be to them unattainable in this world. I would fain be permitted to take an illustration of this from a very distinguished French writer, who was no purist, but who had a profound knowledge of the human spirit, and partially describes herself in the heroine of her own story. Corinne was gifted and brilliant and charming beyond any woman of her time. She loved, and her love was returned; but her affianced was unfaithful, and married another, was unhappy, conscious of a double wrong. Meanwhile the castaway saw that she had loved a false idol, unworthy of the adoration offered to him, while the One Being who was able and worthy to fill her heart had been but too slightly regarded, and she thence develops a spiritual grandeur as she sinks slowly to the grave; so that her personality sheds on him, filled with remorse, and his wife and child who come to her in her last days, the most effective and precious of spiritual benefactions; benefactions which otherwise could never have come from such a source nor found in him a receptive spirit, from whatever source they might shine and flow.

As the great law of our existence is progress, and progress by valorous conquest, since our advancement will be contested at every point, it follows that we should not seek chiefly rest or ease, or any mere passive pleasure in this world. The Hindoo (and all Buddhism) shows a weak and debased character. Whatever interpretation we give to his Nirvana, we see in it an ignoble craving after passivity and undisturbed mental inertia. It is the absurd and contemptible cry of mind and soul for virtual extinction, the suicide of energy, without the suicide's energy which draws the trigger or drives home the fatal blade to the heart. No wonder that everywhere Buddhists are a harmless but an underling people, and that in India they have invited first the tyranny of the Moslem and then the stronger dominion of the Saxon Christian. The true man solicits a task, not that when it is done he may lie down at rest, but that he may then be able to perform a larger task. It has been said that Socrates married the termagant Xanthippe to help himself to a completer victory over his own temper; and I heard of a good man who chose a wife with a similar object. In so doing they were philosophical; but I am not anxious that all the young men before me shall follow their example. Judging from our divorce courts there are not a few of both sexes who are unequal to such a task, and who imagine they will succeed better in the next effort. We should do with our might whatsoever our hand finds to do, and endure with fortitude all necessary evils; but we see no virtue in needless, voluntary self-torture.

But there is a moral principle exemplified in choosing work which is not naturally inviting, work which the selfish shun, but which is very needful to somebody's welfare. This is sometimes done, and in some degree quite common; but the degree is small and too much limited within certain conventional and rather selfish bounds. I heard of a Methodist minister who said, "Give me the hardest place you have"; but I afterward discovered that this was ironical, born of bitterness and disappointment. Compared with a minister, it is quite easy for laymen to connect themselves with humble churches and poor ones, which need the help of talent and money; but I do not find them usually much inclined to form such unions. They prefer a more elegant and fashionable connection, which may, perhaps, not cost them as much as a poorer church would. Those who are marked for zeal and holy sacrifice are too often those only or chiefly who have in the providence of God been painfully fitted for their work by the loss or embitterment of their chief natural pleasures. It is related of Sir Wm. Wallace, the great Scottish patriot, that he was quite indifferent to his country's call upon her sons till his domestic peace, pleasure and hopes were blasted forever. That does not detract from his great deeds; it only shows how hard it is for men to voluntarily forego much for the good of others, and steadily prosecute the highest moral ends we can conceive, by all the means at their command, and thus make difficulty itself a help, and a contrary wind speed us directly to our haven.

I begin to fear that some will imagine that I am only preaching self-denial instead of progress; but I am preaching a law of progress, you must remember; and that that involves certain forms and degrees of self-denial. It is the denial of all-tempting proclivity when reason or conscience or benevolence forbids its indulgence. It is also on the other hand the gratification of conscience at the expense of selfish proclivity. It is always the gratification of the higher self against the lower, and the training and disciplining of these till they become habituated to the dominion of the higher. We are not to make our tastes and inclinations our standard and judge, but to conform them by practice to a subordinate position, as the willing handmaids of the moral sense, which enjoins us to follow the highest at all cost, or in the use of all our power, and the suppression of all opposing force without or within ourselves. There are those who have no taste for goodness, for painstaking benevolence, and some have no taste for economy so as to live within their honest resources, while others have no taste for truth and knowledge, but only for a creed; but all alike are bound to cultivate a taste for these things, to conquer the enemy, and so train him that he shall be glad to recognize his master and do his bidding. The effort may have to be great and prolonged to secure the victory; but the end is worth the effort; and it is the only thing in all the universe which is worth any effort at all.

When the wife of a Musselman does not deport herself to his taste, he discharges her and fills the vacancy, or leaves the chair as a standing warning to the others. The discarded wife, however, is out of a job, unless she can get so far away that there is no danger of being recognized. At best her chances of heaven are slim, and she often takes up with a Christian or infidel.

OLD LADY MARY.

A story of the Seen and the Unseen.

[Blackwood's Magazine.]

[CONCLUDED.]

X.

On the other side, however, visions which had nothing sacred in them began to be heard of, and Connie's ghost, as it was called in the house, had various vulgar effects. A housemaid became hysterical, and announced that she too had seen the lady, of whom she gave a description, exaggerated from Connie's, which all the household were ready to swear she had never heard. The lady, whom Connie had only seen passing, went to Betsy's room in the middle of the night, and told her, in a hollow and terrible voice, that she could not rest, opening a series of communications by which it was evident all the secrets of the unseen world would soon be disclosed. And following upon this, there came a sort of panic in the house—noises were heard in various places, sounds of footsteps pacing, and of a long robe sweeping about the passages; and Lady Mary's costume, and the head-dress which was so peculiar, which all her friends had recognized in Connie's description, grew into something portentous under the heavier hand of the foot-boy and the kitchen-maid. Mrs. Prentiss, who had remained as a special favor to the new people, was deeply indignant and outraged by this treatment of her mistress. She appealed to Mary with mingled anger and tears.

"I would have sent the hussy away at an hour's notice, if I had the power in my hands," she cried; "but, Miss Mary, it is easily seen who is a real lady and who is not. Mrs. Turner interferes herself in everything, though she likes it to be supposed that she has a housekeeper."

"Dear Prentiss, you must not say Mrs. Turner is not a lady. She has far more delicacy of feeling than many ladies," cried Mary.

"Yes Miss Mary, dear, I allow that she is very nice to you; but who could help that? and to hear my lady's name—that might have her faults, but who was far above anything of the sort—in every mouth, and her costoome, that they don't know how to describe, and to think that *she* would go and talk to the like of Betsy Barnes about what is on her mind! I think sometimes I shall break my heart, or else throw up my place, Miss Mary," Prentiss said, with tears.

"Oh, don't do that; oh, don't leave me, Prentiss!" Mary said, with an involuntary cry of dismay.

"Not if you mind, not if you mind, dear," the housekeeper cried. And then she drew close to the young lady with an anxious look. "You haven't seen anything?" she said. "That would be only natural, Miss Mary. I could well understand she couldn't rest in her grave—if she came and told it all to you."

"Prentiss, be silent," cried Mary; "that ends everything between you and me if you say such a word. There has been too much said already—oh, far too much! as if I only loved her for what she was to leave me."

"I did not mean that, dear," said Prentiss; "but—"

"There is no but; and everything she did was right," the girl cried with vehemence. She shed hot and bitter tears over this wrong which all her friends did to Lady Mary's memory. "I am *glad* it was so," she said to herself when she was alone, with youthful extravagance. "I am glad it was so; for now no one can think that I loved her for anything but herself."

The household, however, was agitated by all these rumors and inventions. Alice, Connie's elder sister, declined to sleep any longer in that which began to be called the haunted room. She, too, began to think she saw something, she could not tell what, gliding out of the room as it began to get dark, and to hear sighs and moans in the corridors. The servants, who all wanted to leave, and the villagers, who avoided the grounds after nightfall, spread the rumor far and near that the house was haunted.

XI.

In the mean time Connie herself was silent, and said no more of the Lady. Her attachment to Mary grew into one of those visionary passions which little girls so often form for young women. She followed her so-called governess wherever she went, hanging upon her arm when she could, holding her dress when no other hold was possible—following her everywhere, like her shadow. The vicarage, jealous and annoyed at first, and all the neighbors indignant, too, to see Mary metamorphosed into a dependent of the city family, held out as long as possible against the good-nature of Mrs. Turner, and were revolted by the spectacle of this child claiming poor Mary's attention wherever she moved. But by and by all these strong sentiments softened, as was natural. The only real drawback was, that amid all these agitations Mary lost her bloom. She began to droop and grow pale under the observation of the watchful doctor, who had never been otherwise than dissatisfied with the new position of affairs, and betook himself to Mrs. Bowyer for sympathy and information. "Did you ever see a girl so fallen off?" he said. "Fallen off, doctor! I think she is prettier and prettier every day." "Oh," the poor man cried, with a strong breathing of impatience, "you ladies think of nothing but prettiness! was I talking of prettiness? She must have lost a stone since she went back there. It is all very well to laugh," the doctor added, growing red with suppressed anger, "but I can tell you that is the true test. That little Connie Turner is as well as possible; she has handed over her nerves to Mary Vivian. I wonder now if she ever talks to you on that subject."

"Who? little Connie?"

"Of course I mean Miss Vivian, Mrs. Bowyer. Don't you know the village is all in a tremble about the ghost at the Great House?"

"Oh, yes, I know; and it is very strange. I can't help thinking, doctor—"

"We had better not discuss that subject. Of course I don't put a moment's faith in any such nonsense. But girls are full of fancies. I want you to find out for me whether she has begun to think she sees anything. She looks like it; and if something isn't done she will soon do so, if not now."

"Then you do think there is something to see," said Mrs. Bowyer, clasping her hands; "that has always been my opinion; what so natural—?"

"As that Lady Mary, the greatest old aristocrat in the world, should come and make private revelations to Betsy Barnes, the under housemaid—?" said the doctor, with a sardonic grin.

"I don't mean that, doctor; but if she could not rest in her grave, poor old lady—"

"You think then, my dear," said the vicar, "that Lady Mary, our old friend, who was as young in her mind as any of us, lies body and soul in that old dark hole of a vault?"

"How you talk, Francis! what can a woman say between you horrid men? I say if she couldn't rest—wherever she is—because of leaving Mary destitute, it would be only natural—and I should think the more of her for it," Mrs. Bowyer cried.

The vicar had a gentle professional laugh over the confusion of his wife's mind. But the doctor took the matter more seriously. "Lady Mary is safely buried and done with. I am not thinking of her," he said; "but I am thinking of Mary Vivian's senses, which will not stand this much longer. Try and find out from her if she sees anything; if she has come to that, whatever she says we must have her out of there."

But Mrs. Bowyer had nothing to report when this conclave of friends met again. Mary would not allow that she had seen anything. She grew paler every day, her eyes grew larger, but she made no confession. And Connie bloomed and grew, and met no more old ladies upon the stairs.

XII.

The days passed on, and no new event occurred in this little history. It came to be summer—balmy and green—and everything around the old house was delightful, and its beautiful rooms became more pleasant than ever in the long days and soft, brief nights. Fears of the Earl's return and of the possible end of the Turner's tenancy began to disturb the household, but no one so much as Mary, who felt herself to cling as she had never done before to the old house. She had never got over the impression that a secret presence, revealed to no one else, was continually near her, though she saw no one. And her health was greatly affected by this visionary double life.

This was the state of affairs on a certain soft, wet day when the family were all within doors. Connie had exhausted all her means of amusement in the morning. When the afternoon came, with its long, dull, uneventful hours, she had nothing better to do than to fling herself upon Miss Vivian, upon whom she had a special claim. She came to Mary's room, disturbing the strange quietude of that place, and amused herself by looking over the trinkets and ornaments that were to be found there, all of which were associated by Mary with her godmother. Connie tried on the bracelets and brooches which Mary in her deep mourning had not worn, and asked a hundred questions. The answer which had to be so often repeated, "That was given to me by my godmother," at last called forth the child's remark, "How fond your godmother must have been of you, Miss Vivian! she seems to have given you everything—"

"Everything!" cried Mary, with a full heart.

"And yet they all say she was not kind enough," said little Connie—"what do they mean by that? for you seem to love her very much still, though she is dead. Can one go on loving people when they are dead?"

"Oh, yes, and better than ever," said Mary; "for often you do not know how you loved them, or what they were to you, till they are gone away."

Connie gave her governess a hug and said, "Why did not she leave you all her money, Miss Vivian? everybody says she was wicked and unkind to die without—"

"My dear," cried Mary, "do not repeat what ignorant people say, because it is not true."

"But mamma said it, Miss Vivian."

"She does not know, Connie—you must not say it. I will tell your mamma she must not say it; for nobody can know so well as I do—and it is not true—"

"But they say," cried Connie, "that that is why she can't rest in her grave. You must have heard. Poor old lady, they say she cannot rest in her grave, because—"

Mary seized the child in her arms with a pressure that hurt Connie. "You must not! you must not!" she cried, with a sort of panic. Was she afraid that some one might hear? She gave Connie a hurried kiss, and turned her face away, looking out into the vacant room. "It is not true! it is not true!" she cried with a great excitement and horror, as if to stay a wound. "She was always good, and like an angel to me. She is with the angels. She is with God. She cannot be disturbed by anything—anything! Oh, let us never say, or think, or imagine—!" Mary cried. Her cheeks burned, her eyes were full of tears. It seemed to her that something of wonder and anguish and dismay was in the room round her—as if some one unseen had heard a bitter reproach, an accusation undeserved, which must wound to the very heart.

Connie struggled a little in that too, tight hold. "Are you frightened, Miss Vivian? what are you frightened for? No one can hear; and if you mind it so much, I will never say it again."

"You must never, never say it again. There is nothing I mind so much," Mary said.

"Oh!" said Connie, with mild surprise. Then as Mary's hold relaxed, she put her arms round her beloved companion's neck. "I will tell them all you don't like it. I will tell them they must not— Oh!" cried Connie again, in a quick, astonished voice. She clutched Mary round the neck, returning the violence of the grasp which had hurt her, and with her other hand pointed to the door. "The lady! the lady! Oh, come and see where she is going!" Connie cried.

Mary felt as if the child in her vehemence lifted her from her seat. She had no sense that her own limbs or her own will carried her in the impetuous rush with which Connie flew. The blood mounted to her head. She felt a heat and throbbing as if her spine were on fire. Connie, holding by her skirts, pushing her on, went along the corridor to the other door, now deserted, of Lady Mary's room. "There, there! don't you see her? She is going in," the child cried, and rushed on, clinging to Mary, dragging her on, her light hair streaming, her little white dress waving.

Lady Mary's room was unoccupied and cold—cold, though it was summer, with the chill that rests in uninhabited apartments. The blinds were drawn down over the windows; a sort of blank whiteness, grayness, was in the place, which no one ever entered. The child rushed on with eager gestures, crying, "Look! look!" turning her lively head from side to side. Mary, in a still and passive expectation, seeing nothing, looking mechanically where Connie told her to look, moving like a creature in a dream, against her will, followed. There was nothing to be seen. The blank, the vacancy went to her heart. She no longer thought of Connie or her vision. She felt the emptiness with a desolation such as she had never felt before. She loosed her arm with something like impatience from the child's close clasp. For months she had not entered the room which was associated with so much of her life. Connie and her cries and warnings passed from her mind like the stir of a bird or a fly. Mary felt herself alone with her dead, alone with her life, with all that had been and that never could be again. Slowly, without knowing what she did, she sank upon her knees. She raised her face in the blank of desolation about her to the unseen heaven. Unseen! unseen! whatever we may do. God above us, and those who have gone from us, and He who has taken them, who has redeemed them, who is ours and theirs, our only hope; but all unseen, unseen, concealed as much by the blue skies as by the dull blank of that roof. Her heart ached and cried into the unknown. "O God," she cried. "I do not know where she is, but Thou art everywhere. O God, let her know that I have never blamed her, never wished it otherwise, never ceased to love her, and thank her, and bless her. God! God!" cried Mary, with a great and urgent cry, as if it were a man's name. She knelt there for a moment before her senses failed her, her eyes shining as if they would burst from their sockets, her lips dropping apart, her countenance like marble—.

XIII.

"And *she* was standing there all the time," said Connie, crying and telling her little tale after Mary had been carried away—"standing with her hand upon that cabinet, looking and looking, oh, as if she wanted to say something and couldn't. Why couldn't she, mamma? Oh, Mr. Bowyer, why couldn't she, if she wanted to so much? Why wouldn't God let her speak?"

XIV.

Mary had a long illness, and hovered on the verge of death. She said a great deal in her wanderings about some one who had looked at her. "For a moment, a moment," she would cry; "only a moment! and I had so much to say." But as she got better nothing was said to her about this face she had seen. And perhaps it was only the suggestion of some feverish dream. She was taken away, and was a long time getting up her strength; and in the mean time the Turners insisted that the drains should be thoroughly seen to, which were not at all in a perfect state. And the Earl coming to see the place, took a fancy to it, and determined to keep it in his own hands. He was a friendly person, and his ideas of decoration were quite different from those of his grandmother. He gave away a great deal of her old furniture, and sold the rest.

Among the articles given away was the Italian cabinet which the vicar had always had a fancy for; and naturally it had not been in the vicarage a day before the boys insisted on finding out the way of opening the secret drawer. And there the paper was found in the most natural way, without any trouble or mystery at all.

XV.

They all gathered to see the wanderer coming back. She was not as she had been when she went away. Her face, which had been so easy, was worn with trouble; her eyes were deep with things unspeakable. Pity and knowledge were in the lines which time had not made. It was a great event in that place to see one come back who did not come by the common way. She was received by the great officer who had given her permission to go, and her companions who had received her at the first call came forward, wondering, to hear what she had to say; because it only occurs to those wanderers who have gone back to earth of their own will to return when they have accomplished what they wished, or it is judged above that there is nothing possible more. Accordingly the question was on all their lips, "You have set the wrong right—you have done what you desired?"

"Oh," she said, stretching out her hands, "how well one is in one's own place! How blessed to be at home! I have seen the trouble and sorrow in the earth till my heart is sore, and sometimes I have been near to die."

"But that is impossible," said the man who had loved her.

"If it had not been impossible, I should have died," she said. "I have stood among people who loved me, and they have not seen me nor known me, nor heard my cry. I have been outcast from all life, for I belonged to none. I have longed for you all, and my heart has failed me. Oh, how lonely it is in the world when you are a wanderer, and can be known of none—"

"You were warned," said he who was in authority, "that it was more bitter than death."

"What is death?" she said. And no one made any reply. Neither did any one venture to ask her again whether she had been successful in her mission. But at last, when the warmth of her appointed home had melted the ice about her heart, she smiled once more and spoke.

"The little children knew me; they were not afraid of me; they held out their arms. And God's dear and innocent creatures—" She wept a few tears, which were sweet after the ice-tears she had shed upon the earth. And then some one, more bold than the rest, asked again, "And did you accomplish what you wished?"

She had come to herself by this time, and the dark lines were melting from her face. "I am forgiven," she said, with a low cry of happiness. "She whom I wronged loves me and blessed me; and we saw each other face to face. I know nothing more."

"There is no more," said all together. For everything is included in pardon and love.—

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HEALING.

Least obtrusive of all the phenomena attending this Spiritual Dispensation, there is none more beneficial to the world, none which appeals more directly to the heart of the people, than the wonderful power of healing by laying on of hands. Of course the doctors who have studied intently the action of drugs, the druggists and patent-medicine vendors, laugh at this mode of cure, declaring the results unquestionably produced to be all due to faith and imagination;—just as they argued about homeopathic remedies. But homeopathy has won its way to wide success. Homeopathy is making rapid inroads upon Allopathy; and Healing by simple laying on of hands is rapidly displacing both.

It seems wonderful that men and women who know nothing of anatomy, nothing of any theory of magnetism, or nerve force, who are not even in possession of a fair English education, sometimes, should so speedily relieve pain, disperse obstinate tumors, even cure bad cases of cancer, with no medicine but that hidden in their own frames, no apparatus but their hands. That they do this is beyond all question, if human testimony is trustworthy. Imagination and faith may sometimes help, but does the infant lying in unconscious stupor, imagine, or believe anything, when the healing hands are laid upon it? Yet the stupor passes away, and the sick child is cured. Spiritualists have become so accustomed to unusual things, that it is hard to conceive of anything that could astonish them now. That such a power should be among us seems one of the "common mercies," and is little noted. But those who have had no experience in facts of this kind, do get astonished, often, at cures that seemed impossible, in their own homes, where they know all the circumstances. Hence healers do far more to bring accessions to the Spiritualist ranks than is usually suspected. "I don't know anything about your Spiritualism, but I want you to use that power you have," say they at first; but, when healed, they are apt to consider how and why. Not long since the child of a Roman Catholic lady was cured of a dangerous disease by a healer, and the mother was severely rebuked by the priest for allowing it. "I don't care," said she to a friend, "I got help there when I could not get it anywhere else, and if need comes, I am going again, church or no church."

Much speculation has been made as to the nature and source of the power of healers. It is partly their own, depending upon what is called their magnetic relation to their patients, and largely the power of spirits acting through them. Because of the first, every healer finds those he cannot heal. Because of this also, physical strength is often unnecessary, and a weak, delicate woman can affect and cure one in full vigor of manhood. Impressing their magnetism as they do upon passive patients, the healer more than any one else, must see to it that no impure influence is given forth. That can poison the body and incline the soul to evil, if they are impure in life or thought. No healer of impure life should ever be admitted in a family.

But the chief cause of the healers' power is from spirits who impress or otherwise direct them. Not one healer in a hundred can tell why the special manipulations adopted in any particular case are used. They are trying to restore health, how they are to do it they are generally entirely ignorant. Not only do spirits teach them what to do; they intensify the power the medium already had, so that the cure is really the result of spirit-power. Some healers, in addition give medicines. Some write prescriptions they do not themselves understand, written in Latin, of which language they are entirely ignorant. Some are clairvoyant, others are not. All are mediums, but not at all times; and, as with all classes of mediums, they are most effective when least self-conscious, when led most completely by their spirit guides.

Account of an Extraordinary Seance with Mrs. H. V. Ross.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

There is no phase of mediumship concerning which there is so much controversy, such a diversity of opinion, and where fraud is so easily practiced, so difficult of detection, and where its perpetrators escape with such impunity, as in that phase known as "full-form materialization." The above was suggested by a materializing séance recently given by Mrs. H. V. Ross of Providence, who was lately the victim of a slanderous, and, as I believe, after careful inquiry and observation, malicious attack upon her personal character and mediumship, by a Providence newspaper. Without further comment on the materialization controversy, or the attack upon her, will you allow me, through your valuable columns, to give a brief account of her séance? It was held at the house of a friend of mine in this city, as a complimentary benefit to Mrs. R., and I was one of twenty-eight invited guests, composed mostly of business men and their wives. The front parlor was used as a séance room, and a small room adjoining it, with a door opening into the hall-way and another into the parlor or séance room, was used as a cabinet.

Now, though this was in no sense intended as a test séance, yet it was given under test conditions; and one of the first and most important of these, on all occasions where more than one form appears at a time, is to preclude the possibility of confederates, and this was effectually accomplished by two skeptics, one of whom is connected with a city paper. After the cabinet had been carefully examined by several ladies and gentlemen, and the door, leading into the hall, closed and locked, and the key pocketed by one of the guests, these two gents sealed the door, and placed their private marks upon the seal. At the close of the séance they immediately examined the seal in my presence, and declared that it had not been touched.

Preparations being completed, the lights were lowered, and the séance commenced, the medium having seated herself upon the sofa in the back part of the cabinet. Hardly had we sung a verse, when a female form, dressed in pure white, parted the curtain (pieces of black muslin hung before the door leading into the cabinet) and stepped into the room, and was recognized by one of the party as her sister.

This was the prelude to a series of forms, old and young, male and female, tall and short, which, for more than two hours, succeeded each other in such numbers that the aggregate of time occupied by their presence exceeded that of their absence, and I think (though of this I am not quite sure) all were recognized. On six or eight different occasions, two or more forms were before the curtain at the same time. If confederates were precluded (and I aver that they were), then there was not only no fraud, no transfiguration, no "disfiguration" of the medium, but genuine "full-form materializations"—Mrs. Ross not being able to psychologize twenty-eight ladies and gentlemen, and make them think they saw two persons when there was but one, and that one Mrs. Ross, first, last and all the time, playing the role of father, mother, brother, sister and friend, successively for two mortal hours.

At one time, twin sisters, petite in stature, (Mrs. Ross is a large, fleshy lady) and clad in white, stepped out of the cabinet, and advanced, arm in arm, some eight feet, to their father who, recognizing them at once, stepped between them, and having introduced them to the audience, with each an arm in his, he accompanied them to the cabinet. This was the most beautiful sight of the evening. On four or five different occasions, while one or more forms were in front of the curtain, but not readily recognized, the control, through the medium, would announce their names thus: "He says his name is—" This happened in my case. A gentleman of more than medium height appeared and stood between the parted curtains, but no one recognized him. Some one said: "How long he stays." Another said: "He seems determined to be recognized," etc. Finally, the gentleman who was conducting the séance said: "I think he wants to see you, Dr. Moore. He seems to point toward you." I was standing upon the side of the room, behind several seated persons, some distance away. On approaching, I at once recognized an old, familiar friend, but could not readily speak his name. Instantly the control said: "He says his name is Dr. Mellen, Mel, Miller or some such name." The name "Miller" being spoken, I immediately saw, in the person before me, Dr. Miller, an old school-mate of mine, and for more than twenty years a member of the most prominent M. E. Church in Springfield, Mass., and for the last fifteen or twenty years the leader of the singing in the S. S., and much of the time a member of the choir. He passed to spirit-life some time in March last. I had not seen him for a year or two, hence could not readily recall his name. The hand-shaking between us was most cordial, and he seemed unwilling to return to the cabinet. Further particulars in regard to the coming of Mr. Miller to me would be very interesting, had you the space and I the time to give them. Suffice it to say that the announcement of the names of persons standing in front of the cabinet by the medium within it (confederates absent precluded the possibility of fraud.

Later in the evening, Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, who, you will remember, fell dead in his pulpit while at prayer on last Christmas day, in East Boston, stepped out of the cabinet, and was immediately recognized by Mr. J. C. Morse, a well-known resident of this city Mr. Cudworth was chaplain of the eleventh Mass. regiment, during the "late unpleasantness," and acted as its post-master. Mr. Morse belonged to, and was for some time acting post-master of the first Mass. regiment, and the two regiments belonged to the same brigade, and by the frequent interchange of miscarried letters, Rev. C. and Mr. M. became acquainted, and the acquaintance ripened into close friendship. Hence the appearance of Rev. Mr. Cudworth in this séance. They conversed in whisper some time. "Did he look natural, Mr. Morse?" I asked. "As natural as when in earth form," was his reply. Near the close of the séance, Epes Sargent came from the cabinet. Why did he materialize at this séance? If for no other reason, because Mrs. F. A. Dodd was present—a well-known magnetic healer of our city, who, for several weeks before Mr. S. passed over, treated him daily, to relieve him of a severe pain caused by an affection of the tongue, which prevented him from articulating distinctly. When he came out the conductor of the séance said: "Here is a gentleman who is unable to speak." Mr. S. pointed over to Mrs. Dodd, and as she approached, recognizing him, she said: "No wonder you could not speak." She said that in his effort to speak to her he made the same sounds as when in the form and nearing the "other shore."

Though I have omitted many facts that are most interesting, connected with this séance, since, "brevity is the soul of wit," I will stop.

Frauds, to the rear! but let us hold up the hands of the advance guard, our true mediums (even as were upheld the hands of Joshua) in the great battle of truth against error, of knowledge against ignorance and of the religion of humanity against that of selfish superstition. J. D. Moore.

Boston, May 3rd, 1884.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Materialization no Proof of Identity.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

I am a believer in materialization simply because I have had evidence that was satisfactory to me, and under conditions that I deemed fraud-proof. By materialization I mean the genuine appearance which, born of spirit power, gives a brief individualized form to atoms collected from medium, sitters and atmosphere, and with no real kinship to the fraudulent transfiguration palmed off at advertised circles as genuine materialization. But though I believe in the possibility and reality of such temporary manifestation of spirit-life and power, I can find no proof that it is my spirit friend who stands before me; on the contrary, my reason assures me that that would be an impossibility, notwithstanding that such is the cardinal belief of many experienced investigators.

The usual explanation of this phenomenon, given by platform orators and spirit controls, is that our visitor from the Summer-land takes on a coating of mundane matter, and thus electroplated with mortality, is exhibited, the real individualized spirit becoming manifest to mortal eye. But this theory will not bear thoughtful examination. Here is my friend, the brave old soldier, whose manly soul peeped out through a maimed and mutilated body, during all the years of our acquaintance and mutual friendship. After many an attempt I am at last privileged to see my old friend, natural as in earth life, with left sleeve hanging armless; a finger gone from his right hand, and with crutch to support the footless limb. The meeting seems a mutual pleasure, and for the hour, become a worshiper of such phenomenon.

But I begin to think and reflect. Does the crippled mortal carry a crippled spirit to all eternity? Spiritualism has always proclaimed that imperfections of earth-form cast no shadow on the arisen spirit. If that be so, the manhood of that old soldier is gloriously perfect in the Summer-land. But if we accept that as a law of nature, it follows that the form which just now at the séance thrilled me with the joy of a resurrected friendship, was not really the spirit of my friend made visible by some wondrous celestial chemistry. For that form was alive with every imperfection of the past; therefore, logically, I claim it was not actually my soldier friend. But if not actually my friend, what was it that I greeted with my whole soul at that séance? Was it not a figure, a statue formed by wondrous spirit power out of earth atoms; a resemblance, even in every defect, to the brave old warrior?

Since it could not be my arisen, glorified, perfectly formed spirit brother, then it must have been such a statue as I suggest; yet it was more than a statue molded by the hand of mortal artist; for here stands a wondrous instrument that can be played upon by spirit power, even to a brief manifestation of affection of the soul. It can bow, and whisper and kiss; but, I soon notice, it lacks mental power to grasp a new idea or utter a useful thought. It stands a spirit marionette, moved at the will of an invisible operator.

But we see that my emotion was, after all, being played upon by that unseen intelligence, exactly as statue and painting are used by priestcraft in earth life to win loving worship from the devotee. I was in reality much further from true intellectual contact with my spirit friend, than I would be through a first-class unconscious trance medium.

It seems to me that this fact should arouse attention to the real purport and result of this class of phenomena. The miscellaneous inharmonious public séance is necessarily the favorite hunting ground of the fraud-loving threshold spirit. He hears all that is said; he sees all that is done. We see at once that, though in the beginning our spirit friend may have sat for his portrait, and may have successfully willed it to that measure of intelligence, that same form could be reconstructed at the future séance just as well without his presence or knowledge. Consequently the genuine figure of to-day becomes the fraudulent figure of to-morrow; and these be-puffed and be-praised séances are in reality only spirit-variety shows with performers, far shrewder than mortals, to run the entertainment for the profit of the medium and their own fun.

New York.

A Vermont man has lost a goose that is said to be 100 years old.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

FOR NERVOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, &c.

Send to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I., for pamphlet. Mailed free.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

(METUCHEN, N. J.)

HONEST DUTY.

The fates that sow select the plough
 That cuts the cleanest furrow;
That man is only all a man
 Whose work is clean and thorough;
And the fates that reap for the harvest sweep
 Aye choose the keenest sickle;
That man is only half a man
 Whose course is weak and fickle.

They err who deem life's busy stream
 But meant for craft of power;
No honest work's so cheap and mean
 But hath its solemn hour.
For the lowly poor in walks obscure
 Have still their human duty,
As well as those whose statelier ways
 Move on in light and beauty.

Work without flaws the custom draws
 From hands that slur and blunder;
The chiefest cause for making laws
 'Gainst false pretense and blunder
Springs out of sloth and folly, both
 With naught and scorn before them;
All honest wages scorn unless
 You give good labor for them.

The toil you use in pegging shoes,
 Or wielding pick and shovel,
As much as that of pen and brain,
 May glorify a hovel.
And mean and base to all his race,
 To alien and to neighbor,
Is he who in his heart denies
 The dignity of labor.

Then, though you toil above the soil,
 Or underneath it burrow
In mines and tunnels, always let
 Your work be clean and thorough.
Humanity's a family tree,
 Requiring honest duty
Of little twigs as well as boughs,
 That wave in strength and beauty.

—*Anon.*

Professor Kate Sanborn, of Smith College, has written an interesting article on the social life at Smith College. The women are treated rationally as men, and are allowed the same privileges. It is neither a nursery nor a nunnery, and the majority of the students live in pretty little cottages, where they keep house as though at home. The girls are not hampered with rules, but are placed on their honor. They are expected to appear at recitations with reasonable regularity; but beyond that they walk, row, ride, drive, attend musical or dramatic entertainments, or accept invitations from friends in town as they please. In its high standard of scholarship and the requirements for entering, it stands fully and clearly on a par with Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth and our other first class male colleges."

In 1840, when Harriet Martineau visited this country, she showed that only seven vocations were open to women who wanted to work. Now there are two hundred and eighty-four occupations open to women in Massachusetts, and 551,158 women in this State alone earn their own living, receiving from $150 to $3,000 each per annum. This does not include amateurs or mothers and daughters in the household. As there are 70,000 surplus women in Massachusetts, these new avenues of employment are needed.

Referring to the Hindoo women, Mozoomdar, in an address delivered in New York, while in this country, stated that: "A little Hindoo girl is as sweet and pretty as any American girl, but at the age of six years her parents become anxious about her, at seven her parents become more anxious, the anxiety increasing until at the age of ten it reaches its crisis. The ambition of the parents then is to make as profitable a match as possible. She is usually married then, though she may live at home a year or two longer. Then, as frequently happens, her boy-husband dies and the widow of eleven years must remain a widow forever. Something must be done to prevent these early marriages and to help these miserable little widows. I do not believe in a woman riding a bicycle or dancing on a tight-rope, nor do I believe in the 'girl of the period,' but I admire the woman of worship and the woman of affection."

An exchange has collated the following from the report of the national commission of education:

"Women may vote at school meetings in Kansas, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Vermont, Dakota and Wyoming; at school elections in Colorado and Minnesota, and for members of school committees in Massachusetts. They can vote at school meetings in Michigan and New York if they are taxable, in Washington Territory if they are liable to taxation. Widows and unmarried women in Idaho may vote as to special district taxes if they hold taxable property. In Oregon widows having children and taxable property, may vote at school meetings. In Indiana, "women not married nor minors, who pay taxes and are listed as parents, guardians or heads of families, may vote at school meetings." In Kentucky any white widow having a child of school age is a qualified school voter; if she has no child, but is a tax payer, she may vote on the question of taxes. Women are eligible for school offices generally in Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Vermont and Wyoming; to school district offices in Colorado: to any office except State Superintendent in Wisconsin. They may serve as school committees in New Hampshire and Rhode Island, as school trustees in New Jersey, and as school visitors in Connecticut. Some offices are open to them in Maine, and all others in California unless specially forbidden in the constitution. In Utah no discrimination on account of sex is made as to voting in general."

EFFECT OF BODY UPON SOUL.

While dwelling on themes connected with the mind or spirit, there is danger of neglecting the important consideration of the influence of the body upon the soul. How much we depend on health; how much we lose by depressed physical conditions, we can not easily estimate. We have learned through the reports of clairvoyants and scientists, that vital magnetism is eliminated in great measure from the essences of what we eat and drink. Vigor, buoyancy, strength of will and power of sustained thought, result from good digestion and good food, while the noblest intellect can only manifest itself in a feeble, fitful way through the medium of poor materials worked up into flaccid tissues and a nervous structure which is either enfeebled or diseased.

Progressive persons in other respects are apt to take little note of this. The effects of food are ignored if only a sufficient amount of what is palatable is procurable. Yet it is really of prime importance.

For the body comes first in development, and furnishes the basis for soul-manifestations. Slowly, day by day, year by year, out of the fine, imponderable essences furnished by air and food, it weaves the seamless garment wherewith the body clothes itself at death. How necessary that these essences shall be pure and sweet and wholesome! Science and intuition alike declare that this matter of diet shall be the subject of unremitting care and attention. It should be treated with the dignity it deserves, instead of being given up to ignorant servants.

DIET AND INTEMPERANCE.

Within a few years the attention of physicians has been called to the influence of stimulating diet in producing that craving which is only satisfied by alcohol, and medical and scientific men are giving appalling pictures as the results of their investigations. The wife who wishes to please her husband's love of eating by concocting savory dishes, highly seasoned, or rich, who overloads her table with a variety of compounds, and finishes with desserts of pie and cake after a full meal, does not understand that she is creating an appetite that in time will crave alcohol in some form, to meet its cravings. Helen Campbell, who has studied the subject and has written some excellent papers regarding it, of late, says in an article not long since:

"The story of intemperance everywhere is the story of heavy overeating of animal food in highly seasoned forms. The unending pork and bacon of the South and West, the excessive meat-eating in our great cities, all create an abnormal thirst which only a powerful stimulant can allay. I do not need to go into physiological details, but you know that flesh digests more rapidly than vegetables, certain principles it contains being more quickly absorbed and giving a sense of strength which is stimulation, but not real building up. A preponderance of vegetables and fruits is necessary, which assimilate more slowly and do not create the thirst which follows inevitably on taking too much meat, just because an over-supply excites the stomach and produces too much action. There is a regular circle of cause and effect. The stomach, weakened by over-stimulation, develops gastritis, which includes excessive thirst. Animal food keeps up the gastritis by overstimulation and taxation of the affected organ; the gastritis excites thirst, thirst perpetuates drunkenness."

As a proof, we may say that no drunkard can relish plain, nutritious food. He has to disguise it by hot spices, gravies or condiments. The taste of cereals which contain the best elements of upbuilding the system, is so flat that he turns from them with loathing, and the man who can eat plain food with relish is in no danger of falling a victim to alcohol—a truth which every housekeeper would do well to learn.

Children early used to condiments and sweets grow nervous, irritable and puny, though they often seem very bright and intelligent. They are subject to a variety of ailments, take cold easily, and are very excitable.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

BIOGEN, a Speculation on the Origin and Nature of Life. By Prof. Elliott Coues. 2nd edition, sq. 12 mo., pp. 66. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Price, 75 cents.

This little book is a sign of the times. Either it indicates a reaction against the gross materialism of which "scientists" speak in exultant language, or it is a glimpse of the vast and unknown future of that higher science, which shall grasp, not only the physical but the spiritual world. Prof. Coues in 1882 was called to read a paper before the Philosophical Society of Washington, and availed himself of the opportunity to present his heterodox views. This book is simply the republication of the paper then read.

Disclaiming bigotry, your "scientific man" is more bigoted than the Pope; scorning ignorance as a crime, he glories in ignorance of things he cannot see; and boasting of tolerance, he is more intolerant than the prince of inquisitors. It is amusing to learn how this paper of Prof. Coues was received by the assembled savans, who regarded a pint crucible, a pair of steelyards and a test tube, as all the things needed to fathom the depths of the universe, and reach upward to the throne of God. These scientists boldly claimed to have, by evolution, solved the problem of life's origin, while "evolution" is only a restatement of facts, and, granted in full, gives no clue to the cause. Motion, force, energy—how glibly they threw these terms from their tongues, and thought a new nomenclature explained everything. Well might Prof. Coues feel as he says in his preface:

"I prepared what I had to say on the subject to the best of my ability, and carried it to the Society with much misgiving, for I could not say what I truly thought, and what else should any man say, without introducing strangers to a select body of Washington scientists—such as God, Spirit and Soul, as factors in the problem of life?"

How the paper was received may be known by the criticisms. "A philosopher, waiving the usual formula, stated without reserve that there could not be anything in anything he had heard me say, because nothing existed but matter and motion." The general sense of the meeting was forcibly expressed by one of the speaker's friends: "Damned good English, Coues, and damned good sense. You ought to get to be a good, square-footed atheist, and then you won't take these fits."

Such is the state of mind of scientists, and it is remarkable that Prof. Coues, living in the midst of such an atmosphere, should have dared to utter words at which every Spiritualist will rejoice. He bravely says: "I am often told by scientists that they have no souls, and expect to die like dogs........To such a one I can only answer evasively, that he must know his own nature and probable destiny better than he can expect me to, and if he thinks he has no soul, and is to die like a dog, I have no means of proving him wrong; but that, speaking for myself alone, I know that I have a soul, and that I shall not die like a dog, because it is the nature of the soul God has given me, to know its immortal self, with a kind of knowledge, in comparison with which the knowledge of material things acquired by the bodily senses is no knowledge, but delusion only—with a kind of knowledge whose servant, not whose master, is reason—with a kind of consciousness which is self-consciousness."

Prof. Coues first shows the weakness in their physico-chemical theory of life, and that to suppose vitality to be the result of such forces, is a pure assumption, and, therefore, unscientific. He advocates a distinct vital principle, which, by its presence, makes the difference between dead and living matter. Science thus far has signally failed to account for the difference between the dead and the living, and the author remarks that, "until that explanation is forthcoming, the theory mentioned remains not a logical inference, but a pure assumption—a hypothetical link in a chain of being found just too short by one link."

The chemist boasts of his accuracy to the ten-thousandth of a grain of organic matter. Ah! it is the dead organism he analyzes, for if he began with living tissue, it would be dead long before his process was completed!

Protoplasm, "according to the chemico-physical theory, lives only in virtue of its peculiar chemical and physical constitution; it lives necessarily, simply because it is protoplasm; but if so, protoplasm is only itself when it is living; when it is dead it is something else; therefore, this something else is what is analyzed, and in what life consists, has eluded the process." That something is "vital force." The chemist manufactures a great variety of organic compounds, which to analyzers are identical with the products of life, but they are not living. It creates albumen and fashions an egg, differing only from other eggs in the fact that it will not hatch!

When the scientist cries out, "The cosmos is matter in motion, in virtue of its material forces alone!" does it occur to him that he has invented just what he has always declared to be a physical impossibility? He has simply invented a huge perpetual motion machine, which runs itself until it wears out or runs down; worse than this, he literally forgets himself, this inventor, for he says his machine invented itself and set itself in motion. Then the materialistic chemist takes this self-invented perpetual-motion machine, and declares that it has laid an egg that will hatch!"

The author accepts the theory of a "vital principle," and gives to this principle the name of Biogen. "Biogen is simply soul-stuff, as contradistinguished from ordinary matter; it is the substance which composes that thing which a well-known and very frequently quoted writer calls the spiritual body."

All of this, and the line of reasoning which leads up to the conclusion, is new, indeed, to "scientific" societies, who rarely get above muck and its "attributes"; but really to the Spiritualist, who has studied the philosophy of spirit-life, Prof. Coues presents nothing new, except giving the substance of spirit a new name, that of Biogen. It is refreshing to hear a man, who has become weary of the jargon of pretending science, come out boldly and confess himself, and show how far physical science, as at present understood, falls short of solving the great problem of existence. These muck scientists are wont to sneer at spiritual intelligence, and say the spirits only reiterate stale ideas, but the whole field occupied by Prof. Coues was covered by spiritual communications. The "Arcana of Spiritualism," published in 1875, but written some years previously, fully expresses the ideas advanced by Prof. Coues. What he calls "Biogen," it calls "Zoëther" or "life-substance"; and this term was used in the second volume of the "Arcana of Nature," published in 1860. The reader must decide which term is the more expressive.

On page 267, "Arcana of Spiritualism," it is said: "With a proper understanding of words, we may employ the terms, 'matter' and 'spirit,' the latter meaning the ultimate elements which pervade, arise from and underly the physical world. From the former the physical body is created; from the latter the spiritual. This dual development commences with the dawn of being, and continues until death. The physical form appropriates the physical portion of the food; the spiritual, the remaining portion. The two forms mature together; one pervading and being the exact copy of the other."

Again, on page 260, it is said of the spiritual elements: "They are the aroma of the material world, the fragrance of its perfect bloom." This is the "soul-stuff," "Biogen," or Zoëther—by whatever name called—out of which spirit is individualized, and although Prof. Coues leads us not beyond the threshold, we rejoice that the profound inertia of self-conceited and arrogant materialism has been moved by this attack from within. It is a prophecy of the dawn of a spiritual conception of nature, a defiant assertion that spiritual things must be measured not by a foot-rule, or steel-yard, but by the spirit itself.

H. T.

THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY AS A FACTOR in Human Progress. By Alexander Wilder. Price 10 cents.

This address was delivered before the Harmonial Association in the City of New York, March 9th, 1884, and is published by request of the Society. Mr. Wilder is so well known as an acute metaphysician, a careful, though boldly speculative writer, that any thing from his pen will be read with interest. On page 8 he says:

"Every arrangement of things, therefore, which moves and operates in accord with a single central directing principle is a harmony. The word means just that—an Order, a universe, a *whirl* or world moving with reference to a central axis. The fitness of part for part, of each constituent for alliance with its fellows, the common relation to the one, is the idea behind the whole. So, to be very nice about words, there can be no real philosophy, no science of wisdom and absolute truth, no sublime knowledge, except that which is Harmonial. It is this view of the subject which justifies the name. The genuine Harmonial Philosophy is cosmic; it relates to the energies and potencies of the whole universe—not merely to the phenomena that we witness around us, but to the laws which they everywhere manifest, and to the supreme omnific Will and Intelligence from which every law originates and in which it has its being. Passing from the macrocosm to the microcosm, from the great world to the small, it includes within its purview everything that relates to man, to his existence and welfare. It is the Metaphysic which embraces all mental and psychologic knowledge, the Science which unites in itself all sciences, the Technic which comprehends and directs all laudable action to the great Divine End—not the greatest good of the greatest number, but the entire good of every individual. To be an efficient factor in human progress it could be no other, no less."

As he states the the case, the Harmonial Philosophy is a sort of correlation of Philosophies, the logical tendency of such correlation being to resolve all into one, as science has been compelled to do with all natural forces. The final result of the Harmonial Philosophy may be well expressed by the first motto on the title page of the address: "Consciousness of the infinite God, of the immortal Life, of the eternal Right." Of the power of such a consciousness to fashion a life, to increase mental vigor, to stimulate aspiration, to purify interior and exterior, no one can doubt. It is the fashion, sometimes, to regard abstractions as useless for all purposes of common life. Abstractions are the rulers of the hard, practical world. It has been charged that an English metaphysician innocently caused the French Revolution—when he taught that God was in all Nature, he did not dream that the French philosophers would take his arguments to prove all Nature was God. So the cry for freedom has shaken down thrones, though the particular sort of freedom desired differed in every individual thought—it was the ideal, not the formulation of it that had power. We quote the author's answer to the "Demand for Results":

"The world at large, however, are constantly seeking for results. They demand the harvest immediately upon the sowing of the seed. The utilitarians, the practical men—those who believe in no real good except where some material benefit can be seen and measured, harp incessantly on this point. Even religious teachers of a certain character reason in the same way, knowing no logic, no moral standard, but that of material results. Such men are the Sadducees of society. The idea of being or doing right is of small account to them, except it brings reputation, distinction or pecuniary profit. Judas Iscariot with his thirty pieces of silver would count for more with these practical business men than Jesus with heaven and all goodness at his back.

"But true souls do not reason thus. The standard of truth is not to be obtained from the phenomena of the sensible world, nor may Right be measured by such brief and varying rules. Knowledge derived from the senses can never unfold, much less establish, a moral truth. Whatever we perceive in that way can go no further than opinion or conjecture, or perhaps belief. All such notions and guesses must be duly measured before they can be legitimately accepted as fact. It is the province of Philosophy to furnish us with the proper standard or criterion by which to know the true from the false, the Right from the Wrong.

"Let the weak moralities lie in abeyance. They are superficial, frivolous, and without enduring force,—mere endeavors to prescribe eternal principles by a rule of human limitation, to constrain the free universe of soul by narrow enactments. The attempt to measure the Atlantic by a quart-pot, or to define the unlimited space and govern it like a town-lot, would be as reasonable. Human thought and action cannot be judged aright on the same common plane of determining. What is right in one is wrong in another, what is lovely and beautiful in one is hateful and ugly in another, what is wise in one is foolishness in another,—according to their moral and intellectual condition and our way of regarding matters. We none of us are as good as we think ourselves to be, nor as bad as others consider us. Our virtues need forgiving as well as our faults; they have in them something of the taint of egotism and insincerity; while our faults may be partially redeemed by having in them somewhat of an aspiring and endeavor for the right. The true conquest over evil is not shown by a triumphing over it, but by putting it out of the mind altogether.

"Philosophy has little to do with the cheap successes of the everyday world, nor does it rely upon transient phenomena for its exponents. It never ages with common experiences. It is always the same, never old but youthful and vigorous. 'In nature,' says Emerson, 'every moment is new; the past is always swallowed and forgotten; the coming only is sacred. Nothing is secure but life,—the transition, the energizing spirit. No love can be bound by oath or covenant to secure it against a higher love. No truth so sublime but it may be trivial to-morrow in the light of new thoughts.' We cannot, therefore, attain the concept of right by the observation of things that are changing every hour and moment. There is a higher law for determining the matter. Reason, it has been declared by many, is the true umpire. It is to be deeply regretted that language has become so warped in regard to definition, that it is not easy for the unlettered inquirer to apprehend distinctively what is meant by the words reason, mind, intellect. Ideas which ought to be rendered as plain as possible are made vague by these equivocal definitions. Probably, however, most persons mean by reason the judgment or reasoning faculty, by which conclusions are derived from given premises. This is the logical method and may be employed with great dexterity by skillful individuals, but it comes short when we desire the highest knowledge. 'They who hunger and thirst after righteousness' can hardly attain the divine beatitude by this mode of seeking. We must employ 'a more excellent way.'"

Magazines for May Not Before Mentioned.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (MacMillan & Co., New York.) Contents: "Hauling in the Lines"; Lace-Making at Nottingham; A Woman's Keepsake; The Industries of the English Lake District; An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall; Interlopers at the Knap; My Wife's Valentine; The Armourer's Prentice.

THE SPIRITUAL RECORD. (Hay, Nesbit & Co. Glasgow, Scotland.) Contents: The Testimony of Epes Sargent; Spiritual Vision; American Mediums and Manifestations; How I came to believe in Materializations; Remarkable Cure of M. Leon Favre; Editorial Notes.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. (M. L. Holbrook, M. D., New York.) This number contains interesting articles under the following heads: General Articles; Answers to Questions; Topics of the Month; Studies in Hygiene for Women.

THE SIDEREAL MESSENGER. (Wm. W. Payne, Northfield, Minn.) Contents: The great Comet of September, 1882; The Planet Saturn; Intra-Mercurial Planets; The number of Stars in the Pleiades; Editorial Notes; Etc.

THE SEASON. (The International Pub. Co., New York.) An illustrated monthly containing the latest Paris Fashions and the most elegant designs in Needle Work, Embroidery, etc.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 17, 1884.

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How to Extinguish Spiritualism.

Some people would like a specific for extinguishing Spiritualism. They have tried to lie it out of existence, to sneer it into contempt, to prove its absurdity by argument. But the falsehoods have been exposed, the sneers have fallen pointless, the arguments met by those stronger and more logical. Preachers have warned in vain, and certain scientists have done all that was possible, still Spiritualism spreads. What is to be done now? The New York *Observer* comes to the rescue of imperiled orthodoxy, and here is its grand plan:

> "Every pretended spiritual materialization is a base imposition, and the impostors ought to be punished by fine and imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretenses. A few such penalties would end the spiritualistic humbug."

In his haste to write strongly the *Observer* man interjects "pretended," and thus wholly vitiates the force of his statement. But the JOURNAL will take the language as intended and not as written.

How the reverend editor knows that every materialization is an imposition, he does not say. It is quite likely he has never attended a materializing séance, and has only heard of base imitations. Yet those who have witnessed the genuine are not appalled by the frauds. They know, many of them, that in full light, without cabinet, spirits have appeared. But, it is useless to say this to Rev. Irenæus Prime, for he would still cry "fraud." The chief things to be noticed are, that the reverend editor thinks that fine or imprisonment would stop materialization, so-called, and that if it did this the "spiritualistic humbug" would end. It used to be said that "the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church," and the editor can surely recall a time when emperors and kings talked just so about the Christian religion—a time when pains and penalties of every sort were pronounced against any one who professed to be a Christian. But in some shape Christianity lives yet, though wofully perverted. The times of persecution were the times of purest faith, of deepest love of truth. Perhaps he may also find in the history of a branch of his own sect, a time when the Scotch Covenanters were hunted like wild beasts, but the cause is not dead yet. Reading the history of our own land, he cannot be ignorant that the remedy he proposes, and others still stronger, were put in force against the Quakers, but a very little search would reveal quite a respectable number of Quakers yet. Persecution may harden faith in an error, it has never killed a truth.

But, the second point, that stopping materializations, were it possible, would end Spiritualism, is notably false. There are many ways in which spirits come, ways the law can not watch. What detective can catch the spirit-whisper in the ear of a medium? What method can be devised to hinder the sweet visions which come in the night to the chosen ones? Who shall stop the spirits from rapping or writing? The *Observer's* plan will not work. Nothing has been said of the tyranny and injustice of the plan proposed. But, if such a law should pass, it would reach farther than is supposed and the inventor might be "hoist with his own petard." Some of the doctrines the editor preaches might be declared false and dangerous, and he learn "how it is himself," when law steps aside to control opinions.

Yet much may be done to extinguish Spiritualism, but not by any outside force. Spiritualists may do much to damage Spiritualism even though it be indestructible. The Spiritualist whose life is impure or dishonest, is a deadly foe to the cause he professes to cherish. The believer who is content with the fact that he is convinced, and cares not whether his neighbor has a similar comfort and guide, is a drag and hindrance. The one who lowers morality in any degree by his teachings, is an active foe, though he may protest never so much his devotion to the cause. But deadliest of all foes is the fraudulent medium. Preaching in words the truths of Spiritualism, his acts convince thousands that it is all delusion. One such fraud can throw doubt on a host of genuine phenomena, preventing investigation, and replacing it by contempt. If one attacks Spiritualism, it is well; if he will investigate enough to make a respectable attack, he is sure, sooner or later, to find and receive the truth. But to contempt there is no answer, to a refusal to investigate because Spiritualism has been proved to be a paltry cheat, there is no defense—and thousands are thus repelled from investigation. For this reason the JOURNAL has been, and ever will be, watchful against fraud. Its hatred of falsehood is measured by its love for the truth; because of its deep sense of the worth of genuine mediums, the JOURNAL denounces those "who steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." The only foes Spiritualism needs to fear are not those without, but those within its ranks. Every Spiritualist should see to it that he gives no aid and comfort to the enemy; keeping himself from evil and giving no countenance to anything false or impure.

Needlessly Disheartened.

A highly esteemed correspondent from Pennsylvania writes that his wife wishes to say:

> "I had once much hope of good resulting from the influence of Spiritualism, but that hope has not been realized. On the contrary, instead of elevating to a higher state of moral purity, peace and happiness, the opposite has been the effect in this section and surrounding country. Such has been the case in Corry, once the stronghold of Spiritualism. Titusville, Randolph, Jamestown and even Cassadaga, do not show much of its happifying or moralizing influence, but on the contrary confusion and strife seem to follow in its train. Philadelphia and Harrisburg are specimens of this."

The above voices the thoughts of a certain class of Spiritualists, and regretfully must it be said that in some measure the position is sustained by appearances. The cultivation of spiritual phenomena by credulity and curiosity, and the prostitution of mediumship to selfish gain, have been potent means of bringing about this state of affairs. Could we reasonably expect any other result?

Let us remember that neither the function of mediumship, nor the simple belief in the identity of the communicating intelligence, is necessarily connected with morality. Each is distinct and independent. The presence of our spirit friends and the continuity of our existence ought to fill the soul with sublime thoughts and aspirations for moral excellence. Rightly understood this would result, but with confused understanding, the mere belief has taken the place of religion and morality. The sense of duty or obligation has become lost, and disintegration and selfish isolation have destroyed that which they could not rule.

But let us not grow disheartened and give over in the strife. We know that our spirit friends do come to us, and that life in spirit is a continuation of this. Whatever may come, however obscured by scheming selfishness, this we must hold, and thus believing all this dross is swept away. Societies may decay; associations wrangling, perish; individuals be brought to grief, yet the pure metal remains, the brighter by the severity of the test.

We learn wisdom by the results, and that Spiritualism consists in something more than a few "tests," or the meetings held by a lecture club. If it were not, brief would be its day. If we stop at these beginnings, stale and unprofitable will we shortly find it. We must look beyond the phenomena, to the great systems of science and of ethics, which it makes a living reality.

The failures of individuals, who catch only a glimpse of some salient feature, should not be charged to the cause. Spiritualism is a home-religion, and there it can work out its full fruition, in conforming our lives after its high ideal. But the great work of Spiritualism is ahead. The times are preparing for its perfect understanding. The weak will fall by the way, but those who are strong and endure, will ere long see what a few now catch glimpses of. If every true Spiritualist will do his whole duty the bright day is not far distant.

Mr. Gill's Sermon.

It is rare to find an orthodox preacher who shows such appreciation of the good there is in heterodoxy, of the unbelief which makes faith grow to be truer, firmer and sweeter, because of the opposition with which it has been met. Yet Mr. Gill's definition of progress seems to us incomplete, as it ignores growth, with or without opposition. Progress does not depend always upon "conquest....of opposing forces," but reception of helpful influences. The tree may be hardened by resistance to storms, but it grows upward by aid of what it can appropriate from earth, air and water. Also, there is only a vague hint of why we are to progress, of the place we are to hold, the work we are to do, the wider sweep of our work that progression opens to us. If Mr. Gill had known more of Spiritualism he would have carried his argument farther, for he would have known better what progression really means. But he is growing fast enough, and his words are valuable in that they voice the growth of thought within the church. He is feeling his way slowly and surely, and will come out right in time.

The Atonement.

In one way or another, the doctrine of the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ is found in nearly every orthodox sermon; now directly proclaimed and enlarged upon, again only hinted or suggested. It might be thought that a doctrine so persistently preached should have clear, exact evidence of its truth. Yet there are many theories of atonement (some twenty different ones), each professing to rest upon divine testimony, supplemented by more or less ingenious human reasoning. Said a preacher, when his attention was called to this diversity of faith relative to a foundation doctrine of the church, "Well, we cannot know just why or how the atonement was made, but it is a grand fact." We should like to see evidence that it is a fact. By a slip cut from the *Inter-Ocean* it will be seen that another preacher goes further than this, and knows certainly that the cross does explate human guilt:

> "Dr. Alexander McKenzie recently said in a sermon on the atonement that he should as soon think of analyzing his mother's dying breath as to analyze the sufferings of Christ on the cross to find out how the cross expiates human guilt. It does it, and that is enough."

The questions arise, does he know this? and how does he know it? Of course he will point to the Bible, but many claim that the atonement is an invention of Paul's, that Jesus never taught it, that it is found only in the Epistles, never in the Gospels. Perhaps the believer will refer to his personal consciousness, his feeling, sometimes of intense exaltation, at others of perfect peace, as proofs that he is saved by the atonement of Jesus. But there is a host of people who have similar states of exaltation and peace, of soul-storms and calms, who utterly reject the theory that atonement is even possible. Perhaps the believer will refer to the gathered consciousness of the ages, to the support in trial, the comfort in sorrow, the cry of victory in the death-throes. Philosophy, that took no note of Jesus, has, according to the number of its professors, given as much of the same sort of evidence. "The philosophers were deluded," cries the believer. How does the believer in atonement know he is not also deluded, may be asked. There is only one other direction in which to look for evidence. There is one book, written by the finger of God, through no human instrument—the Book of Nature. If God be the same, "yesterday, to-day and forever," if he "changes not," what has been true in nature is true to-day, will be be true for all time. Can the doctrine of atonement be found there? Suffering can be found, suffering through the transgression of law by others, but it never removes the penalty from the offender. Nature never forgets and never pardons. For man's body there is no savior—how is it to be proved there is one for the soul? Does spiritual law contradict what all may see is natural law? Who knows, and without positive demonstration who can believe it?

There is no proof attainable of the truth of the doctrine of vicarious atonement, and there are many reasons why it cannot be true. If Jesus were God, buying man of the devil, as Tertullian taught, giving his sufferings as payment, then God was killed, which is unthinkable. If Jesus undertook to satisfy the Father and the Holy Ghost, who satisfied Jesus? Every instinct of justice rises in rebellion against the thought of the innocent suffering for the guilty. Removing, or rather refusing to press the charge of crime cannot make the criminal less guilty. God is not a despot, dooming a race to destruction because they can not help themselves. He is not a sensationalist, arranging a grand scenic display, and killing Jesus for moral effect. He cannot be selfish or revengeful yet condemn those qualities in men. As Whittier says:

> "Nothing can be good in him
> Which evil is in me."

In addition, brief mention may be made of an evil often pointed out—the direct encouragement to sin which the doctrine furnishes. The atonement has been made, all the sin that ever has been or ever will be, has been atoned for, and the penalty may be avoided by belief, even though it be at the very moment of death. This is continually taught, and the teaching is not only false, it is injurious, hurtful to man, insulting to God. This part of the subject has been so often discussed it need not be enlarged upon here. Returning to the original purpose of this article, the question is repeated: Who can prove the doctrine of Vicarious Atonement, as taught in all orthodox churches, is true? Who will furnish the evidence?

Education and Crime.

Some time ago an article on this subject was published in the JOURNAL, giving some startling statistics of the proportion of criminals among the educated. The article attracted much attention, and some doubt was expressed whether so terrible a showing could be true. Mr. Thos. Harding of Sturgis, Mich., publishes in the *Evening News* of April 26th, the following figures taken from the report of the United States commissioner of education for 1871, tending to show it is the church rather than the school that is faulty.

There are eight provinces in the kingdom of Bavaria. In four of these there are more churches than schools. The average for every 10,000 of population is, churches 47; schools 22; criminals 71.

In the other four provinces there are churches, 20; schools, 34; criminals, 43, or a little more than half as many as in the provinces where the churches are most abundant. These figures are significant. The world must wait long for its redemption if it is only to be achieved through the agency of a church which seems to have more power for evil than good.

Onset Bay Camp.

Visitors at Onset Bay the coming summer are promised lectures from Dr. Juliet-Stillman-Severance, V. P. N. L. L.; Dr. J. Susie-Willie-Webster-Willis-Fletcher; and Warren Chase, known as the Lone One with a life-line. These are no doubt depended on by the Management to attract congenial souls. Probably to give respectability to the platform, Mrs. Emma H. Britten, Geo. A. Fuller and others have been sandwiched in. Many readers of the *o-s-p-o-e* may have felt a pang of regret at not seeing their favorites announced among the Onset speakers, but the JOURNAL can with reasonable certainty assure these disappointed ones that, though not on the regular programme, "favorable conditions" will be made enabling the following illustrious representatives of the F. F. F. Fraternities to be heard: Dr. L. L. Whitlock, Rev. Harry Gordon, Mr. Amelia Thomas Paine Colby, Miss Lutheria Colby who, aged spinster that she is, still has a heart overflowing with sentiment. It goes without saying that Dr. Jas. A. Bliss and Prof. Christina Cuba, will be on hand. It is to be regretted that prior engagements will probably prevent the presence of Rev. Moses Hull, Dr. Mattie Sawyer, President Victoria Woodhull, General D. M. Fox, Dr. Sour, and Maquoketa Dobson, D. D. H.—Diagnoser of Dog's Hair. General Jonathan M. Roberts may be expected, provided he is not detained by his séance in Brooklyn. And as a last resort if things don't boom with that rapid pace so desirable, Rev. Dr. Monck, Rev. Charles Peter McCarthy and Rev. Dr. Talmage may be called in. The crop of clams is said to promise well and a glorious time, free from all conventional restraints, is sure to be had.

The New Spiritual Temple.

The corner-stone of the First Spiritual Temple at Boston, Mass., was laid April 9th with appropriate ceremonies. Copies of secular and spiritual papers, with a history of the Society, and a list of its officers, were placed in the stone. The building is to be of granite, the style of architecture somewhat oriental. When completed, it will have cost nearly $250,000. The society who are erecting the noble building is called the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists, and it was incorporated in June, 1883. Mr. Marcellus S. Ayer is president. The society numbers at present about 100 men and women.

The building will probably be completed by the middle of next fall, and will contain eight halls. On the first floor will be situated a large lecture-room and splendid library. Above these will be the main hall, and above the main hall will be five other halls, which will be used for various purposes by the society. They will not rent or dispose of any department of the building to other societies, reserving all for the workings of their own institution.

The object of erecting this building is to establish a school where men, women and children may be instructed in spiritual, intellectual and physical development. There will be a sort of Sunday-school for children where, while learning the higher truths of Spiritualism, they will also gain educational knowledge and be taught, specially, that, in order to attain high mental and moral development, their bodies must be kept in a state of perfect health and purity. To this end a gymnasium will probably be one of the features of the institution. Another noticeable feature will be daily lectures, to be delivered by inspirational speakers of the highest class. To all these lectures admission will be free.

Facts from the Census.

Mr. D. Lott, Lottsville, Pa., has been studying the U. S. Census reports, and extracts the following: In 1850, the population of the United States was 23,191,876; of these 6,737 were criminals, 15,610 insane, 15,787 idiots, 9,794 blind, 9,803 deaf and dumb.

In 1860, population 31,443,321; of these 19,086 were criminals, 24,042 insane, 18,930 idiots, 12,658 blind, 18,821 deaf and dumb.

In 1870, population 38,558,371; of these 32,901 were criminals, 37,432 insane, 24,527 idiots, 20,320 blind, 16,205 deaf and dumb.

In 1880 population 50,155,783; of these, 59,255 were criminals, 91,997 insane, 76,895 idiots, 48,928 blind, 32,878 deaf and dumb.

In 1870, there were 43,283 ministers and 40,694 lawyers. In 1880, 64,698 ministers and 64,137 lawyers. Increase, ministers 21,415, lawyers 23,443.

In 1880, there were 18,000,000 hogs slaughtered for sale and 500,000,000 pounds tobacco raised in United States.

Dr. Moore's Account of Materialization.

On another page Dr. J. D. Moore, a close observer and an old Spiritualist, gives an account of a séance with Mrs. Ross. We assume no responsibility and express no opinion, because in the nature of the case we are not in possession of data necessary to the formation of an opinion wholly free from error. The séance was held at the residence of the Misses Helen and Gertrude Berry.

Postage Stamps.

Correspondents are particularly requested not to send us postage stamps except for fractions of a dollar. We are flooded with them, greatly to our discomfort, as they can not be used as currency. On a single day we sometimes get thirty dollars worth, and readers can readily see how soon the inconvenience may become burdensome.

G. B. Stebbins will attend the Orion Lake Camp Meeting, June 6th and 8th, also the Sturgis Yearly Meeting, June 14th and 15th.

GENERAL NOTES.

Mrs. O. T. Shepard lectures in Milwaukee Wis., next Sunday.

We refer our readers to the list of speakers for the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, which appears on the fifth page.

May 14th, the young child of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Silverston passed to spirit life. Memorial services were held at the residence of the parents, 20 South Ann St., on Tuesday last at 10 A. M.

We learn just as we go to press that Mrs. Nellie T. J. Brigham lectures on Wednesday evening, May 14th, at Martine's Hall on Ada St., near Madison. We hope she will be greeted with a large audience.

Mrs. E. A. Silverston requests us to say that she will answer calls to attend camp and other meetings to give tests of spirit presence and psychometric readings, and can be addressed at 20 South Ann Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. G. W. King is vigorously fighting the proscriptive methods of the Saratoga County Medical Society. His article in Saratoga (N. Y.) *Eagle*, is a bold impeachment of medical orthodoxy and intolerance.

Wm. P. Adshead, England, in renewing his subscription for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, says: "I have pleasure in receiving the JOURNAL, as I am desirous to be informed, on good authority, of the progress of Spiritualism in America."

Mr. G. W. Kates, editor of *Light for Thinkers*, will be in Chicago from May 13th to the 23rd, and will interest himself in the Lookout Mountain camp meeting, and will also address any meeting where his services may be desired. Last Sunday, Mr. Kates lectured at St. Louis, Mo.

The National Woman's Temperance Union, under the presidency of Miss Frances E. Willard of Evanston, Ill., has issued its Annual Leaflet, showing its plan of organization and the different departments into which its work is divided. It gives evidence of great organizing power somewhere.

A child of Mr. O'Leary, a resident of Laconia, N. H., was missing, and all search seemed fruitless. The father at length sent for a well known clairvoyant, Mrs. S. B. Craddock of Concord, who saw the child lying at the bottom of the river. She described his dress accurately, and designated by shore marks the region to be searched. Within the range so described the body was finally found.

A circular, which has has just come to hand, sets forth that the "grand opening season of the Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting Association of Spiritualists, to be held at the Natural Bridge Springs, on Lookout Mountain near Chattanooga, Tenn., will commence Saturday, June 28th, and end July 27th, 1884." For full particulars with reference to this camp ground and its numerous attractions, send to Geo. W. Kates, Secretary, Atlanta, Georgia, for circulars.

The negligence of some of our good subscribers in keeping their dues paid up, when they can do it as well as not in most cases, and in all cases by a tithe of the exertion the publisher makes to supply them the paper, is remarkable. The small amount due from each delinquent aggregates a large sum. To all such we would in kindness say: Do as you would like to be done by! Pay your debts. Daily we receive letters asking a little delay, which is always freely granted when good reasons exist. And daily are we thanked, and paid up and in advance by those on whom we have waited. But there remain many careless ones to whom this notice is addressed.

Mrs. C. H. Hinckley of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "At a farewell reception tendered by Mrs. John Barrows at her residence, April 29th, to Mr. Walter Howell of Philadelphia, who has been speaking for the Spiritualist Society here during the month of April, a large company was present. There were several fine recitations rendered by local talent, among which were two by Miss Marie Wilson, elocutionist; an epic poem by Miss Foos, and an original poem by Mrs. C. H. Hinckley. These were interspersed with excellent instrumental and vocal music by the talented Wheeler family of this city. The evening was passed enjoyably and harmoniously. Resolutions in favor of Mr. Howell were also passed."

Mrs. M. E. Drake, Sherman, Texas, sends us an account of a "spiritual wedding." Dr. D. B. Morrow, homeopathist, was married to Miss Helen Boyle, both of Sherman, Texas, on April 27th. The ceremony, which is described as being unusually solemn and impressive, was, it is said, conducted by spirits—the bride being the medium. After the spiritual wedding, the happy couple were wedded with religious rites, by a clergyman. It is not often that the same persons are twice wedded without the intervention of a divorce. The affair has caused much discussion, *pro* and *con*, in the place. Dr. Morrow is an earnest friend of the JOURNAL, and we congratulate him in his new relation and wish for him a long and prosperous life.

"Prof." Warring is discouraged; after years of crooked work in building up a business in Chicago, the JOURNAL ruthlessly, and in the language of the editor of the *o-s-p-o-e*, "uncharitably" exposed his tricks, and thus made such "inharmonious conditions," as to interfere with the manifestations. No longer could he deftly exchange pellets and palm his sitter's question. Hence he was fully justified in shaking the dust of the city from his feet and turning his face toward Boston. Maybe he would have done passably well to have to gone to Iowa and joined forces with Hull and the diagnoser of dog's hair, Dobson, but if he reaches Boston his success is certain.

Reception to Gerald Massey.

On Wednesday evening of last week, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Bundy gave an informal reception at their residence, in honor of Mr. Gerald Massey. The attendance was only limited by the capacity of the house, and Mr. Massey was greeted by a large number of friends, anxious to welcome one whom many of them had heard in years past, and of whom all knew through his literary work. While Spiritualists and free-thinking people made up the company largely, there were representative people present from various religious sects. Also leading members of the legal and medical professions, and a number prominent in social and musical circles.

After the company had spent an hour in conversation, the host asked their attention, and after a brief word of cordial greeting to Mr. Massey, called on Judge Holbrook to give the main address of welcome. The Judge was full of his subject, and familiar with Mr. Massey's work, and grew eloquent as he dilated upon his theme. He concluded by stating that his daughter would recite one of Mr. Massey's poems. Whereupon Miss Florence Holbrook fulfilled her father's promise so well as to elicit much enthusiasm.

Mr. Massey responded gratefully, acknowledging the kindness which had been bestowed upon him from the day he landed in New York until then. He gave a brief epitome of his labors, and created a most favorable impression upon all present.

Prof. Dickson, the elecutionist, then rendered another of Mr. Massey's poems in his never-failing perfect and pleasing manner. Miss Runals, well and favorably known as a public reader, and who has sung at times in the New York Spiritualist societies, gave several recitations and songs, evincing a talent and drill which ought to make her fortune. Mrs. Jennie Morris and her son George added greatly to the pleasure of the evening, the former by a song and the latter by a performance on the piano. Mrs. Mary Dye closed the exercises with one of those touching songs which she renders so well.

The Holy War.

The Church Militant is in tribulation. Heber Newton don't scare easily. Thomas and Beecher as bold as ever. Lesser lights in many places refuse to give up their doubts. The Catholics have entered into the dispute, at least one of them, worthy to be considered a representative Catholic. Cardinal Newman, some time ago contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* a statement of his belief in the Inspiration of the Scriptures. He admits the Scripture is inspired as to revelation of Divine truth, but thinks it permissible to doubt its history, its facts, its science, until "the church" has authoritatively announced what of these teachings are true. He does not object if a Catholic doubts that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, or suspects the authenticity of the Psalms, of the Book of Daniel or of Ecclesiastes. Errors in the New Testament may be pointed out as errors and disbelieved, without sin. Only stick to the church and its teachings about the Bible and the Catholic is all right.

But not Bible or doctrine alone, opinion on lower matters is just now exceedingly contradictory and aggressive, and things are happening in the churches, which if they occurred in other societies, would seem to call for a great additional amount of preaching—but that remedy appears to have lost its virtue. Not long since, one paper gave as a fact that the colored Methodists or Baptists of one of our large cities were abominable liars; in different parts of the country preachers are fighting with fists and canes, and their flocks barring out the shepherds, abusing and beating them. In New York City the largest Congregational church thought it necessary to have policemen present at their church meeting—one faction voted the pastor, Rev. Dr. Newman should be retained, and the other charged "primary election tactics" upon the majority and called a council to oust the Doctor if possible. On the whole, considering the fights about doctrine, possession of churches, personal likings and dislikings going on everywhere, the "reign of peace" is apparently indefinitely postponed.

"Through night to light." Perhaps these things are inevitable. Unaccustomed to have a will and judgment of their own, not knowing how to rightly use liberty to think, the church of to-day is beginning a course of development such as Spiritualism has had, and is growing out of—the church growing toward an abnormal individualism, the Spiritualists growing away from it. If this tendency continues and grows, before long Spiritualists will be the conservatives and church people the "untamed radicals."

The meeting of the First Spiritualist Society of Saratoga, N. Y., on April 27th, was of unusual interest. Gen. Bullard delivered an able address in the evening on the "Impassable gulf" between Lazarus and Dives, which he said was in the Spirit-world, and not between the spirit and material worlds, though theologians had often quoted the phrase as an argument against Spiritualism. Dr. Mills gave numerous tests which gave much satisfaction.

A correspondent, who is also a medium writes from Boston, Mass.: "Mrs. Beste is flourishing at a great rate here. How in the world she can get up so complete a deception as they say she does, I cannot see, for even some who would seem not to be so easily deceived are completely fooled by her, and yet I am just as certain that as for materialization she hasn't a particle of the genuine power, but that it is *all* deception."

Mr. and Mrs. Lillie are engaged in Boston for the month of May. For June they are engaged in Brooklyn, N. Y. They are also engaged in the same place for one year from 1st September next.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in Philadelphia, May 5th. Though the delegates were all ministers, accusations of "wire-pulling" and "log-rolling" in the matter of electing bishops and other officers, were freely uttered. Rev. Dr. Hatfield, of Rock River Conference, excitedly said: "There was a time in the history of the General Conference when delegates were wont to spend one or two hours on their knees, and then rise up and cast an informal vote for bishops. Those days seem to have been superseded by a period characterized by caucussing, log-rolling and wire-pulling." This outspoken utterance elicited many marks of approval, and not a few cries of "order." However finely a man may be trained, it is hard to get all the human nature out of him, and the saintliest preachers are apt to borrow the world's methods of winning power to their side.

Special Notice to Spiritualist Societies. Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten begs to announce that she is prepared to give her celebrated, highly interesting and instructive lectures on "Astronomy, The Sun, The Wonders of the Starry Heavens," etc., etc., "Egypt," "The Great Pyramid," and "New Zealand," in connection with, or independent of, her regular Sunday lectures. These addresses are profusely illustrated by magnificent stereoptican oxy-hydrogen lime-light views, shown by means of the newest and most approved dissolving-view lanterns with powerful lenses, giving pictures of twenty feet diameter, and have elicited the warmest eulogiums from the various European societies before whom they have been given. Mrs. Britten can be addressed at 265 West 34th St., New York.

CURRENT ITEMS.

Liberal, Mo., is to have a Normal school.

At Vienna a Mormon missionary has been condemned to a month's imprisonment.

The mules used in Salt Lake City street cars rejoice in pet names given them by the drivers. One pair is known as Moody and Sankey; two others are called Molasses and Cream, and two others as Sin and Misery.

Henry Gruber, of Shelby County Kentucky, has a four-legged chicken; two of the legs grow from the proper place and two from the breast, and all are fully developed, giving it the appearance of some animal.

A gentleman who has given a good deal of study to the subject says, that while Philadelphia has a greater number of benevolent institutions than any city in the country, the percentage of paupers to the population is also larger.

Mrs. Jackson, the widow of "Stonewall," said in Chattanooga the other day that of the many Southern veterans with whom she had talked, hardly any would refuse to take up arms now to protect the Union they once conscientiously fought against.

A Washington correspondent writes of Mr. Robert Ingersoll that he is amusing when he means to be, and twice as much so when he does not mean to be. This is quite as good as some of the lively agnostic orator's epigrams on his Creator.

John Thomas, a colored boy of Lexington, Ky., got up a mouse trap entirely on his own ideas. A drummer saw the boy with it, and paid him 50 cents for it. He sent it on to Washington, secured a patent, and now thousands of them are being sold all over the country.

Dr. Talmage recently said: "I have no faith in the doctrines of Socialism. I do not think that anything will be accomplished by the gospel of dynamite; but that something must be done and will be done to stop this monopolistic devastation and give a chance to every man to achieve for himself an unmortgaged home, I am as certain as that yesterday was the 1st of May and that God saw all its injustices and aggravations."

Prince Bismarck was once admonished for whistling on the Sabbath day in Scotland, has never forgotten it, and will not be in the least surprised when he hears, as he will with grim satisfaction, that Mr. Gray, a member of the Helensburg United Presbyterian Church, who had been elected to the office of Elder, has just been refused ordination by the session on the ground that he "took a walk in the country Sabbath afternoon."

During a recent week there were 1,219 deaths in Paris and 1,307 births. Of these 1,307 children 665 were boys and 642 were girls, 923 of the total births being legitimate. The number of marriages for the same week was 228. In New York and Brooklyn, with about the population of Paris—viz.: two millions—the births average 1,300 and the deaths over 1,600 a week, while in London, with three and a half millions, the deaths are 1,700 a week and the births 2,800. London grows by natural increase over 54,000 a year.

Leonard Henkle, an able and reliable engineer, says that by using the wasted water power of Niagara Falls, all the cities of the United States and Canada could be illuminated by electricity, and save the consumption of millions of tons of coal now used in the manufacture of gas. He calculates that with 2,000,000 horse-power, electricity could be generated and conveyed by underground wires to all the cities. He estimates the first cost at $50,000,000, whereas sixty-five cities now spend $47,000,000 annually for gas.

For years past the garret at the White House has been filled with a lot of old furniture, some of which saw use in Jefferson's time. President Arthur has recognized the craze for the antique, by overhauling these long buried stores, and with the resurrected relics he has filled up the long corridor that runs along the upper story of the White House. It is unfortunate that the history of these articles is not known, but all that can be said of them is, that they were made for the use of his predecessors when solid mahogany was the proper thing.

Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts, for flavoring Ice Cream, Cakes and Pastry. With great care, by a new process, Dr. Price extracts from the *true* select *Fruits* and Aromatics each characteristic flavor, and produces flavorings of rare excellence—of great strength and perfect purity—far superior to the cheap extracts.

Talmage and the Sinners.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Let all creation hold its tongue
Whilst I uplift my Sunday song,
And bang the Bible fierce and fell
And shake the sinner over hell.

Damnation! 'tis my thrilling theme,
With fires infernal all agleam—
I love the glorious tale to tell
And shake the sinner over hell.

Your father was A-dam bad lot!
Eve damned you ere you were begot;
Of hope and joy I ring the knell,
And shake the sinner over hell.

Th' Almighty left you in the lurch!
Your only chance is in the church:
Be saved! or, with an extra yell
Talmage will drag you—into hell!

From Death's Door.

M. M. Devereaux, of Ionia, Mich., was a sight to behold. He says: "I had no action of the Kidneys and suffered terribly. My legs were as big as my body and my body as big as a barrel. The best doctors gave me up. Finally I tried Kidney-Wort. In four or five days a change came, in eight or ten days I was on my feet, and now I am completely cured. It was certainly a miracle." All druggists keep Kidney-Wort which is put up both in liquid and dry form.

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Spiritualist Meeting in Connecticut.

The Annual Meeting and Picnic of the Association of Spiritualists of Western Connecticut, will be held at Compounce Lake, Conn., on Wednesday, June 25th, 1884. The well-known and gifted Mrs. R. Shepard Lillie will address the meeting. Mr. Lillie will also be present and sing some of his spiritual songs. A business meeting will be called at 10 A. M.; lecture at 2 P. M.

JOHN WINSLOW, President.

Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting.

LIST OF SPEAKERS FOR THE SESSION OF 1884.

Sunday, August 3rd, Mrs. Sara A. Byrns, Boston, Mass., and Mr. Chas. Dawbarn, New York; Tuesday, 5th, Mrs. C. Fanny Allyn, Stoneham, Mass.; Wednesday, 6th, Mrs. Sara A. Byrns; Thursday, 7th, Mr. Chas. Dawbarn; Friday, 8th, Mrs. C. Fanny Allyn; Saturday, 9th Mrs. R. Shepard Lillie, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sunday, 10th Capt. H. H. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mrs. R. Shepard Lillie; Tuesday, 12th, Mrs. Abby N. Burnham, Boston, Mass.; Wednesday, 13th, Mr. Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.; Thursday, 14th, Capt. H. H. Brown; Friday, 15th, Mrs. N. J. T. Brigham, Elm Grove, Mass.; Saturday, 16th, Lyman C. Howe; Sunday, 17th, Rev. E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. Y., and C. B. Lynn, Boston, Mass.; Tuesday 19th, Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, Brandon, Vt.; Wednesday, 20th, Mr. J. O. Jackson, Hockessin Del.; Thursday, 21st Mr. Shelly W. Denton, Wellesley, Mass.; Friday, 22nd, C. B. Lynn; Saturday, 23rd, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio; Sunday, 24th, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten England, and J. Frank Baxter, Chelsea, Mass.; Tuesday, 26th, Hudson Tuttle; Wednesday, 27th, Mrs Emma Tuttle; Thursday, 28th, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten; Friday, 29th, Hudson Tuttle; Saturday, 30th, J. Clegg Wright, Vineland, N. J.; Sunday, 31st, J. Frank Baxter and Emma Hardinge Britten.

Annual Meeting at Sturgis, Mich.

The Harmonial Society of Sturgis will hold its Annual Meeting in the Free Church at the Village of Sturgis, on Saturday and Sunday, the 14th and 15th days of June, commencing on Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. Able speakers will be in attendance to address the Meeting.

By Order of Committee.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

The Brooklyn Spiritualist Society will hold services every Sunday, commencing September 16th at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. at the Hall, corner of Fulton and Bedford Avenues. J. Wm. Fletcher, speaker. All spiritual papers on sale in the hall. Meetings free.

WM. H. JOHNSON, President.

CHURCH OF THE NEW SPIRITUAL DISPENSATION. 128 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Public services every Sunday at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

Lyceum for young and old, Sundays at 10:30 A. M. Abraham J. Kipp, superintendent.

Ladies Aid and Mutual Relief Fraternity, Wednesday, at 2:30.

Church Social every second and fourth Wednesday, in each month, at 8 P. M.

Psychic Fraternity for development of mediums, every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, *sharp*. Mrs. T. B. Stryker, President.

The South-Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Franklin Hall, corner 3rd Avenue and 18th Street, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. Bogert President; Dr. Patch, Secretary and Treasurer.

A Progressive Spiritual Meeting will be held every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in Franklin Hall, corner of 3rd avenue and 18th street South Brooklyn. Seats free

GERARD ENGELEN, Chairman.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference meets at Everett Hall, 398 Fulton Street, every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Capt. J. David, President; W. J. Cushing, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets at Brooklyn Institute, Washington, near Concord Street, every Sunday, at 3 and 7:45 P. M.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity will meet at 16 Smith St., two doors from Fulton, in the hall of Union for Christian Work, every Thursday evening, 8 P. M.
April 24th.—Lecture by John Jeffreys.
May 1st.—Lecture by Prof. Henry Kiddle.

S. B. NICHOLS, President.
John Jeffreys, Secretary. A. G. Kipp, Treasurer.

At Steck Hall, No. 11 East 14th Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York City, the Harmonial Association, Andrew Jackson Davis, President and regular speaker, hold a public meeting every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, to which everybody is most cordially invited. These meetings continue without intermission until June 11th, 1884. Services commence and conclude with music.

New York City Ladies Spiritualist Aid Society, meet every Wednesday, at 3 P. M., at 171 East 69th Street

MRS. S. A. McCRETCHEN, Secretary.

The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, convenes every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 7:30 evening, in Frobisher Hall, No. 28 East 14th St., near Union Square.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. will hold Meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at the Supreme Court Room, Town Hall; also on the first Monday and Tuesday evenings of each month, at which Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham will officiate.

E. HENLING, Sec. H. J. HORN, Pres.

Kansas City, Mo.

The First Spiritual Society of Kansas City, Mo., meets every Sunday evening at 7:30 in Pythian Hall, corner 11th and Main Street, Dr. E. G. Granville President; A. J Colby, Secretary.

Mediums' Meetings, Chicago.

The Spiritual Truth Seekers meet in Lester's Academy, 619 West Lake Street every Sunday. Conference at 3 P. M.; Medium's Meeting at 7:30 P. M. All meetings free.

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REMOVAL.—*On May 1, "The Literary Revolution"* headquarters were transferred from No. 18 Vesey Street to 393 Pearl Street, near Franklin Square, and a few rods distant from the Great Bridge. The entire building, 30 x 115 feet in size, six stories high, is occupied by the offices, store, and book-bindery; the printing, engraving, and editorial rooms are located conveniently elsewhere. The capacity and convenience of the new quarters largely exceed all previous facilities.

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AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Unattained.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Alone we stand to solve the doubt—
Alone we work salvation out—
Casting our feeble hands about

For human help—for human cheer,
Or only for a human tear;
Forgetting God is always near.

The Poet, in his highest flight,
Sees ranged beyond him, height o'er height,
Visions that mark his utmost might;

And music borne by echo back,
Pines on a solitary track,
Till faint hearts sigh, alas! alack!

And Beauty, born of highest art,
Slips from the limner's hand apart,
And leaves him aching at the heart:

The sweetest face has never brought
Its fairest look; the deepest thought
Is never into language wrought.

The quaint, old litanies that fell
From ancient Seers, great hearts impel
To nobler deeds than poets tell.

We live, we breathe, all unexpressed,
Our holiest, noblest in the breast,
Lie struggling in a wild unrest,

Awaking fibres that shall leap,
And an exultant harvest reap
At Death's emancipating sleep.

Our outward lights eternal shine—
Conquered by no unmanly pine.
We royal amaranths may twine.

The great God knocks upon the door
Ready to run our chalice o'er,
If but the heart will ask for more;

If hungering with a latent sense,
We know not, ask not, how or whence,
But take our consecration thence.

The wine-press must alone be trod—
The burning plow-share pressed unshod—
There is no rock of help but God.

Blue Point, L. I.

The Bridge of Prayer.

The bridge of prayer, from heavenly heights suspended,
Unites the earth with spirit realms in space;
The interests of those separate worlds are blended
For those whose feet turn often toward that place.

In troubled nights of sorrow and repining,
When joy and hope seem sunk in dark despair,
We still may see, above the shadows shining,
The gleaming archway of the bridge of prayer.

From that fair height our souls may lean and listen
To sounds of music from the farther shore,
And through the vapors sometimes dear eyes glisten
Of loved ones who have hastened on before.

And angels come from their celestial city
And meet us half way on the bridge of prayer;
God sends them forth, full of divinest pity,
To strengthen us for burdens we must bear.

O you, whose feet walk in some shadowed byway
Far from the scenes of pleasure and delight,
Still free for you hangs this celestial highway,
Where heavenly glories dawn upon the sight.

And common paths glow with a grace supernal,
And happiness walks hand in hand with care,
And faith becomes a knowledge fixed, eternal,
For those who often seek the bridge of prayer.
—*Ella Wheeler.*

Another Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On the 9th ult., the Spiritualists of this place organized a Society, adopting a declaration of principles, constitution and by-laws, and for a name they selected the following: "The Pacific Association of Spiritualists." The officers for the present year are: Mrs. J. C. Woodruff, President; Isaac Wheeler, Vice-President; W. W. Ward, Secretary; P. A. Smith, Corresponding Secretary, and John Pike, Treasurer. The Association is composed of some of the most substantial citizens of this county, and they are evidently in earnest in trying to effect a permanent and effective organization. They have leased fifteen acres of land, and are making extensive preparations for a camp meeting during the present season. The location is in every way finely adapted to the purpose, being situated within a mile of the town of Ilwaco, on Baker's Bay, near the mouth of the Columbia River. Of easy access per steamer to all the principal cities of Washington Territory and Oregon, it is as well (if not better) adapted for camp meeting purposes, as any other location on the north-west coast. Ilwaco is the greatest summer resort north of San Francisco, and for this reason and many others, we hope for a large attendance at the camp meeting. The meeting for this year will begin on the 4th day of September, and close on the 15th, unless there should be occasion to protract it at the option of the Association.

And now will not the editor of the JOURNAL say a few words on his editorial page, that will awaken the missionary spirit in some of our worthy mediums and speakers of the East, and thereby he may induce them to attend this meeting? I desire to correspond with mediums in regard to securing their attendance, and trust that those interested will give it their immediate attention.
P. A. SMITH,
Corresponding Secretary, P. A. S.
Ilwaco, Pacific Co., Washington Territory.

However deeply good mediums may feel the "missionary spirit," they are, as a rule, unfitted for the duties and hardships required of missionaries. Honest, well-developed mediums find more than they can do at home, and only occasionally do they leave home to do professional work, with now and then rare exceptions.

Our good and zealous friends in Oregon should go to work diligently and develop home mediums. If they have applications for employment from those at a distance, they should exercise great care before closing any engagement. Mountebanks are always on the watch for such information as that furnished by Brother Smith. The good speakers of the East are all poor in pocket and wholly unable to take the risk of long and expensive trips. The friends in Oregon must recognize the needs of those whom they ask to feed them spiritually, and this we have no doubt they do. But if they will depend largely on their home supply, calling on San Francisco for help, they will get as many good speakers and mediums as they can use. We hope to chronicle a steadily increasing interest in Oregon.

A Shaker's Tribute.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As I read your thoughts in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, I like to think of you as a man who is anxious that the right shall prevail; that Spiritualism shall stand on its own merits, or fall if destitute of a permanent foundation. Your exposure of those unprincipled men and women who are passing from State to State, practicing every form of deception in the name of Spiritualism, is certainly worthy of all commendation, and yet it must subject you to much unpleasantness through unjust criticism. Spiritualism should be a beautiful as well as a great light in the world, leading on and up toward the kingdom of God, but while there is so much that is mere trash and very repulsive, that is imposed upon the people in the name of the spirits, it will need many good men and many good papers like the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, to make a smooth spiritual highway over which honest, enlightened minds may walk in safety. I will not enlarge. Allow me to wish you much temporal and spiritual prosperity.
Shaker Village, N. H. HENRY C. BLINN.

The Sucker Calls on Mme. Zarapha.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Not feeling entirely satisfied with the results of his call on Mrs. Franks, your correspondent determined to look up this advertisement, which is a fixture in some of our dailies:

> MME. ZARAPHA, TRANCE MEDIUM AND MAGNETIC physician, guarantees to her visitors complete satisfaction, revealing their most profound secrets and giving an entire life reading; has the renowned Persian charm for love, business, health, etc.; gives full information in regard to lost or stolen property, describing articles and persons having them, with name. Remember, Mme. Zarapha asks no questions, but gives you all the important events of your life from cradle to grave. 11 Centre-av., near Madison-st.

No visible sign proclaimed the medium's abode, but the writer discovered the same, on April 15th, in rather uncanny quarters. As on the former occasion the first order of business was the materialization of the fee—two dollars for a "business sitting" or five dollars for a "life-reading." The visitor purchased the cheaper article, but found it dear at any price. The Madam reveals one's "most profound secrets" in sections, quite slowly, and the listener was able to drink in the words of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the oracle. After assuming to go into a trance and digging away at her fore-top, the Madam commenced, seemingly, to feel her way along carefully, and study what kind of a dose she would give the caller.

Mme. Zarapha.—You contemplate a business change, but are in doubt what to do. You cannot make up your mind to take this step, but I see spirit forms about you who say you will be successful if you make the change.

The Sitter.—Then you advise me to make a change in business?

Mme. Z.—Yes. I see bright lights over your head, which indicate much success.

The S.—Indeed. [He did not then, does not now, and has not for a long time contemplated any business change.] Can you describe more particularly the nature of the change?

Mme. Z.—I do not get the kind of business you are in, but I see a tall, dark-complexioned gentleman, who is an enemy to you. He has caused you much trouble in the past. You are about to be freed from his evil influence. I also see a rather short, fair-looking gentleman with beard, who is about to aid you in a new undertaking. The spirits say: "Do not hesitate. You will have success." [The caller could imagine no reference in this to any body or any thing, and it had no discernible applicability to him. He has reliable information, however, that the "tall, dark gentleman" and the "short, fair-looking man with beard" are part of the stock in trade of all fraudulent mediums.] You will soon go on a journey, and it is uncertain when you return. [He understands this story is also kept in stock.] Your prospects will brighten very much after you have reached your journey's end. You have lost in the past through others. [Here ditto last parenthetical remark.] But in the future you will be more lucky. You have seen many ups and downs. [Another ditto.] Do you recognize the tall, dark gentleman?

The S.—I am not certain. Perhaps I do.

Mme. Z.—He has caused you much harm in the past, but will not do so long.

The S.—Is his influence exerted over those in my employ?

Mme. Z.—It is over several parties, and among them some in your employ. [The only individual in his service is an office boy, salary, $3 per week.] By going this journey you will get free from his influence over you and those under you.

The S.—Can you tell what is the matter with my health? My head often troubles me.

Mme. Z.—That comes from traveling. [He has not been outside the County in nine months.] If you make this change in business, you will travel less, and your health will improve rapidly. [Mrs. Franks's diagnoses are of a far superior and much more salable quality, provided there is anything to diagnose.] I see your sister who died several years ago. She stands right back of you and puts her hands on your head. [He has no deceased sister.] She says you will receive a letter within three weeks, telling you of the death of a tall, aged gentleman—one who has a sort of gray beard and stoops some. He will leave you a large amount of property.

The S.—Who is this party about to die?

Mme. Z.—I do not get the name. Either your father or uncle. [The Sucker will make affidavit that his father and uncles are all as poor as Job's turkey, with plenty of children in each family. If, however, the letter is received within the time, the fact shall be duly chronicled in the JOURNAL.]

The S.—Can the sister give her name?

Mme. Z.—I do not get names. I see standing at your side a woman, a near relative, who has slender figure and very fair complexion, bright eyes and a kind of oval face. [Another stock trick.] She thought a great deal of you when living.

The S.—Can you give me the name of any deceased relative or friend?

Mme. Z.—I never get names. Another small, sharp-looking gentleman with heavy mustache appears. He says a bright future is before you. [Another stock trick.]

The S.—Can you tell me how this contemplated change will affect my domestic relations?

Mme. Z.—This is a business sitting. Do you wish a life reading?

The S.—Not to-day. Can you tell me the cause of my mother's death? [Here was an opportunity for the Madam to clear up a subject about which we always had doubt.]

Mme. Z.—That comes under the head of a life-reading.

The S.—Do my grandparents approve of the change?

Mme. Z.—I do not get anything from them. I see many friends around you, but they do not say what relation they are to you.

The S.—Then my sister is the only person you can positively identify in spirit-life?

Mme. Z.—The only one I am sure of. Some of your friends are around you all the time.

As the pseudo medium came out of her trance, your sucker inquired after "the renowned Persian charm for love, business, health, etc." The Madam possessed the same, and very modestly stated that ten dollars was the price thereof, guaranteed to give luck in any undertaking. He considered it dangerous to carry such a valuable article around loose with him, and so left it behind, and came away. The "guaranteed complete satisfaction" he also left behind; at least, he has not been able to find it since in any of his pockets.

When your investigator, a few minutes later, sat in a neighboring restaurant penciling these notes, he could not but commiserate the great credulous public which permits such an insufferable fraud as Madam Zarapha to exist upon and among them. In the above interview she was diametrically wrong in each and every particular. Her vague, general statements might, with some approximation to accuracy, be made concerning nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand who are foolish enough to pay any money to such transparent humbugs as Madam Zarapha. If such mediums were the inspiration for the belief of any class in a spiritual life hereafter, well might we say that the fountains had dried up, or that they only run rot.

As a special committee appointed by, and consisting of, himself, your sucker hereby offers a reward of twenty-five cents in second-hand postage stamps, to any one who will furnish the JOURNAL the "Madam's" right name, whether it be Mary Ann; Bridget or Kathrina; Brown, Murphy or Schmidtz. J. A.

Another Pioneer Gone.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Henry O. Baker passed to spirit life from his late residence, 22 West 38th St., New York, May 2nd, 1884. As he has lived, so has he passed from us to his new home in the spirit land, fully imbued with the faith that he shall again return to earth and tell us of his experience upon his entrance there. A few weeks before his departure, while holding converse with the writer upon the fact of his coming surrender to the inevitable, he wanted that I should know something of his early experience in Spiritualism, which commenced in 1850, while he resided in the West. He stated that his first knowledge of this new light was through a lecture by Warren Chase. He told the people, if they would gather at the home circle around the table, that it would tip, and their questions would be answered by a spirit. Such a startling announcement, at that early day, of course created great excitement; but our friend's knowledge of the future life was so unsatisfactory to him, that he determined to make the experiment, which he did in his own household, and from that day to 1867, his home was ever open for the formation of spirit circles. He then married, but his partner did not yet know the beautiful teachings of this new life, and the home circles were dropped, but he still kept pressing on and on for new discoveries in the field before him. Through his long experience, he became acquainted with most of the prominent mediums in this country, and he was ever ready to defend those unjustly assailed, and as ready to denounce frauds when and where they came under his observation. He was a severe critic, though a just one; and were the Spiritualists of to-day more like him, we should see a better standard among them. I am happy to record that, through this last sickness of four months, he lost not one particle of faith in his beautiful spirit life and trust; and through all this trying ordeal, he daily left seed by the wayside, that has taken hold on those that had the pleasure to contribute to his wants while in the body.

His last moments were as touching as any in his his life time; so calm and thoughtful of those most dear to him, and to the cause he had so long cherished. There was but a single wish ungratified, and that was that Mrs. Nellie Brigham could be here to speak at his funeral. Some two weeks before, she told him that he would not pass away before May, and then his little boat would sail in filled with beautiful flowers, and take him just over the river. We shall soon expect to hear of his safe arrival on the other shore. J. S. CHASE.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Sociologic Society.

The Sociologic Society, of New York, at its Annual Business Meeting elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Imogene C. Fales; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Clara Neyman, Henry A. Beckmeyer; Secretary, Miss Mary T. Crowell; Gen. and Foreign Sec., Wm. E. S. Fales; A. G. Sec., Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles; Chairman of Advisory Council, Henry A. Beckmeyer, Newark, N. J.

Public anniversary exercises will be held in New York the last of May, and it will enter upon its third year with encouraging aspects, and with much added interest. A flourishing and wide-awake society has been formed in Brooklyn, and it is proposed to open an aggressive campaign in the fall, by means of public meetings, at least once in two weeks, to establish headquarters in each city where will be found the publications of the Sociologic Society, and the nucleus of a library upon this and all kindred subjects, and also to diffuse information upon the objects and aims of the Society as widely as possible. It will seek to become acquainted with all sister societies, and with all organizations relating to the industries of the country.

The membership of the Society is quite extended, and its committees comprise names from several States. Having for its motto—Co-operation, the Law of the New Civilization—it is not to be expected that politicians and capitalists should flock in crowds to fight under its banner of Justice to all. Hardly is it possible for even the laborer to see that its principles cover all the ground of his trades-unions (not, however, doing away with the necessity of their existence at present) and of his struggles for an approach to an equality in the necessities of physical existence. Those who are fighting their hand to hand battle for bread, as so many of our working men and women are, have no time to stop and talk of principles, and how to apply them; the waves would go over their heads if they halted a moment. And those who hold the capital of the country in their hands will not look over the battlements of their fancied heaven and see that the cry of the poor is beating upon their foundations like the unceasing surge of the mighty sea upon the base of some lofty edifice, and that it is surely, if slowly, undermining it, and will as surely, topple it down to irretrievable ruin, if something is not soon done to appease its reasonable hunger, and its demands for future guarantees of fair dealing. If brave Sidney Lanier could speak to us from out his heaven to-day, he would bid us remember his own words:

"But, oh! the poor, the poor! they stand
Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand
Against an inward-opening door
That pressure tightens evermore.
They sigh a monstrous foul-air sigh
For the outside leagues of Liberty!"

* * * * * *

"O Trade! O Trade! would thou wert dead!
The age needs heart—'tis tired of head!"

Membership must come from those who stand between these two extremes, and who can recognize the needs and claims of both, and who will seek to find the best way to prevent threatened chaotic ruin and devastation.

The object of the Society and its branches is the adoption of such educational methods as shall lead to a knowledge of the law of correlated interests, as a religious and economic principle governing human development, whereby this law may be practically expressed in all the relations of life. It believes that this is essential to individual, social and national progress; that a new social system is at present making its appearance, and that its basis should be formed upon this law, which may otherwise be formulated as, "Thou shalt make thy neighbor's interests identical with thine own," the law of equal justice.

It seeks correspondence with any and all who are interested in the relations of labor and capital and their equilibration, this being the division of Sociology demanding its present attention. It will be glad to be apprised of all co-operative enterprises, whether distributive or industrial, and can be addressed as below. There is need for the work of all, and the wisdom of all.
LITA BARNEY SAYLES,
Killingly, Ct. Ass't. Gen'l. Secretary.

"Unlike (some) Other Spiritualistic Papers."

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago, is the leading and probably the ablest journal in the United States devoted to the discussion of Spiritualism. Unlike other spiritualistic papers it aims at candid discussion. While with many of its heterodox ideas we have little or no sympathy, we can but admire the fearless and manly way in which it battles for the right as it sees the right. It denounces all humbugs, whether in Spiritualism or elsewhere, and against loose morality and free-love it wages a relentless war. It never fails to expose a Spiritualist fraud and by its demands that all phenomena be subjected to the most rigorous scientific tests, it has done more to raise a spirit of inquiry among intelligent and cultivated people, than all the other papers of its class in the country, and has convinced many that there is a rich field worthy of scientific investigation. The *Inter-Ocean* speaks truly when it says: "Few care to investigate in its spirit of finding truth at any cost."—Ogle Co. *Press*, Polo, Ill., April 26th, 1884.

Can the Spirit Leave the Body?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have seen many inquiries in the JOURNAL asking this question: "Does the spirit leave the medium while in a trance?" I will give you my own experience of the trance state before I knew what Spiritualism meant. Although I do not think the spirit can always leave the body at will, there are conditions which sometimes make it impossible for a medium to be entranced. To illustrate: You may take a pail *full* of clear water; you may add pound after pound of salt to it without adding to the bulk of the water. Then after the salt is absorbed, you may add sugar, and that will dissolve with the same result, showing that there is vacant space in water. At one time I was in England. At first it was very unpleasant to be so far away from my own home, which was in Chicago. One day my father said to me: "Sit down and I will show you mother and home." My father had passed to spirit-life seven years before, and had often appeared to me in like manner. I did as he instructed me, giving up all thought. Then I could distinguish a sweet odor, as if flowers were held to my nose; then as if something was going tug! tug! tug!—a drawing out of something. Then in a very short time I would be at home. Then I always noted something that was said there, so that when I came to myself I could write what I had seen. I always found it correct. If there was to be a change in our life, father would always tell us about it.

Nothing is accomplished without labor; if you desire success, you must not labor selfishly, that you alone may have the gain. Give your hand to the fallen, cheer the faint, for you are each other's keeper. I would like to see the work progress more rapidly.
South Chicago, Ill. MRS. H. SPARROW.

J. H. Mott of Memphis, Mo., writes: I have tried hard to go to Chicago this winter, but could not arrange matters so I would not disappoint visitors from a distance; but I hope to be there in the near future. I suppose you learned through the papers that my brother was killed by his building falling on the 7th of March last. He was a good medium and a firm Spiritualist; I regret so much his tragic death. We like the JOURNAL, and have sent you several subscribers.

Power of Spiritualism.

In a late number of the JOURNAL I notice the letter of a correspondent who is also an attendant at a Presbyterian church. The editorial comments are well enough so far as they go, but it seems to me they do not cover the whole matter, quite likely from the want of time and space. I therefore presume to carry the subject a little farther with your permission.

Spiritualists have power in the direction in which they seek it. Not in large and powerful organizations, not in display of collective force but in individual development. Their purpose is to present truth to the individual. They are apt to boast that no Spiritualist was ever converted by means of what others had seen or known—it has always been by evidence which convinced him—a truth whether anyone else believed it or not. When Emancipation had been a fact in the West Indies for a few years, loud cries were made that the law was a failure; less sugar was made, the income of the planters was reduced. That was true. But, less sugar was made because no one could work his slaves to death either in cane field or sugar-house. The balance of trade was changed because the former slaves now lived in comfort, using more of the product for their own support, of course leaving less for their former masters. Thus emancipation was a failure or not according as it was looked at from the side of the master or the slave. As to the relative power of so-called Christianity and Spiritualism, it is not hard for us to understand why our correspondent should think Spiritualism weak—all depends on the way the strength is measured. Both are strong, but in different ways.

As to the quotation, "all power is given to me of my Father," and the supposition that Jesus is organizing spirit forces in the churches and not among Spiritualists, as is implied in our correspondent's question—the power of Jesus is an ideal power. In the church they stir themselves up in all ways to exalt Jesus. He is worshiped, loved, prayed to, thought of, much more than Jehovah is. He has almost deposed God. The faith and love of the believers are the sources, and the only evidence, that Jesus has any power greater than other intelligences as pure and good as he. "Jesus loves me," how is it proved? "What a friend we have in Jesus, all our toils and griefs to share." Who has heard him say a word of comfort or do an act of help? The church has agreed to say these things of Jesus, to keep on saying them; if one seems less fervent in doing this, he is accused of disloyalty to Jesus. So "all power is given," but it is given by men, in their consecration of an ideal. Spiritualists have their ideals too, but each is apt to choose his own. They need less of "sustaining power" because they do not allow any idea to dwarf or oppress their own individuality. They are, they always mean to be, their own masters; to bear the natural penalty of their own offenses against law, to "sustain" themselves, sure no one can do it for them. There is a power the Church never dreamed of—each one a power, a law unto himself, working out his own salvation, bound by no authority but that he has himself created, yielding to no mastery but what he has discovered to be truth. That Spiritualism has "working force" is apparent enough from what it has done, and done notwithstanding fiercest opposition from every quarter. Less in seeming power than the Church, it has molded the Church, compelled it to modify its creeds, and where it has not done this, caused them to sink into disuse because they no longer represented the real faith held. And it is working as efficiently in our scientific schools. It is a secret, but resistless power, not like that of the Church, and which cannot be measured, if at all, by the same standard. The power of the Church lies on the surface, the power of Spiritualism may easily evade discovery by the superficial observer. C.
Chicago, May 9th.

A Tribute to Mr. Charles Dawbarn.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As a reader of your paper, I regret that more of Mr. Chas. Dawbarn's lectures in Frobisher Hall this past winter, have not found their way to your columns. I remember only to have seen reported, his address on "Manhood versus Anthood," which has created so much lively discussion in spiritual circles. Mr. Dawbarn's lectures on sociological questions are largely open to adverse criticism, but his views on Spiritualism, whether right or wrong, are such as to claim favor with thinking minds. His course is that of your paper, fearlessly to attack fraud and expose charlatanry. He is a believing skeptic, if I may so speak. While not doubting the truth of spirit communion and future life, he holds the curious theory that bad spirits are more capable of working out evil than good spirits are of counteracting their malign efforts. While this idea is not a pleasant one, nor convincingly supported, still the line of argument is at all times logical, and his hearers can never go away without having gained valuable suggestions and food for serious thought.

The last lecture, closing the series, "The Future of Modern Spiritualism," was one of especial interest. No synopsis would do it justice. The decline of interest in our public meetings was traced to its source and analyzed. The lecturer assumed that the mortal molds Spiritualism far more than Spiritualism molds the mortal, and that under the law of attraction, spirit-teachings are largely echoes of earth-life. He argued that those who use our great faith as a religion, must drift into the churches, but the scientist will make it a lever of progress for humanity on earth.

On one evening during the winter, we had an editorial enthusiast from Brooklyn, who stated his intention of converting all present to a child-like and simple faith in all the manifestations of Spiritualism, either with or without conditions. He regaled us instead with an hour of unfinished sentences, bad grammar, weary platitudes and newspaper clippings and ghost stories, forgetting, however, to bring forward even a single argument, good, bad or indifferent. He was followed by a gentleman from Africa, a white man, who dropped his h's and aspirated his vowels. After a while he became entranced by an untiring and long-winded control, to the music of whose melodious cadences the audience gradually thinned out in more or less regular procession.

Contrasting our experience of this evening with the intellectual treat we had been accustomed to, there are many of us who are determined to assist Mr. Dawbarn another winter to enlarge the scope of his labors. His audience has been in the past, intelligent and appreciative, and gradually increasing in numbers. Mr. D. is a new man on the lecture platform, but one who is bound to succeed. His reflective mind, his earnestness of purpose, his logical reasoning, his personal magnetism and his modest demeanor, have already attracted many of the refined and cultured, who are glad to sit under his teachings and hail him, if not absolutely as "guide," still as "philosopher and friend." WARREN.
New York City.

Victory.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The cyclonic sweep of exposures, instituted by your genius and determination to ferret out mediumistic deception, during the past few months, is indeed a victory for truth, serving in defense of your position, favoring the facts of modern spirit manifestations, and in support of honest mediumship. The question is already announced: "What will become of Spiritualism if these exposures continue?" We would ask in reply: "What will become of the nation's currency if counterfeiters are arrested and punished as all counterfeiters should be?" The current facts of spirit agency, from the simple rap to the highest phase of spirit power, are not impaired by bringing to light the dark doings of dishonest tricksters. The amount of moral courage a man has is his stock in trade. No matter what his position may be, his power for good is always felt just in proportion as his ambition may be directed by right principle for a special purpose. Even as an honest man is the noblest work of God, as well as a rare commodity, so do we appreciate the fearless editor of whatever shade of belief or principle involving manhood and public interest. The indorsement of your independence by some of the ablest advocates of our cause, including A. J. Davis and other distinguished writers, is one of the strong proofs that your position is well founded and that you must prove victorious in the end.

It is now generally conceded that curtains and cabinets to conceal the medium, or operators in the deceptive art, can be largely dispensed with. The plea for darkness, too, may well be considered, according to the reputation of the individual assuming mediumship, or as one may be known for honesty, etc. I notice allusion published with regard to independent slate writing, its genuineness, by Dr. Henry Slade and others with whom I am personally acquainted. About four years ago, I met Dr. Slade in Leadville in the day time. Placing a small piece of pencil between two slates, which I had procured, upon my left shoulder, holding his hands, a message was written for me which I recognized; also another from the same person with name signed in full. During the hour varied phenomena occurred; among others, a materialized hand; also a chair eight feet distant was raised by unseen agency. No curtain, cabinet or light was furnished, except that of heaven.

The universal objection to darkness in connection with séances, is quite natural and justifiable, as the result, in part, of the impositions practiced upon the public for pecuniary gain, to the detriment and direct injury of worthy mediums and the highest interests of humanity. While there are other objections as to conditions, or methods of aiding spirit phenomena, the right to accept or reject proposed conditions should be reserved to mediums for their protection when able to prove the necessity by their experience. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is justly regarded by its supporters as the literal savior of modern Spiritualism; its editor, the most fearless fraud suppressionist in the editorial ranks. And we believe that when he ascends, he will be welcomed with the expression, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. J. K. JONES.
Leadville, Col.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The Rothschilds own $400,000,000 of United States bonds.

A Hartford, Conn., man is coffee-farming in India, using elephants to plow with.

New Yorkers are demanding a scientific investigation of the so-called faith cures.

Henry George, in his search for "Progress and Poverty" in England, made $10,000.

Two slaves, formerly owned by Jeff. Davis, now own his plantation, for which they paid $200,000.

Religious revivals are the order of the day in the districts in England recently shaken by an earthquake.

At Paterson, New Jersey, a five-year-old boy fell into the Passaic River and was carried over the falls, where he was rescued unhurt. The falls are eighty feet high.

At Augusta, Ga., the other day, lightning struck a hen that was setting on a nest of eggs. The poor biddy was completely roasted by the fierce heat, and picked clean.

Miss Fannie Curtis, the Stratford, Conn., lady cured of years of rheumatic helplessness by faith and prayer, is going to open her house to the afflicted as a prayer house.

In the course of a trial at New York it came out that the custom of burying forty-five infants in a single grave was in vogue at Evergreen Cemetery in East New York.

Mr. Case, a watchmaker of Franklin, Pa., has completed a locomotive and tender six inches long all told, that has every part complete that is found in a working engine. It is made of gold, silver and steel, and is destined for the New Orleans exhibition.

In the city of New York alone it is estimated that there are at present no fewer than 400 millionaires, thirty of whom own from $5,000,000 to $50,000,000 apiece, while there are about ten who possess from $50,000,000 to $150,000,000 each.

Last summer a Philadelphia gentleman dug out a sand crab on the Jersey shore, which he took home and put in his cellar. Up to date he says it has caught 112 rats. The rodents smell its breath, and when they go to investigate they are nipped and held until the dog arrives.

President M. C. Fernald, of the Maine State College, finds, from observations of the weather, extending over eighteen years, that Saturday is the day on which most storms occur, and that contrary to the general idea, Friday is the day on which fewest storms occur.

When Curry, the murderer who was hanged in Monroe, Ga., was asked to make his last statement, he related that he had seen the ship Zion floating down Peachtree street in Atlanta. This was not a dream, but a vision. The ship was crowded with little children dressed in white.

The *Bombay Guardian*, a religious paper, referring to the sunset afterglow, which has recently been again observed in Bombay, says: "We will not venture to predict that this may be by way of preparation for the final conflagration, but one thing it is safe to say, namely, that it is well for one to be ready."

A Chinese joss maker in San Francisco came down on the price of a life-sized deity to a reporter, from "twenty-five dolla to six dolla." He explained that a joss was no better than that much wood and paper until a priest had consecrated it and placed a speck of red paint on each of its eyes. This is supposed to give it the power of seeing, not only all the past but through the future to the end of time.

Above Sierra City, Cal., may now be witnessed the sight of a snow bridge crossing the Yuba River. It was caused by an immense snow slide, which completely dammed the river and formed an immense reservoir. Pressure at last forced the water through and underneath the dam, leaving the top of the snow to form a complete arch across the stream. It is so hard that teams are driven over in perfect safety.

It is not surprising that Pittsburg workingmen are continually on a strike when employers go so far as to dictate what cigars they shall smoke. The superintendent of an electric light concern issued an order that his men should not smoke cheap cigars, and when he found a workman with a one-center between his teeth he plucked the offending weed out and flung it in the gutter. Twenty men immediately struck.

Noting the demise of the Greenock *Advertiser*, a paper started in 1802, the *Christian Leader* says the most notable incident in its history, next to the fact that it died twice, was its rejection of one of the finest poems of Campbell, sent by the youthful author of "The Pleasures of Hope" for insertion in the poet's corner. The editor put in a notice to the poet that his attempt was not "up to the mark" of the *Advertiser*.

A lady in San Rafael has succeeded in taming two wild humming-birds. Plucking a fuchsia, she attached it to the branch of a tree over her head, and filled it with sweetened water. The birds soon had their slender bills thrust into the flower, from which they took long draughts. Every day afterward she filled a fresh flower with honey. The birds soon became so impatient they would not wait until she went away, but fed while she was filling the flower.

The gradual depopulation of France, consequent upon the exceedingly small families, has been subject of much discussion by the Government. A Frenchman named Morand, however, has recently died at Megrâve, leaving fifteen children, sixty-five grandchildren, and thirty-one great-grandchildren. Such a family is so unusual in that country that the Government has honored his memory by presenting the family with a medal "*pour encourager les autres.*"

Two Cardinals recently superintended a minute inventory of the contents of the Vatican, from its artistic and literary treasures down to the most trivial articles. The origin, position, and value of every object were set down, and the inventory was signed with all the legal formalities. A copy was handed to each of the ambassadors accredited to the Holy See, and even to the ambassadors accredited to the King of Italy, including those of powers not having relations with the Vatican. Such a step, it is claimed, is indisputable proof of the Pope having contemplated the possibility of quitting Rome.

Dr. Reinsch, a distinguished German chemist, has found the bacteria of different diseases sticking to silver coin long after being exposed to the disease. An extended series of observations showed that this is the case with the small coins of all nations, the thin incrustation of organic matter deposited upon their surfaces in the course of long circulation rendering them very suitable for this parasitical settlement. Dr. Reinsch scraped off some of these incrustations, and, with a small scalpel, divided them into fragments, which were subsequently dissolved in distilled water. The employment of lenses of a very high power showed the bacteria and fungi distinctly.

Once in awhile some one says a good word for the mule. Dr. William A. Hammond says in the *Youth's Companion* that while stationed at Fort Webster, in what is now Arizona, he started down the canyon on a very fine and large mule. The beast stopped abruptly, and signified that he would not budge a step. Spurs were dug into his flanks to no purpose. There he stood, as firm as a rock. Hammond pulled him around and galloped back to the fort. The next morning it was ascertained that at a point scarcely a hundred yards in advance of where the mule had gained his victory some Apache Indians had ambushed the road, and but for the brute's keen nose and ears and firmness in resisting an obstinate man, short work would have been made of both.

Child-Nature.

A man may be noble and great,
And a woman tender and pure;
But their knowledge, if deeper, is less divine
Than childhood's innocent lore.
Ah! why should we wonder at this?
For God on the little ones smiled;
And we often lose with the lapse of years
The flawless faith of a child.

A man may be gallant and gay,
And a woman joyous and bright;
But they seldom keep, through the waning years
The passion of pure delight.
Ah! why should we wonder at this?
For God on the little ones smiled;
And a harmless lightning of laughter plays
Round the guileless lips of a child.

Then happy are those who cherish
Youth's hopes and its fleeting tears,
And some clear signs of their childhood keep
Through a circle of changeful years.
Ah! why should we wonder at this?
For God on the little ones smiled;
And the heads of the Wise Men bent above
The cradle that held a Child!

—*William H. Hayne, in Good Cheer.*

Give the Salvationists Rope.

Wherever the Salvation Army appears a riot may be looked for in short order. This may be accepted as reasonably conclusive proof that the methods employed by the religionists operating under that name are vicious and not calculated to result in permanent good. The story is the same from every point in both continents where these emotional and spectacular evangelizers have labored. In London, Paris, Vienna, Berne, Geneva and Munich, as in New York, Hartford, New Haven, Jersey City, Newark, Syracuse and Cleveland, the chief end of the Salvationists appears to have been to stir up strife and engage in shameful broils. Besides all this, these predatory bands of men and women, once located in a town, rarely move therefrom until they have become embroiled in one or more scandals as shocking to the virtuous as they are damaging to religion. The Salvationists have been mercilessly suppressed in many European cities and their leaders thrown into prison, but in this country they necessarily receive wider liberty. Probably to this fact as much as to anything else may be attributed the failure of these turbulent societies to gain the foothold in America that they have secured in some portions of Europe, where they have raised the cry of persecution. It is not worth while to undertake the suppression of the Salvationists. They may be regulated as regards keeping the peace, and, if the police do their duty, enough of the leading zealots will be lodged in jail on charges of common crime to make frequent recruiting necessary. At Newark they are charged with riot, at Syracuse with seduction and worse, at Cleveland with kidnaping, and at a dozen other places with greater or less offenses. The rope which the Americans are giving them promises to be long enough to strangle the whole army with before it has reached the banks of the Mississippi.—*Chicago Herald.*

Suspended Animation.

About 1 o'clock on May 3rd, a well-dressed man apparently about 40 years old entered the apartments of the Young Men's Christian Association, No. 148 Madison street, Chicago, walked into a corner of a room, placed his left hand over his eyes, and stood immovable. He continued this attitude so long that it attracted the attention of others in the room, and at length he was spoken to, but made no reply nor movement. He retained this demeanor for three hours, resisting all efforts to arouse him, and at 4 o'clock, anticipating something serious in his condition, a patrol-wagon was summoned. The man, still rigid as death, was borne to the vehicle and conveyed to the County Hospital. His condition puzzled the examining physician, and another was called in consultation. It was clearly a case of suspended animation. Restoratives were applied but without effect. Said one physician, "We will have to administer a powerful electric current."

"Don't do that, there's nothing the matter with me, I'm all right." The subject made this reply. He had suddenly regained animation, and his features expressed the alarm he felt at the proposed treatment. The astonishment of the doctors increased.

"Had he no physical complaint?"

"No."

"Nor mental?"

"No. I will tell you about it later." He would make no further explanation of his strange conduct, though subsequent efforts were made to induce him to account for his vagary. He would neither tell his name, where he lived, nor what he hoped to derive from such an action. A memorandum-book in his pocket had "Willie Beck" written upon it. This was the only approach that could be gained towards an identity, as he was an entire stranger to all. The hospital authorities turned him adrift.

A Modern Miracle.

A little child named Ellen Cutts, seven years of age was playing the other afternoon in London with several companions about her own age on the landing of the fifth or top floor of a building, when, climbing on to the balustrade, she overbalanced herself and fell down the well of the staircase to the ground floor, a distance of eighty feet. During her descent she struck two iron bars, which projected from one side to the other of the staircase. The first snapped in the center and the other was considerably bent. Some neighbors and the mother of the child ran down to the ground floor expecting to find the child dead, but to their great surprise discovered that she was apparently unhurt. The child was taken to a doctor, who found that beyond a severe fright she had sustained no injury.

Art in Boiling Water.

There is great art in boiling water; and there are few people know the art. "The secret is first, in having it good and fresh, next in boiling it quickly, and then taking it right off for use in tea, coffee, or other drinks before it is spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water is in the atmosphere and the lime, and iron, and dregs only are left in the kettle is the way to make people sick, and water so boiled is worse than no water at all." As boiled water has become the fashionable panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, it is quite essential to follow the above directions. I have heard that at Delmonico's, in New York, some few drops of lemon in this hot boiling water was sold at 25 cents a bowl.—*Household Magazine.*

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Alexander Clark, of Kintras, Scotland, while walking through his fields recently, heard the screams of a bird, as if in distress. Looking up, he saw a lark hotly pursued by a hawk, which, by a series of fierce dashes, tried to secure his prey; but the lark was successful in evading the attacks. The hawk, however, was gaining the mastery, and the lark, terror-struck, seeing the man below, came down like an arrow and fluttered actually into his hand, where it cowered trembling. The pursuer followed until within six yards, but seeing what had occurred flew off in disgust. After a time, the lark was liberated, when it soared upward, singing.

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A vessel off Para reports falling in with a mass of spiders floating in the air. The rigging and sails were covered with the web, the long threads of which formed the balloon for the tiny aeronauts. For several miles this spider swarm continued, the captain estimating that there were millions blown from land.

"Every epileptic sufferer ought to try *Samaritan Nervine* at once," says Rev. J. T. Etter, of New Glarus, Wis. "Its a never failing remedy."

The Massachusetts House has passed a bill forbidding companies to discriminate against the colored race in the rates for insuring lives.

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J. W. HAMMOND, *Lake Preston, D. T.*, when he was but 40 years old found his hair growing gray. At 50, his hair and whiskers were entirely white. So they continued until he reached 60 years of age, when he began using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, three bottles of which sufficed to restore their original rich, dark brown color.

MRS. AUGUST VALENTINE, *of Buffalo, N. Y.*, had become nearly bald, and though she made use of many of the so-called hair restorers, none had any effect. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR did what nothing else could do, and now the lady again has a fine head of hair, thanks entirely to it.

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PART I.

The Brain; The Spinal Cord; The Cranial and Spinal Nerves; The Sympathetic Nervous System; How the Nerves Act; Has Nervous Activity any Limit? Nervous Exhaustion; How to Cure Nervousness; The Cure of Nervousness (continued); Value of a large Supply of Food in Nervous Disorders; Fifty Important Questions answered; What our Thinkers and Scientists say.

PART II.

Contains Letters describing the Physical and Intellectual Habits of the following Men and Women, written by themselves: O. B. Frothingham—Physical and Intellectual Habits of; Francis W. Newman—Physical and Intellectual Habits of; T. L. Nichols, M. D.—On the Physical and Intellectual Habits of Englishmen; Joseph Rhodes Buchanan, M. D.—Interesting Suggestions on Mental Health; Gerrit Smith—His Physical and Intellectual Habits (written by his daughter); Thomas Wentworth Higginson—His Rules for Physical and Mental Health; Norton S. Townsend, M. D.—Mental Hygiene for Farmers; Edward Baltzer—Habits of the German Radical; William Lloyd Garrison—Interesting Hints from; A. Bronson Alcott—An Interesting Letter from; S. O. Gleason, M. D.—A Plea for hunting for Over-worked Brains; William E. Dodge—Suggestions from; Henry Hyde Lee—A Business Man's Suggestions; Dio Lewis, M. D.—His Advice to his Namesake; Frederic Beecher Perkins—Suggestions for Brain Workers; Judge Samuel A. Foot—His Habits of Study and Work (aged 88); Mark Hopkins—A few Suggestions to Students; William Cullen Bryant—How he Conducted his Physical and Mental Life; William Howitt, the English Poet, and his Habits from Boyhood to Old Age; Rev. John Todd—His Workshop as a Means of Recreation; Rev. Chas. Cleveland—How he lived to nearly 100 years; W. A. M. D.—How to Banish Bad Feelings by Force; Sarah J. Hale—A letter written when she was 89; Horace and Mary Mann—Most valuable hints from; Julia E. Smith—At 82, and how she has lived; Mary J. Studley, M. D.—On Nervousness in School Girls; Elizabeth Oakes Smith—On Headaches; Rebecca R. Gleason, M. D.—Her Means of Resting the Brain.

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Notes from England.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is a long time since I wrote you last; not that I have not thought of you, but I have been very much occupied, and have not been able to find time. I have watched the course of events, and am heartily glad to see that the tide is turning strongly in the direction of a clean, scientific Spiritualism. All true, honest and earnest mediums must rejoice that, at least, they are likely to meet with appreciation and respect, and the cause for which they have sacrificed and suffered, gain recognition as one worthy the best attention of thoughtful men and women. Spiritualism has been far too long regarded as synonymous with fraud and folly, and during these past seven years the JOURNAL, under your able, consistent and determined management, has done much to purge the movement of the charlatans and mountebanks who were making it a by-word and a reproach to the extent that many decent, pure and honest workers and mediums were driven from the ranks.

Let me add my word of thanks and commendation to those already recorded, and in congratulating you on the achievements of the past, express the hearty conviction that ere another seven years shall have passed, the world will see a strong, compact body of active, earnest men and women, united in spirit, sympathy and purpose, established on a firm foundation, consolidating the movement and building in harmony with the Spirit-world, the grand Spiritual Temple, which is to be the home of the humanity of the future. The constructive work of the cause has undoubtedly begun, and rational, intuitive minds, educated, enthusiastic and earnest, will gather up the wisdom of the past, and with the facts and inspirations of the present, establish, beyond peradventure, the truth of human immortality, silence skepticism, join hands with science, art, philosophy and religion in molding the tendencies of the age to find noble expression in the coming man of the twentieth century.

We have been having somewhat lively times lately in England. In the *Medium and Daybreak* a discussion has been going forward as to whether Jesus ever existed, or was only a solar myth. No definite result appears to have been reached. *Light* continues its enlightening way, but is too heavy for popular reading. It caters successfully for the "educated" class, and is instructive to those who delight in Theosophic lore. The most interesting feature is the weekly page of readable "Notes" by the able and scholarly M. A. (Oxon). The record of phenomena lately given by Mr. M. Theobald has been extremely interesting, the more so because Mr. T. is a thoroughly reliable witness, and not an enthusiast. The *Herald of Progress*, which aims to be the paper of the people, has done much of late to fill the bill. A discussion on re-incarnation has been going on in its columns for some months, started by a lecture advocating "piecemeal embodiment," given by Mr. De Main, a trance medium, a Durham collier. Both sides have had fair innings, Mr. W. E. Coleman's able papers on the subject printed in your columns six or seven years ago, being reprinted by the editor after your kindly remittance of them for that purpose.

THE CAUSE IN ENGLAND.

The cause is prospering and ripening rapidly. Among the workers here, changes have transpired which are curious and significant. Mrs. Hardinge-Britten has done a great and good work as a revivalist during her stay, and departed full of honor. Mr. W. J. Colville has been startling the natives by his phenomenal eloquence and strongly marked personal characteristics. He is now conducting a series of services in London with good effect. After announcing several times his speedy return to the United States, he appears likely to remain some months longer at least, to work in the old country. Mr. J. J. Morse goes steadily plodding along. After his many years of itinerancy, he has settled down in London, speaks regularly on Sundays to good audiences in Cavendish Rooms, and is quietly doing a good work; in addition to which he has established a boarding house, and runs his book agency, and is coming out as a publisher, and will ere long give us a cheap edition of Epes Sargent's invaluable "Scientific Basis." Your correspondent has accepted the position of regular speaker (and filled it now six months) at Walsall, the ministrations of the spirit-inspirers being highly appreciated by the Society. In addition to my work in the movement, I have started a coffee house, in connection with which is a Working Men's Club, and a debating class has been formed, and some very instructive discussions held. Mr. Colville is the only perambulating apostle in the country, save the Rev. C. Ware, who is fulfilling his mission as a spiritual organizer, establishing "home circles" wherever possible, speaking and writing to the public press. This gentleman has done, and is doing, bravely and faithfully, rough pioneer work. Not being a medium, he is able to bear what would wear and tear a sensitive to death. Mrs. Wallis has developed as a good inspirational speaker, and is being invited to visit places where Mrs. Britten and others have spoken. Where she has gone once she can go again, which speaks for itself.

Mrs. Groom has done a most useful work as a clairvoyant, giving descriptions in public from the platform, and always refusing to receive more than her out-of-pocket expenses. She is fortunate in this; would that others of the workers, who are pinched by poverty and tried by circumstances, were as favorably situated! But it has been of immense advantage to the cause, and does honor to her goodness of heart, in Sunday after Sunday leaving home to expound the glad gospel, and evidence the presence of the loved ones to the mourners.

We have been passing through times of extremely bad trade these last ten years in England, and English working men are being forced to learn lessons of thrift and sobriety in spite of themselves; consequently, though money is scarcer, the tone of the community is higher, which is a gain. Spiritualism has passed through an ebb experience, when the movement seemed stagnating, apathy was everywhere. Twelve months ago, in common with others, I spoke of a coming time of greater activity, and we are fairly in the beginning of it. More mediums are forthcoming; old workers are experiencing a return of power; enthusiasm is being enkindled and working rationally and steadily to definite ends; the feverish wonder-mongering spirit, so prevalent five years ago, is absent, but in place of it there is a wide-spread spirit of inquiry, calm, sober and earnest. We are getting "clothed and in our right minds" after the spell of suffering we have had. Above all, the people "hear us gladly." Never in my experience were people so ready to hear, so quick to understand or so little bound by prejudices as now. There is a distinct gain in the popular sentiments, and before long we shall find it pays to be heterodox in England.

THE LECTURES OF COL. INGERSOLL.

Col. Ingersoll's lectures are selling immensely. I saw a statement copied from a secular paper as to the immense effect they were having. I am happy to say I was indirectly instrumental in getting them into circulation. I saw one of the Leed Bijou editions, and liked it immensely. Going to London shortly after, I introduced it to a friend there, who gave me an order for two dozen copies. He was so much struck with, "What Must we do to be Saved?" that he determined to help circulate it, having long felt the need of just such a book. His first step was to take copies round to the booksellers, asking permission to leave them on sale or return, but he met with so many rebuffs he soon stopped that. His next scheme was to advertise it. He saw a bill poster, had London divided into four districts, got out big posters and had one district posted; three days after a second district, three days more the third, and three days later the last. This not satisfying him, he saw the manager of *The Echo*, a London evening paper, price one cent, and agreed to have it published as an advertisement in the next Saturday edition; but just as the agreement was made the manager looked into it, and (he had been misled by the title into thinking it a religious tract) thought it "rather warm," and wished to consult the editor, who finally refused to publish it, but suggested that he should try the religious papers. Why, thought he, if a secular paper won't publish, surely a religious one will not. However, he sent advertisements to two of them and succeeded in getting them in. One of them was the organ of Dr. Parker, who holds forth at the City Temple. The Doctor delivered four lectures in reply to Ingersoll—all, of course, helping to advertise the lecture, especially as he had immense placards outside the Temple announcing the reply. By this means, together with advertisements in the spiritual papers and secular organs, the work was helped forward, and a Spiritualist thus has the honor of practically introducing the Colonel to the English public. The secular papers have since taken the matter up. The Colonel's lectures are a revelation to Englishmen, and are enjoyed immensely. I have sold hundreds of them, believing they are just the thing for breaking up the ground and rooting out the weeds for us to sow the spiritual seeds.

PROGRESS IN THE SPIRITUAL MOVEMENT.

I had hoped to be able to attend the camp meeting at Lake Pleasant this summer, but find it will not be possible, and must, therefore, defer my visit to next year. I have noticed your attempts to form a National Association, and wish it from the bottom of my heart every success in the work of consolidation and construction. The time does not appear ripe for such an organization here. Local societies here have the greatest difficulty to keep the work going in the present state of trade and restricted funds; yet there is more harmony, a better feeling, more real unity of action and purpose than has existed for years. Meetings are being well attended, and in places where, two or three years ago, it was impossible to attract a decent audience, regular Sunday services are now being held, and the halls, capable of holding two or three hundred persons, are found too small to hold the people who come. So the good work goes on. But, above all, the movement is purer; truer perceptions of the significance of this modern revelation are spreading everywhere; the Gospel of Work, of Truth, of Freedom and of Devotion to Principles and Humanity, is being apprehended. By their fruits ye shall know them; and everywhere sympathy with suffering, pity for ignorance and sorrow for slavery—to creed, custom and habit, is spreading and prompting hearts and heads to practicalize the grand teachings of Spiritualism by deeds, reformatory and educational labors; hence the signs of the times are hopeful and indicate a "live" Spiritualism. As a vital faith, a living and inspiring knowledge, it must move the world out of its selfishness on to the higher ground of pure and unselfish motives and clean, single-minded and devoted lives.

A SIGNIFICANT DEBATE.

As a sign of the times, three years ago the Spiritualists in Leeds were few in number, and the society moribund. Twelve months ago the cause began to grow; since then some splendid public meetings have been held. A new and larger hall was taken, but being in the same building as the Young Women's Christian Association, the authorities of that body protested and compelled the landlord to expel the Spiritualists. In consequence of this action, and before leaving, a challenge was thrown out to all opponents to debate the subject publicly with my guides, and for two nights the conflict was held, with good results so far as the cause is concerned. Since then a division of forces has occurred, and two societies are in active operation. Last night a debate was held in the presence of at least thirteen hundred persons (who paid for admission), between Mr. Colville and Mr. F. Curzon. The latter gentleman, well on in years and an experienced debater, carried the audience with him at the start, but having little real knowledge of the subject, and making up for the lack by personalities, ridicule and sarcasm, he soon lost the sympathies of the majority. Colville on the other hand was gentlemanly, argumentative, logical and dignified, and in the end gained the major portion of applause. Even the friends of the Christian confessed that "Curzon was not at his best," and regretted that he had "dealt so much in ridicule and sarcasm." It is a noteworthy fact, and indicative of the growth of liberal thought and the change slowly and surely coming over the people, that as many as from 1300 to 1500 persons can be got together to hear a debate on Spiritualism; a little more and it will be popular.

I extend cordial and kindly greetings to all my friends in the United States, and hope to work with them again in less than eighteen months.

E. W. WALLIS.

The Calcutta correspondent of the London *Times* states that by the destructive fire which occurred recently in Mandalay the great temple of Gaudama was completely destroyed. All the gold leaf stuck on the brass image of the Gaudama Buddha by successive generations of worshipers, and valued at from $400,000 to $500,000, has been melted off by the heat. This result of the fire appears to have caused great consternation, being held by the superstitious to be a sure sign of the downfall of the Burmese Empire. In a disastrous fire at Rangoon over forty houses were burnt, and the damage is estimated at $500,000 to $600,000. The fire originated from some one dropping a lighted cheroot upon a bundle of canes in a rattan store.

Rev. Dr. Horstman, of Philadelphia, had asthma and hay fever for many years, and cured it entirely lately by having a piece of his nose bone sawed out.

Two cases have been reported to an English medical society in which the electro-magnet has been successfully used for removing pieces of iron from the eye.

More Quaint Epitaphs.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The sketch in a recent JOURNAL of "Some Quaint Epitaphs" reminded me of a few that I do not remember of having seen in print, except as I read them from the marble, which can hardly be called print. In the town of Gowanda, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., there once lived an eccentric character named Whitcomb. I am told he was the author of the inscriptions I am about to write. In a little grave yard, in a romantic retreat among the hills, where the brooks and rills ripple and play, and the wild flowers breathe among the native bowers or hide beneath the mystic shadows, and a country road like a rusty ribbon winds its way among the rocks and shrubs near the wild and wonderful Cattaraugus Creek, are two graves, side by side, marked by two beautiful head-stones of white marble, indicating the resting place of mother and daughter. It was June when the early roses filled the air with sweet whisperings of immortality, and the glory of nature wreathed the world with tender suggestiveness, and awoke in the heart the holy dreams of love, or the soft solemnity of a subdued sorrow, lighted and sweetened by the bloom of Eden. Every thing seemed to say, "There is light and promise, love and beauty, even in the grave;" and one would naturally expect to read some touching and prophetic lessons from the old marble that should sanctify sorrow and inspire hope. The inscription over the mother's grave may be as suggestive of the mental state of the author as the other, but not as pointed, or if it is I am not sharp enough to see the point aimed at. The following is a verbatim copy, as I took it from the marble slab:

"Father and mother; the sun is shining bright and clear. From Gen. Washington's day, we have gained our improvements out of his fog up to this day. O my God! how little do we reverence him."

This will compare favorably, for point and lucidity, with many of the labored efforts of pious critics and Christian divines, who exhaust their genius and wit to explain and refute the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism; and this class never find anything but fraud and folly, diabolism and imbecility in its phenomena and literature. It is quite likely such great minds may find as much wisdom and literary merit in this epitaph as they do in the "Song of Solomon." But to all such, the revelations of Spiritualism are darkness, and its disciples are maniacs or fools.

The small white marble, representing a lamb at rest with a little child beside it, and one hand upon the lamb's neck, marks the grave of the daughter of the same distinguished poetic author. It reads thus:

"My love, my dove,
Is taken away from this world's care and fear,
And left her father in a hell of a cheer."

I would commend these gems of genius to some of our clergymen who have exhausted the Song of Solomon, and find their sermons dry and monotonous to their flock, as a text and inspiration for one original sermon. I will vouch for the genuineness of this poetic effusion, and for the name of the author and the locality, and that is more than they can do for many of the texts they so elaborately expound.

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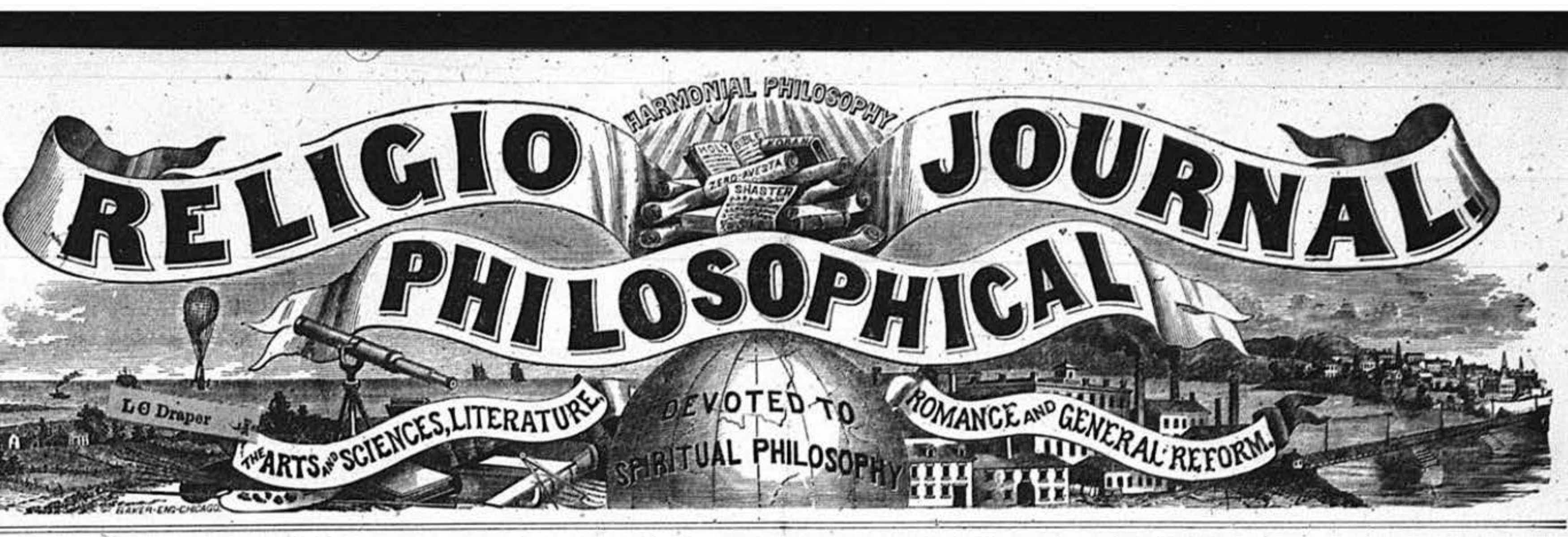

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XXXVI. CHICAGO, MAY 24, 1884. No. 13

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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EIGHTH PAGE.—On Certain Theological Dogmas Respecting Human Redemption and Salvation—The Trinity. "Puritanism to Spiritualism."—"1817 to 1884." Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Dr. Talmage Again.

The Rev. Dr. Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., sends an extended review of Dr. Talmage's late diatribe against Spiritualism. Before the article was received, the JOURNAL had already published a criticism of the sermon embracing many points treated by Dr. Watson. We condense from our friend's article, comments on points not previously discussed:

The great leading idea of this sermon is that the Bible forbids spirit intercourse. For a long time the opposers of Spiritualism cried out—"Humbug!" "Delusion!!" "Fanaticism!!!" "Its advocates are crazy!!!!" Having been driven from these positions by indisputable facts meeting the requirement of scientific demonstration, they have changed their tactics, and soon the battle cry is, "It is forbidden in the Bible! Let it alone!"

Let us look at this subject fairly, and see what are the facts in regard to the matter. Does the text taken by Dr. Talmage prohibit all intercourse with the departed? This is an important question. To whom was this Mosaic law given, and under what circumstances and surroundings? If we turn to Deuteronomy (xii.), we will find it written: "These are the statutes and judgments, which ye shall observe to do, in the land which the Lord God of thy Fathers giveth thee." Thus we see it has none of the characteristics of the moral law given to Moses on Mt. Sinai. One was for a particular nation in "the land," the other of universal application to all people, in all ages of the world. If this Israelitish statute was of the nature that the Rev. Doctor tries to make of it by impressing his audience, it seems to me that it should have been put in the Decalogue, and not among hundreds of things which we know pertain only to that age and people, and which are violated daily by thousands of ministers and church people. There was a tendency upon the part of the Israelites to return to Egypt. This was, perhaps, why they were forbidden "to multiply their horses." Their tendency to superstition may have been the reason why this statute was given. "The dreamer of dreams shall be put to death; thou shalt surely kill him." "If there arise among you a prophet or a dreamer of dreams, that prophet or dreamer of dreams shall be put to death" (Deut. xiii. 1, 5). Now read in the Prophet Joel what he says, having, doubtlessly, reference to the Christian dispensation, as St. Peter testifies on the day of Pentecost (Acts iv. 16, 17): "But this is that which was spoken by the Prophet Joel. And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams." God is said to be the author of both of these. How can they be reconciled, only by admitting the ceremonial law had reference only to the Israelites?

I feel fully prepared to prove from the Bible that the statements made by this reverend D. D. are untrue, and arise from completely ignoring the fact that the commands were given to the Israelites to prevent intercourse with the Pagan witches and wizards, who, controlled by the "gods" of the Moabites, the Ammonites, the Hittites, the Canaanites, etc., would give the Israelites false information, and thwart, as far as in them lay, the divine plans continually unfolding to erect them into a distinct nation. But, be it remembered, that in no one instance did Moses or the Lord forbid conversing with or consulting Jewish seers, or through them with angels of the Lord, and thereby obtain knowledge on spiritual and business matters.

I need not show the absurdity of taking a piece of the Mosaic work, and saying that you and I are forbidden to consult the departed loved ones on pain of death, and yet without stint, eat pork, which is equally forbidden. That the permission to confer with Jewish spirits on religious and business questions was in accord with the divine will, I shall now prove, remembering that these words are written not for atheists nor for deists, but for Christians who take the Bible as their guide. Now we go to the law and the testimony and ask you to read, and ponder over the declaration made about 2,974 years ago (1 Samuel ix. 9): "Beforetime in Israel when a man went to inquire of God, thus he spake: Come let us go to the seer, for he that is now called a prophet was beforetime called a seer;" and in our day "a medium," and in Christian families the inquiry is principally through prayer to God for his blessing, upon a sincere desire to investigate that which pertains to our spiritual and eternal interests. Every unprejudiced mind must admit that all of these statutes were only civil laws, and had only a civil punishment for their violation. That there were obvious reasons for prohibiting the Israelites from consulting spirits, is plain to every Bible student. They had been for four hundred years in bondage to an idolatrous nation, with a natural tendency to idolatry themselves, and, perhaps, less mental or moral culture than the emancipated slaves of the South. Moses never could have controlled them if they had been permitted to have intercourse with that class of spirits who alone would have been attracted to them by the laws of affinity; hence the necessity of prohibiting intercourse. Yet, notwithstanding the death-penalty attached to the practice, as it was to hundreds of other things under that law, there were many who did have communication with the departed. (See Judges xiii. 3, wherein is an account of the wife of Manoah having several interviews with a "man of God." "And behold six men came," etc. (Ezekiel ix. 2). "And I heard a man's voice which called and said, Gabriel, make this man to understand the vision" (Dan. viii. 16). "Yea, while I was yet speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel whom I had seen in a vision" (Dan. ix. 21). "Then I lifted up mine eyes, and beheld a certain man," etc. "I heard the man clothed in linen," etc. (Dan. x. 5). "I saw by night, and beheld a man. And the man that stood among the myrtle trees answered and said: These are they whom the Lord hath sent to walk to and fro through the earth" (Zach. i. 8). "I lifted up mine eyes again and looked, and behold a man with a measuring line in his hand; that talked with me and said, run and speak to the young man" (Zach. ii.).

I might notice many other places in the Old Testament where intercourse was held between the Israelites and the denizens of the Spirit-world, but these, I think, are sufficient for my present purpose of showing there were communications between the two worlds, after the enactment of the statutes prohibiting such intercourse, and that, too, with the approval of God, as the history very clearly demonstrates.

Who supposes that the Mosaic law relative to slavery was designed to be perpetual? No one, I presume. The master could kill his slave and not be punished for it. "Thou shalt not plant a grove of any trees near unto the altar of the Lord, thy God, neither shall he multiply wives to himself; neither shall he greatly multiply to himself silver and gold." I would just ask how these statutes were kept by David and other kings of Israel? These old, obsolete laws, which were never kept, even by those for whom they were made, were never intended for this dispensation. These statutes were made for a people surrounded with idolatrous nations, with a natural tendency themselves to idolatry. What was forbidden them for wise purposes in that age, may not have the least application to the present age and dispensation. Are we to dwell in the wilderness? or are we come, as the Apostle says to the Hebrews (Heb. xi.22,): "But ye are come unto Mount Zion and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels: to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect." These statutes had become obsolete long before the Christian dispensation. There has been no observance of them by the Christian church in any age or nation. Why, then, do we hear so much about these regulations made for this people in that dark age of the world. If this statute had not been abrogated, should we not have heard something of it in the New Testament? So far from it, from its commencement to the close of this revelation, we have the recorded evidence of spiritual communication with mortals. They constitute the vitality of the Scriptures, which were written by spirit instruction. As Ezekiel says, "A spirit got into me," and then he was controlled just as our trance speakers are at the present time.

"SPIRITUALISM DOES ITS WORK IN THE NIGHT."

Here is another error into which this reverend divine has run. I have been investigating Spiritualism for over thirty years, and from Massachusetts to California. The best and most satisfactory manifestations have been in the sunlight. It is true that some of the phenomena occur best at night, but most of them are witnessed in the day time, and under test conditions. Suppose I ask our clerical friend if by far the larger portion of spirit manifestations mentioned in the Bible did not occur at night; and some of the most important events recorded in the Old and New Testament were by dreams in the night, yet the old Israelitish law said the dreamer shall surely be put to death. I will give one from each of these. Jacob's dream: "And behold a ladder set up on the earth and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it." (Gen. xxiii. 12.) Observe, they ascended first, and then descended to earth, a significant type of the communion between the two worlds. The other is the dream of Joseph when the divinity of Jesus is first mentioned (Matt i. 20.) Jacob wrestled with a man all night and yet he says, "I have seen God face to face." The fingers of a man's hand which the king saw on the plaster of the wall was at night. The resurrection of Jesus was while it was "yet dark" (see John xx. 1). I never heard objections made to the facts recorded in the Bible that so many of them occurred at night. Nor is the woman of Endor ever called a "witch" in the history of Samuel's communicating with Saul.

SPIRITUALISM AND MATERIALISM.

Dr. Talmage and every well-informed person knows that materialism has well-nigh taken possession of the intellect of Europe. It has spread from Bangor to San Francisco, and, to a very great extent, captured the best intellects of this land. If Spiritualism does not save the people from materialistic infidelity, we are hopelessly gone, for the church has not and cannot furnish the demonstration of immortality that this age demands. I heard one of the most talented ministers in this city recently, who formerly belonged to the same church as the Reverend Doctor, say in a sermon that immortality had never been demonstrated unless Spiritualism had done it: that the Bible was full of Spiritualism from beginning to the end; that everything was governed by universal, invariable law, and if it had ever been, it can be now. The parable of Lazarus and the rich man is quoted to show the "ringing words of the son of God," teaching the impossibility of spirit return. Let us analyze it and see what Jesus designed to teach by this parable.

This text is referred to with a triumphant air, as though perfectly conclusive against spiritual manifestations. I think the passage, taken with its connection, clearly shows the possibility of such communication. The rich man addresses two petitions to Abraham. The first, that he would send Lazarus to him. This was denied, and reasons given. The second petition was that he would send Lazarus to his five brethren. This is denied, and but one reason given for it. "They have Moses and the Prophets; let them hear them." He does not say, as in the former case, "he cannot," which clearly shows that it was possible for Lazarus to return to earth. The question before us is, to whom does the pronoun "they" refer? it relates to, and stands for, "five brethren," and is limited by its antecedent to the same extension, and in their case it was true. But does it follow that it was equally true of all others in all ages of the world? I know not by what rule of grammar, logic or common sense, this can be made to appear. Let us try the logic a little. Five brethren would not repent, though warned to do so from the grave, therefore nobody would. Now, if this be good, I think the following better: Very few of the Jews could be persuaded to repentance by the united exertions of Christ and his Apostles, therefore, not many could ever be persuaded to repentance, and their labors would be silly and vain.

If the passage proves anything against spiritual manifestations, it proves too much for those who avail themselves of it; for, if no other means than those mentioned in this passage as adequate to effect the salvation of these five persons, can be successfully used for the salvation of others, the whole New Testament is superfluous. "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets." By Moses and the Prophets the Old Testament, and that only, is meant. The crucifixion, the resurrection, the ascension, and the subsequent advocacy of Jesus had not taken place. Were these unnecessary? The astounding revelations of Paul, Peter and Jude, and the sublime visions of John on Patmos, were yet undisclosed. Were these unnecessary? It is surprising to see how thoughtlessly some men (and even divines) will quote and apply Scripture to sustain their views. Let us look at the writings of Moses, and of that dispensation. What was it? Any thing of a spiritual character? Were there any of these statutes that had any reference to a future state of existence? Is there any proof that he taught in the five books attributed to him the immortality of the soul, or the resurrection of the body? Do any of the penalties which are annexed to a violation of any of these statutes, have the slightest reference to a future state of being?

Spiritualism not only constitutes the base of the Christian, but of every religion in every age of the world. Every phase of modern Spiritualism, except spirit photography, is contained in the Bible. This is what has caused it to wield the influence it has upon mankind. Take that out of it, and it would be a very dull book. The Patriarchs and the Prophets in every generation hold intercourse with the departed from earth. The "man Gabriel" appeared to Elizabeth and to Mary, and informed them of the birth of John and Jesus. Near the close of his ministry he said: "There be some standing here who shall not see death until they see the kingdom of God come with power." One week after this he takes "Peter, John and James, and went up into a mountain to pray," and behold there talked with him two men which were Moses and Elias." This séance was typical of the new era, which was then dawning on the world, of which he spoke on another occasion when "ye shall see the angels ascending and descending." This was the kingdom of God which was to come with power and demonstrate immortality by the appearance of our friends, who have passed over the River of Life, and return to show by their identified presence, that there is no death, but a birth to a higher life, a transition from a natural to a spiritual. Two men called angels by two of the evangelists, bear witness of the resurrection of Jesus; one, "a young man clothed in a long white garment." A most remarkable séance occurred on the day of Pentecost, when the mediumistic disciples, controlled by persons of the various nations represented at Jerusalem, and moved by the spirit, preached to all in their native tongues the gospel, so that three thousand were converted and added to the church in one day.

The middle wall of partition was broken down between Jew and Gentile by spirit manifestation. A man (angel) came to Cornelius about three o'clock in the afternoon, and told him to send for Peter, who would show him the way of life. Peter was entranced, and thus prepared to preach the first sermon to the Gentiles, who gladly received the truth. The Gospel was first preached on the continent of Europe, through the agency of a man (spirit) from Macedonia, who came to Paul by night, and said: "Come over into Macedonia and help us." He went in obedience to the heavenly visitor, and success attended his labors, and his letters written to the Phillipians and Thessalonians, make a part of the New Testament. The revelation made to John when he was on the Isle of Patmos, was by one of the old prophets. Time and space would fail me in the attempt to notice all the spirit manifestations recorded in that best spiritual book extant, which clearly teaches intercourse between the natural and the spiritual worlds existed under every dispensation, Patriarchal, Mosaic, Prophetic and Christian. The primitive church believed in spirit communion, and taught it from the days of the Apostles, as all know who have read ecclesiastical history during the centuries of her purity; but when Christianity became a stepping-stone to political preferment, and the church became corrupt, then these spiritual gifts were withdrawn.

Is there not a necessity for a return on the part of the churches to the belief of the earliest Christians in direct and undisputed communion between the two worlds, and that it should not be regarded as at all miraculous in its nature, but a matter of ordinary experience, and a sure evidence of religious faith? This comes, too, at the time it is most needed. Its office is to redeem mankind who are blinded by materialism. I believe God designs this to be the means by which the last vestige of materialistic infidelity is to be banished from the world.

In conclusion, let me say that I see nothing in the Gospels or the epistles to indicate the expiration of these spirit manifestations; so far as there are expressions on the subject, they sustain the belief in their indefinite continuance. The Acts of the Apostles are filled with passages in proof of their continuance throughout the apostolic age. St. Paul declares that there are diversities of gifts, naming the discerning of spirits and healing, and he says, "They are all ministering spirits, sent forth," etc. If the phenomena attending the modern movement be accounted for on physiological laws, without the intervention of spirits, ancient phenomena of the same kind, recorded in the Bible, will have to pass the same ordeal and receive the same sentence. Little as some may think of it who ridicule these things, there is more at stake than they have ever imagined. Whatever psychological law will account for polyglot speaking and writing modernly, will account for speaking and writing in unknown tongues anciently. We cannot, we dare not, ignore the facts of these manifestations. The phenomena are too well attested to admit of doubt or cavil. They are, as I verily believe, in perfect accordance with the universal law of God, as it has existed from the beginning. I cannot believe that law has ever been revoked or changed; neither can I believe that the ancients were more favored in these manifestations than those of the present age. We have nothing leading us to any such conclusion in the Bible, nor is it to be found in any of the laws or principles of nature with which we are acquainted. We know nothing of any retrograde movement anywhere, but onward and upward development everywhere, in the kingdom of grace as well as of nature.

Memphis, Tenn. SAMUEL WATSON.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

American Theosophists in India.

BY WM. ICRIN GILL.

In a long and interesting article in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of May 10th, by Moncure D. Conway, describing a visit to Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky in India, he affirms that "in two or three years they have moved and attracted these Oriental people more than the missionaries have done in so many centuries." This is a very extraordinary statement, and I cannot let it pass without a challenge. I consider it one of the evidences, far too numerous, that a bright-minded liberal may be blinded by a bigotry as real as that of the orthodox Christian, and far less justifiable. In the statement we have quoted, Mr. Conway utters a monstrous contradiction to facts most exhibitable and unquestionable.

I shall not frighten my readers here by undertaking to show what the missionaries have done; but there can be no question that they have done something—something positive, in changing very radically the convictions and spiritual career of a very large number of the people of India, insomuch that Mazoomdar not long ago declared that India is rapidly becoming Christian, and is even virtually Christian already; though its Christianity is of a broader type, generally, than that which prevails among the missionaries. On the other hand, these lauded pin-feather Theosophists have done nothing whatever, except conformed themselves to the Orientals, and been well received with gifts and ovations. They have moved them in a certain way, but they have not attracted a particle. They have only been attracted and absorbed. Confessedly, they have no new truth to impart and no specially elevating views of the supposed old truths. They have converted no one, but simply been converted; and they went there not to carry something the Orientals never had, but only to formally adopt what had been held there, as Conway suggestively says, many centuries before Christ; and so the Orientals have only to rejoice over their easy conversion, and thus only are they "moved." It is indeed a great thing for the East to convert the West, for Buddhism to convert from Christianity, especially when one of the converts figures as a "colonel" and the other as a "countess," and still one more who is a "doctor."

From this same article it is also to be inferred that the intellectual and moral qualities exhibited by this coterie of new-fledged Theosophists from the western world are not of a kind calculated to move and attract with any beneficent potency, since superstition and dishonesty in a form of priest-craft are described by implication as conspicuous elements in their religion. Our justification for this statement is found in Mr. Conway's paragraph on "Devout believers," and his exposition of Khothume, where he insinuates that they have created a new god and consecrated it under a name made out of the names of Olcott and Hume. What infatuation it is to describe these thaumaturgic adventurers with an air of serious joy, as if they were of any importance to the country in which they have found so nice a nest.

And what a farce is that which Mr. Conway endeavors to describe with gravity as a devout and dignified transaction of a religious character, when said Olcott, by permission of the high priest of Ceylon, gives with whatever pomp and ceremony he can put on, "the five precepts" to another addled European! Four of the five precepts are to abstain from lying, from theft, from intoxicants and from adultery—all very good; but, shades of Buddha, Confucius, Socrates! not to mention any nobler names, is no man to utter these precepts without the solemn and formal permission of the high priest of Ceylon; and is the utterance (much more the practice) to be confined to a special and consecrated class? What fatuity! Is that the kind of religion a white man can croon over in contrast with, and contempt for, Christianity? The other precept, which we have reserved for special mention, is to abstain from taking life, which is impossible, because the destruction of life is inevitable at almost every step and every breath; and if man had never voluntarily and resolutely taken life he would never have attained to civilization; he would have been eaten up at the outset by the lower animals without consulting Ceylon's high priest; and if from this time all men were to carry out that precept, they would soon be destroyed from the face of the earth.

Finally, those who claim to know Madam Blavatsky, tell me that she denies the conscious personal existence after death. This accords with her avowal of Buddhism as interpreted by many. Surely, no truly noble and liberal mind, not terribly warped by prejudice (and least of all any good and thorough Spiritualist), can rejoice in the alleged success of this kind of thing as a substitute for the essential spirit and teaching of Jesus Christ, who exhibits the universal Fatherhood of God, the certainty and immortality of moral issues, and a constant sympathy and intercourse between the human and the superhuman world. What if some Christians have trampled down some good heathen grass or grain because it could not be made into bread for themselves, as is alleged; that is no disproof or disparagement of genuine Christianity, but only of the men who belittle and distort and pervert it. What if some doctors of divinity are unconscious charlatans and mountebanks, and caricature and belie every thing they handle, including Christianity itself, shall we refute them and prove our superiority by answering them with equal folly? Let us not confound things that differ, nor fail to identify things of essential unity; least of all will a wise Spiritualist throw himself into the arms of atheistic and materialistic mortalism in revulsion from errors which are accidentally associated with the noblest forms of Spiritualism.

A garbled statement of a singular experience which happened to the Duke of Albany shortly before his transition, has found its way into print. We are able, upon the most reliable authority, to give the true version of the matter. Previous to the fatal accident the Duke told many of his intimate friends at Cannes that he had had a vision of his sister, the Princess Alice, who had said to him, "Your troubles will soon be over. You are shortly coming to us." The prediction was fully and quickly verified, for in three days the Duke had joined her in "the land of the greater number." It has long been an open secret that the Duke of Albany was deeply interested in occult phenomena.—*Light*, April 12th.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

From Puritanism to Spiritualism.

1817—1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS

CHAPTER ONE.

ANCESTRY—CHILDHOOD—YOUTH.

> "The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
> All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
> When the feelings were young and the world was new,
> Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view."
> —*Thomas Pringle.*

Ancestry is like the roots of a tree. Something of the fibre and grain of the root crops out in branch and twig, in flower and fruitage. My maternal grandfather's farm-house still stands in the old town of Hatfield, Massachusetts, on the western verge of the fertile meadows on the Connecticut river. Its great central chimney (fifteen feet square at the base), its small windows, low-celled rooms, solid frame and steep roof, were unchanged a few years ago, but clad in new vesture of clapboards and shingles. Just inside the yard, in front, stood an elm—its trunk five feet through, and its branches reaching over the roof of the house. A century ago, grandfather brought it from the meadow on his shoulder, set it in the ground, and lived to take his noon-day nap on the grass beneath its shade, when almost ninety years old. Fifty years ago the well behind the house was dug out anew. It stood just outside the barnyard fence, with the log watering-trough inside, and a spout between. I can see the cattle standing around that trough, sucking up the water as the bucket was emptied into it, waiting for the swift up and down swing of the old well-sweep to bring them a fresh supply, and clattering their horns and poking their heads over the fence if the "hired man" failed to ply his task at the well-pole vigorously. When the diggers had reached down twenty feet, they came to the roots of the great tree, filling the earth with a network of tough fibres, which reached under the deep house-cellar, and met in the massive trunk of that tree sixty feet away. I wondered with the rest, to see how far and how deep those roots reached.

So our ancestral roots reach back to "ye olden time" of simple and God-fearing New England, and even under the ocean to sturdy Saxons and hardy Normans in England. On my mother's side I can only go back to her father, Ebenezer Fitch. His cousin, John Fitch, built the first steamboat, ran it on the Delaware in 1788 and 1790, had no means to repair its broken machinery, and went to the wild west to die on the Ohio river. He sent a sealed packet to the Franklin library in Philadelphia, to be opened in thirty years, in which he said: "I die unknown and poor, but when this package is opened the whistle of the steamboat will be heard on every navigable stream in this country"—a prophecy born of faith, and fully verified; for the genius of Fulton, helped by the money of the Livingstones, took up his work and carried it on. My grandfather had some of this inventive genius. I have often heard him tell the story of his mill-stone in the linseed oil mill, falling into the pit, and how he alone, three miles from any help, lifted the great stone, weighing over a ton, twelve feet upward to its place. I remember him as a white-haired old man, toward the close of a life of careful thrift, patient industry, and remarkable temperance in all things. "Leave off eating just a little hungry," was his word and practice. His wife, my grandmother, was a daughter of Deacon Taylor of Suffield Ct.,—a busy man, with a farm, a blacksmith's shop and many affairs of church and town in his trusty hands. He had the old New England habit of vigilant care and early work. Mother used to tell of making long visits at their house, and how the Deacon was up before the dawn in cold winter mornings, built the fire in the great kitchen fire-place, put on the tea kettle, swept up the hearth and then would open the chamber door which led up to a hall with sleeping rooms on either side, and call out in quick and clear tones: "Boys! Gals!" and no boy or "gal" waited for a second summons.

A quaint story, and true withal, is told of an old-time courtship at his house. My grandfather, in the old revolutionary war, paid a substitute to do his fighting against the "red coat Britishers," and followed the useful vocation of teaming up and down the Connecticut from Hartford to his home. Among his many errands, he had one to Deacon Taylor, and left his team under the tavern shed one raw November day, and found his way to the house. He went to the kitchen door (in those days front doors were reserved for state occasions), and a blooming maiden opened it, and asked him in. The old folks were away, and she was at the big spinning wheel, erect, radiant and busy with her graceful and useful task. Of course she stopped to hear his message, and saw that he looked cold and a little worn. "On hospitable thoughts intent," she asked him to wait and take a lunch; set up the little square stand by his side, put on a plate, knife and fork, rye bread, a dish of "scraps," fresh and crispy, just from the trying of the lard, with a pumpkin pie, and a mug of cider to help out. He ate and they talked; he felt refreshed in body and soul. Other errands followed, and in due time a wedding. Sons and daughters blessed the golden hour that led the father to that kitchen, and prompted the maiden, their dear mother, to set her best—pumpkin pie and scraps—before him. I never saw her, but heard much of her tender kindness and thrifty ways, and always thought my mother must be like her.

Grandfather never felt quite sure of his "calling and election," and so never joined the church, but was a constant attendant, and kept up family prayers to the last. Often did I, when a child, kneel by my chair on that kitchen floor, and listen to his familiar petitions—always the same words earnestly repeated. It was no idle ceremony, but his best way to look up for light and strength. Whoever has a better way, let him take it, and waste no time in slighting contempt of "the soul's sincere desire," even if expressed in strange and daily repeated phrases.

My paternal grandparents I never saw, but the Stebbins family—or Stebbing by English spelling—goes dimly back to one Nicholas de Stubbynge, in 1235, with some armorial crest of lion heads and the like, in Essex, and is clearly traced eight generations to one Rowland Stebbins, from England, the ancestor of all the race here. For over two centuries they were mostly farmers in decent condition. In 1774–80 the Wilbraham town records (in Massachusetts, father's birth-place) show a score of them as stout soldiers in the war, as refusing to use British goods, and as paying their share of war costs, heavy for those days. The plain names—Noah, Moses, Calvin, Enos, Aaron, Zadock and Eldad—tell their English lineage and their middling station in life. A sturdy upright and downright company they were, little given to official honors or to large wealth, branching out sometimes from farm to pulpit, but everywhere inclined to do their own thinking. The women were strong, sensible and earnest, with a tinge of finer grace in the later generations as I knew them, a rare sweetness tempering their strength. The English blood kept clear of any foreign mixture in a remarkable way. Healthy in body and soul, genuine in life and character, no mean members, few dull ones, some of marked power and insight; on the whole, good blood because genuine and honest, the roots tough and hearty.

BIRTHPLACE—SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Opposite the north-west corner of Armory Square in Springfield, stood, sixty years ago, a long, one story house, formerly a soldier's barrack, but neatly fitted up as a cottage for my father, who was Paymaster's clerk in the government armory or gun factory. In the centre of that grassy square of twenty acres, a tall flag-staff rose above the trees, and from its top, on all gala days, floated the stars and stripes. Facing the square on its eastern side, and filling a part of its southern space, were the long shops in which hundreds of men worked at making muskets. The level plain dotted with houses, stretched back to low hills eastward with the Wilbraham mountains, but a few miles distant. Northward fifteen miles the Holyoke mountain range lifted up its billowy summits against the sky. Just in the rear of the house the ground sloped down a hundred feet to the level of the broad meadows on which the town was mostly built, and its homes, half hid by great elms, the blue Connecticut winding through twenty miles of lovely valley, and the towering hills west, were all in sight,—one of the loveliest landscapes in the world, with its soft beauty lifted into grandeur as the eye rested on the mountains along its border.

Around that home was the beauty of nature, and within it the diviner beauty of human life, well ordered in its daily doings. Very seldom did I hear a fretful or impatient word from father or mother—fortunate temperament and the repression and self-control in the very atmosphere of Puritanism wrought this fine result, which lasted through years of invalid life of my father, and watching night and day of my mother, and kept their last years serene and cheerful. An older and only sister never fretted at me or them, but held to her sweet saintliness and useful cares as maiden, wife and mother.

I look up to these lives; without them I could not see through the mists to their golden heights. The memory of such a home is a saving grace.

Near us was the Arsenal, filled with thousands of muskets stacked upright in burnished order. When I read Longfellow's poem—

> "This is the Arsenal, from floor to ceiling,
> Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms,
> But from their silent throats no anthems pealing,
> Startle the villagers with rude alarms—"

I could see it all, as if it were but yesterday that I played as a child among these long corridors of silent weapons. This youth of the spirit tells of immortality,—it pertains to our innermost, where there is no death nor decay.

In rainy days the long low garret was a chosen resort. There were piles of the *Springfield Republican*—of which my father was one of the early friends and founders—in which were charming stories by Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, the Unitarian clergyman of the town. What hours were those! Lost to all care or thought of other things and living in the scenes of his creation. When I heard that minister read the hymns and preach on Sundays, his tender monotone and the spiritual beauty of his presence, set him apart from earth, and to me he seemed a celestial visitant.

Homer's Iliad divided my garret hours with his stories, and I used to feel the wild struggle of the battle, see the descending gods, and hear the words of heroes and the pleas of women, until New England was in some dim distance, and old Greece was new and near. Years after in Hatfield, just at an age when a boy devours the books he happens to find, I had access to the town library of some five hundred well-selected volumes, and so fortunately read history and Scott's novels, and was saved from literary trash. In those days we had fewer books, and less unwholesome cramming and mental dyspepsia. Many books bring many dangers to those who have no wit or wisdom to keep clear of mental bogs, quicksands and moral whirlpools. For fair days there was "the dingle," a deep ravine with steep banks just north of the house, where I shared the sport of pushing, tumbling and rolling in the soft sand with other boys, until the master's ferule rapping on the window called us all to the school-house near at hand.

Nothing is absolutely forgotten; every event comes up again if but rightly evoked. The very bricks in our houses can, perhaps, whisper of what has passed within their walls before our day, were our poor ears fine enough to hear the story. Some things stand out in wonderful clearness the moment the mind turns to them. When I was about six years old the West Point cadets pitched their tents on the green before our house, camped for a week, went through their drills and marched to the sound of their famous band's music. I had seen soldiers and heard bands before, but these I see now, and hear the strains of their music stir and swell in the air.

A young woman, a friend of my sister, went to Philadelphia as teacher in a ladies' private school, and came home on a visit about the time of this cadet encampment. She took me to church with her and seated me by her side. The gracious kindness and sweet refinement of her manners, a certain delicate and noble purity in her very presence, seemed but the signs and proofs of an interior perfectness. The simple elegance of her dress, its soft gray hue tinged with blue, seemed the fit expression of those qualities. I sat in quiet content—a fine *aura*, luminous to my spirit, but invisible otherwise, radiating from the inner being of that true woman. Such is the influence of personal presence. Children especially live "not by bread alone." Let all thoughtless people, who would put the little ones among ignorant and uncouth nurses to save themselves trouble, think of this.

That Unitarian Church, with its chaste beauty of architecture, its air of quiet refinement, the exalted spirit and tenderness of its minister, the peculiar mellowness of the tone of its Sabbath bell, is a living memory. A few years ago I went to its site, and only fragments of the red stone steps of its porch were left. Up the street stood a costly modern temple, less beautiful to my eyes than the old meeting house. Our "slip," or common narrow pew, in that church was opposite the stately square pew of Jonathan Dwight, father to Mrs. George Bancroft. The scholar and future historian used to come there with the family, and it was a quiet amusement to me to watch him standing before the window in prayer-time, and catching flies on its panes in his total absence of mind.

In occasional visits to my cousins in Wilbraham, I would go across the road on Sundays to Methodist meetings in the old school house. The shouts, groans and uncouth ways of preachers and hearers made all seem unlike a Sabbath service; but one day Rev. Wilbur Fisk—then Principal of the North Wilbraham Academy, a Methodist Bishop since—came to preach, and his quiet manner made me feel that I was again "going to meeting." The strong and lively companionship of those cousins, like brothers as they were, was good for me. After our active sports over the farm, and along the swift Scantic, foaming and rushing out of the mountain gorge, I used to be filled with strange feelings at night in listening to the moan of the wind in the pine forest on the mountain side, always prophetic of a coming storm. That minor key in Nature's harmony, that wailing and foreboding sound, brought apprehension to my soul.

One of my earliest inward questionings came up as I used to look into the still water in brooks, where no bottom could be seen, or up into the unfathomable blue over all. An awe, which subdued but did not oppress, would come over me. With a little stick I could touch the bed of the pool, but that wondrous sky, I felt that none could measure. What was this, which I could think of, yet could not compass? I felt that beyond sky and cloud stretched an expanse without end.

My first knowledge of death brought a dread, but then came the thought that somehow, when I died, I should go out into that illimitable region beyond the clouds. This came from no teaching that I can remember, but from some inward sense—a child's intuition of immortality.

[To be Continued.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Touching Incidents in the Life of a Cripple.

I was born of infidel parents and never taught to pray. I knew nothing of a God or a Jesus, nor did I ever hear these names profanely used even, for profanity had no place in our household. My mother was the being of our worship, for the most part, and all our appeals were to her. While yet a little child I was stricken down with an affliction which lasted for several years, and during the first year of my sickness my life was despaired of by every one—physicians and surgeons included. During the autumn of that year I would often see my mother weeping, and although I knew the reason of it, I was too feeble to care about, or rather to dread, death, and I often became unconscious of pain, and would after a while open my eyes to see my friends bending over me to discover if I breathed, which they said was frequently difficult to tell.

One beautiful day, while alone in my room, I became oblivious to my surroundings, and soon—all at once—a new consciousness took possession of me. I was moving away from my body, floated slowly away from the house, and on looking back I saw my mother kneeling by my little bed and weeping bitterly. Then it was for the first time that I realized the loneliness of being separated from her, and my soul seemed to cry out: "Oh! mother, take me back to you! I don't know any one here except aunt Mary, and I want you to take me back." Her voice replied: "Oh! my child, I cannot save you, you are going from me—I cannot keep you." Again, I called more eagerly: "Yes you can, mother; just reach out your hands and take me before I go too far from you." I was looking upon her while kneeling beside my body, and I wondered why she did not come to the door and reach out for me; wondered why she did not seem to see me—the part that was calling to her and entreating. Then I saw her take the hands of my body lying upon the bed, and caress them; saw her falling tears, but remembered no more for a time, until I opened my earthly eyes again, and looked up into that dear mother's face. There she sat by my bedside, still weeping, still clasping my hands. She arose softly and retired from the room, fearing to excite me, and told my father that I was dying, and that they could not hope to keep me. There were physicians present, but they went away, saying there was no help for me.

But contrary to the expectations of all I began slowly to mend, and when I became strong enough I related to my mother what I called my "dream," and asked her if she did not hear me calling to her to take me back, and if she did not reply to me? But she said she had not heard me speak, nor had she returned me an answer.

How came I to live again in that body? Reason tells me that it was in answer to the mutual prayer of our two souls. My prayer was: "Oh! mother, take me back to you"; the prayer of her agonized soul was to keep me with her. It was not a prayer of faith or even of hope, and yet it was effectual. I never heard the sound of vocal prayer in the home of my parents in my life, and yet I truly know that prayer was in their hearts, spirits, souls. This was an experience of my life when about ten years of age.

Soon after this event my mother died, and as I knew of no God, she was still the object of my worship. On the day of her burial a Christian came and tried to console me, saying: "Do not cry. God has taken her away. He doeth all things well." Then it was that my heart rose in rebellion, and I said. "Then I hate God, and if he is a man, I hate him for taking our mother from us." There were five motherless little children in our home that day. Many years have passed away since then, and I can better understand the laws of nature and the consequences of disobedience to the laws of our being than I could then.

After the death of our mother, our father became a wanderer in the western wilds, as we then called the States and Territories of the occident. We children were, therefore, placed about in different homes. I, an almost helpless little cripple, turned for something or for some one to cling to. The only staff upon which I could lean for sympathy was my twin sister—two brothers and a sister were all younger still than I. This twin sister and I were not separated until some relatives thought it proper to send her to school, forty miles away. She had become so endeared to me, and her presence was so necessary to my happiness, that our separation seemed like death to me. I had got so that I could walk about and care for myself, for the most part,—still I needed her so much, and the separation was so hard and cruel!

She went away in a private conveyance which had to be taken across the river in a boat. The ice was breaking up in the river, and had become gorged above where the boat had crossed. The river was a mile from our home, but when my sister was gone my heart ached so badly I slipped away unbeknown to any one, and walked that mile to the water's edge. The great blocks of ice were piling and grinding, making such a dreadful noise that no other sound could be heard. But my sister was upon the other shore, and in my simplicity I was determined to overtake her. I was about to spring upon the ice-gorge and cross over, but as I cast a glance to the opposite shore I saw the wagon headed toward me, and my sister jumped out and waved me back. I did not hear her calling to me—I only heard the mighty crushing and grinding of the ice. Again I made an attempt to get upon the icy bridge, and again by frantic signs and gestures she warned me back. I obeyed her, and with my handkerchief, waved her a sad good-by—oh! how sad indeed!

When next we met the following summer, it was to bid her a last farewell from earth. She was dying, and I was hastily sent for. She asked for no other. I implored the physician to save her. I begged all who were near not to let her die, but they said: "We can do nothing more for her." She bade me good-by said she was glad to go, and entreated me not to weep, and her life went out. I saw her laid away in the ground, and returned home.

The weariness and dreariness of the weeks and months that followed my return, I would never be able to express. I felt truly alone and desolate in the world. Up to that time my home had been with my grandparents, but they were getting old and feeble, and it seemed best that they should be provided for in another home, and theirs was broken up. Whither they went there appeared to be no room for me—there were children enough there without the additional burden of a poor little cripple. Never having known anything of the world, and always so helpless, I became despondent, and in my disconsolate condition I prayed for my dead twin-sister to come and cheer me. She had always comforted me when living, and she was, therefore, the divinity to whom I addressed my supplications. I called upon her for assistance and guidance,—not by one prayer alone, but daily, and particularly at night after retiring to the room where we had been together so much, and to the bed wherein we had slept. There I prayed: "Oh! sister, come to me and tell me what to do and where to go, and I will obey you."

One night I dreamed, and in that dream came a vision; vision of an angel from heaven, saying unto me: "Sister, I have come to tell you what to do and to show you where to go." We seemed to be in a little valley near our home. I was surprised to hear my sister's voice. I examined her well, wondering to see her clothed in white, as it was winter, and snow lay upon the ground. Soon she took me to the top of a hill that rose to the east of our home, and pointing to a farm-house far in the distance, she said: "There is your home; go there."

"But they are strangers to me," said I. "I cannot go there—they would refuse to take a stranger into their family."

But with her finger still pointing in the direction of the large farm-house, she repeated; "There is your home; go there," and I promised her that I would go. I then began to question her as to how she came to me. "Have you not risen from your grave," said I, for by this time Christian people were teaching me the bible and a bodily resurrection.

"No," she replied. "I have not come from the grave; I am your spirit sister, come to guide and teach you."

I was still in doubt until I seemed to be transported in a twinkling to the graves of our family, and I looked upon the faces of our buried dead as though the earth were transparent. I viewed them all, and then turned to my spirit sister, satisfied and ready to do her bidding. A few more words were spoken, and then I opened my eyes to find myself in my own body at home and in bed.

The next day I wended my way to the farm-house pointed out by my sister in my dream. It was the home of a wealthy couple. I asked them something, but what it was or how I said it I never knew; but I do know that the kind lady of the house embraced me, and I remember that tears stood in the good man's eyes. They bade me come to them immediately, and I did so. I was received with a hearty welcome to their home and hearts, and remained with them through the rest of my minority, and until I became a married woman,—they were truly father and mother to me, and still survive, though well stricken in years.

And thus it was that my prayer was answered. In my distressed, lonely and almost forsaken condition I prayed to my sister to tell me what to do and where to go. If it was God who answered the prayer, my spirit sister was his messenger. H. Y. S.

Denver, Colorado.

Was He An Idiot?

BY REV. W. A. CRAM.

In the quiet little town of Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, there has lately died a man whose life appears to the writer to present a psychological study of marked interest. Nature, in what are called her freaks, or abnormal products, oft-times gives us hints of powers altogether beyond the ordinary but destined, it may be, through the development of the race, to become common possessions of mankind. This man furnishes a case in point.

The subject of our paper was about five feet six inches in height, when standing upright, but he stooped very much as he walked, his hands hanging far forward. His body was long, his legs very short; so that in walking he made the lifting, jerking movement in his step characteristic of quadrupeds trained to walk upright. His forehead, to the eye of a phrenologist, was very fully and finely developed. His occiput rose in a high point, but on each side there was a very deep depression. Phrenologically speaking, his head would have been considered well formed, save for these two depressions at the back.

His education, if so we may call it, was limited to learning the letters of the alphabet, so as to know them singly at sight, but he was unable to combine them into syllables or words. He could count as far as five or six, but beyond that became confused. He had a decided literary taste, judging from his interest in books and papers, in perusing which he spent much of his time, and apparently found much enjoyment. He did not hold the paper with column perpendicular, but horizontal, reading always from right to left. If any one gave him a book or paper, with page or column perpendicular, he at once shook his head, and placed it with the column horizontal. While perusing the paper, he would stop occasionally, lean back in his chair, and laugh, as if much amused at the matter. That he gathered some peculiar impression of what was in the paper is plain from the fact that he would be greatly interested in some part, and carefully lay the paper away till his sister came to visit them at the old home, when he would eagerly go and get it, and, pointing to the part that had interested him, would say, "Read—read!" There was another peculiarity about his reading. He would begin to read when it was growing dark, and continue till hardly anything was distinguishable to others in the room. At first thought, one would naturally suppose that he could not see, or really read, but was simply indulging in some kind of idiotic amusement. One simple fact seems to negative such a conclusion. He kept old papers filed away in the garret, hundreds of them in different piles. If, by chance, an article happened to be spoken of by the family in conversation as having been in some paper six months or a year before, and the desire expressed to see it again, this man would go to the garret, and from a pile of a hundred, in total darkness, select the one containing the article mentioned, and bring it down to the family to read. This he did again and again, yet he could not read a single word as others commonly read.

The mathematical powers of this man were really wonderful in certain directions. Without a moment's seeming thought he would tell the dominical letter for any year past or future that might be named. There seemed no limit to his power in this one line. He appeared to go through no process of calculation, but at once saw or grasped the result as by some more inward or subtle power of apprehension. His brother again and again proved the correctness of his answers, although the mathematical result that the brother obtained by a half-hour's "figuring" this seeming idiot attained in a moment. Strangers coming to the house would ofttimes tell him their age, the day and month of their birth. He would immediately tell them the day of the week they were born, also the day of the week their birthday would fall upon in any year to come. The day of the week that Christmas or fourth of July would come in any year they would mention, he would tell without a moment's apparent calculation, and yet he could not count, or reckon in the ordinary way, more than a child of three years old! His particular literary preference seemed to be for almanacs, often having three or four about him, which he apparently studied and compared. When it came near the end of the year, he was anxious and urgent to get the new year's almanac.

There was one peculiar performance that betokened a certain degree of musical taste and apprehension. He would sit for hours, with a board two or three feet long resting on his knees, and rub ribbon-blocks over it in various ways, producing different sounds, not altogether without method and with a kind of crude harmony. In this he found great enjoyment, often leaning back in his chair and laughing heartily at some unexpected combination of sounds. In the warm weather he employed a musical instrument of grand proportions; for he used the whole side of a long, old-fashioned barn, rubbing the blocks up and down as high as he could reach, the different boards giving forth somewhat different sounds as he rubbed his blocks over them. In a crude way he seemed to play upon the different boards, as an organist touches the different keys of his instrument. After years of this kind of musical performance, the boards on the side of the barn were worn quite thin.

He would never use or touch, if he could help it, any sharp edged tool, being afraid of them as of some animal that might sting or bite. He was a hearty eater, and while eating would frequently stop and make the peculiar grunt characteristic of the hog while eating, then turning his head a little would seem to listen, and then go on eating.

Was this man a case of arrested development? Looked at in one way, he appeared so. The great length of the body, the short lower limbs, the forward stoop, the arms hanging far forward, the voracious eating, the frequent grunt, the animal-like turning of the head and listening while eating—all these things point to arrested development. On the other hand, the excessive development of certain other senses or faculties seems to show how, when certain unfolding powers and organs of the human being are suppressed, the life forces shoot out and up enormously in other organs and senses; as in a young growing tree, if the top be broken off and most of the main branches lopped away, the sap flows more vigorously into the remaining branches, and they become enormously developed. Thus the common mathematical powers of counting and calculation appeared to be nearly aborted or suppressed, as he was unable to count or solve the simplest arithmetical problem in the common way; yet he solved in an instant mathematical problems that, by what we call our normal mental faculties, required several minutes of careful figuring to find a solution. Blinded and imprisoned where we commonly see and understand, had some of his faculties and powers surpassed the ordinary bounds in a higher and finer development? It appeared so. Was he an idiot? What meant his power of seeing in the dark, of selecting from among a file of hundreds a paper containing a particular article, published a year or more before, though he had never learned to read a sentence as we understand reading? May it not be that the printed page gives impressions of one kind to our common sight and understanding, and of another, finer kind to subtler senses, and a different, may be a clearer understanding? Thus we trace a man's way by the tracks he makes in the snow or soft ground, while his dog follows him more surely, not by these so palpable signs, but by some finer track or impression, over or within what we see. May it not be that while we trace and apprehend the thoughts of the printed page, through the impression of the black lettering, this man received some finer impression from the printed page than any we know?

In closing this short account of a remarkable individual, we would only record one or two events, prior to his birth, which afford some little explanation of what appears in this man as arrested development. His mother, not long before his birth, passed through a severe attack of measles. This at the time was not reckoned in the account of causes that might have unfavorably influenced the unborn child. One thing, however, was recognized as the probable cause of a pre-natal organic disturbance, viz., the fright of the mother by some hogs kept on the farm. Here in we have a possible explanation of those strange actions while eating, the peculiar grunt, the turning of the head, and the listening attitude, which are frequently observed when swine are feeding.—*Popular Science Monthly for May.*

Orchestral Music.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks: "The introduction of orchestral music into the service of the Church of England, whether it be a popular movement or not, may at any rate be looked upon as a progressive one. For a long time the Roman Catholics were the only body of Christians who used instruments other than the organ or the harmonium at their festivals. Some few years ago 'Father Ignatius' tried the experiment of bands of music in his devotional programme. The innovation quickly took with the public, who willingly paid their shillings and half-crowns to hear a good solo on the cornet or violin. The element in the Salvation Army that chiefly attracts is undoubtedly the musical one, and were their instruments only a little more harmonious their congress halls would probably be filled with more appropriate audiences than is usually the case. Easter Sunday the band of the Fourth Dragoon Guards took a prominent part in the ordinary evening service at St. Martin's Church, Brighton. The regiment is quartered at the barracks on the Lewes road, and the vicar of St. Martin's acts as their Chaplain. The attraction of a military band and the rendering of the Hallelujah Chorus with an orchestral accompaniment are somewhat unusual features in the Church of England service, and the novelty was fully taken advantage of by the inhabitants of Brighton."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

A RELIABLE ARTICLE.

DR. E. COTTER, Boston, Mass., says: "I found it to realize the expectations raised, and regard it as a reliable article."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

(METUCHEN, N. J.)

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come, ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step by the wakening earth,
By the winds that tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have looked on the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot has been.

But for ye—ye are changed! and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year!
There were graceful heads with their ringlets bright
Which tossed in the breeze with the play of light,
There were eyes in whose happy laughter, lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay!

They are gone from amongst you, the young, the fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair;
But I know of a land where falls no blight,
I shall find them there with their eyes of light;
Where death 'midst the blooms of morn may dwell!
I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell!

The summer is coming, on soft wings borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart for a brighter shore,
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more;
I go where the loved who have left you, dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's, fare ye well—farewell!
—*Mrs. Hemans.*

INFLUENCE OF BODILY HABITS OVER MIND.

Mothers of young children should make it a matter of conscience to study diet, not only to secure good health, but to regulate the nervous, mental and moral development of the little ones who are to be among the parents of the coming generation. As the finest elements of food are employed in nourishing the soul forces, the manifestations of the soul are vitally affected by bodily conditions. In nine cases out of ten, an irritable, unbalanced, passionate person is the result of bad physical habits on the part of his parents or himself. Then his mind reacts upon his health, increasing the tendency to disease.

For we are wonderfully and delicately constituted; the body being eliminated out of the soul holds such a vital relation to it as death alone can sever. Nutritious food well cooked and adapted to the needs of the individual is necessary to attain our best development. There is no doubt that a stimulating diet begets a desire for strong drink following in the wake, as it often does, of excesses and dissipation. An inordinate flesh diet paves the way for intemperance, by overstimulating the nervous system. A veteran temperance lecturer declares that according to his long-continued observation, "the excitability of the children of drunkards, conduces to liquor-drinking as much as the actual taste which they inherit." So do the children of those who drink strong tea and coffee, or who are martyrs to dyspepsia. Their nervous systems are feeble and yield easily to the craving for something to make them feel better—which something is generally liquor, or tobacco, or both.

GOOD NOURISHMENT NECESSARY.

A well nourished system is necessary to him or her who would do good, faithful work, either of mind or body. Dr. Holbrook says: "In a large acquaintance with vegetarians, we have never known one to be a lover of alcoholic drink, or tobacco, and they suffer less from diseases than flesh-eaters." It may not be possible for many of us to dispense with meat, but we should be all better off for tasting it but once a day. Other articles of food produce more carbon or heat material, more nerve or muscle-building pabulum—they lack only the stimulus which flesh affords, and the present state of the planet it may be wise for most of us, in order to fix our feet firmly enough upon the earth, to do as our neighbors do, and eat meat in very moderate quantities. It is food gone up to a higher state of development than in vegetables. But who can pass a butcher's shop without mentally vowing never again to taste of animal food? The gentle lamb, the unwholesome calf, the raging ox, killed for our delectation, sometimes wild with fright or madness. Who can doubt that the time will come when such a way of living will be regarded as barbaric? As for pork, it is unfit to touch by any except those of rude health who work in the open air, and then it should be only good, corn-fed meat.

In eggs and in flour from whole grains, now so well prepared both east and west in first class mills; in such nutritious vegetables as beans and peas; in maccaroni, cocoa and chocolate; in the sugar and acid and flavor of the various fruits, we have a large dietary to please the palate and feed body and brain. Miss Harriet P. Fowler, who has written a valuable monograph on "Vegetarianism as the Radical Cure for Intemperance," well says: "If every body should eat bread made from unbolted wheat, oats and Indian corn, to the utter exclusion of bolted flour, it would be a sad day for the two D's in our community, the doctors and the dentists."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss Ellen Mason of Boston, has won laurels by her admirable translation of Plato. "A day with Socrates," is her last work, containing an explanatory preface from her pen.

Miss Stone, daughter of Stone Pasha, an American general recently in the service of the khedive, is said to be the best Arabic scholar of her sex, and one of the most accomplished linguists in the world.

Miss Mary M. Cary is employed by the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad, as depot and express agent, and has charge of yard labor and signals around the station. She is at her post most of the time from six A. M. to ten P. M. She understands her duties thoroughly, and is the eldest of four orphan girls who keep house together.

Alfred Chadwick yoked his wife to a plough with a steer, for which Judge Jennison of Detroit gave her a divorce. He insisted that he only followed the general usage among the market gardeners of western Canada. It is to be hoped that Chadwick grossly slandered the gardeners. Such things do not belong on this continent.

In the old days no woman was allowed to desecrate the monastery of San Augustin, Mexico, by so much as putting her foot within its walls. A noble lady of Spain, wife of the reigning viceroy, was bent on visiting it. Nothing could stop her, and in she came. But she found only empty cloisters, for each virtuous monk locked himself securely in his cell, and afterward every stone in the floor which her sacrilegious feet had touched was carefully replaced by new ones fresh from the mountain top before the pollution of her presence was considered removed. But times are sadly changed, and the house has been turned into a common hostelry. People have taken a notion that women are no more polluted than the old monks themselves.

The old Lincoln Institution in Philadelphia, formerly a home for boys, has been converted into a school for Indian girls under the same direction. Ten girls are there now and forty more are expected soon. They are to remain five years and receive thorough instruction in the elementary branches of an English education, including simple industries and housework.

Miss Florence Finch of the Boston *Globe*, gave the master's oration at the commencement of Kansas University. This honor is only given to those who hold the degree of M. A., and Miss Finch is the second woman who has had this appointment.

George Bancroft, the historian, is now eighty-three years of age, and would not be surprised to see at least a score more. His wife, perhaps the most cultured woman in Washington, was eighty years old the latter part of last month, and she looks much the healthier of the two. Her eyes are bright and her cheeks full and rosy. She is a very pretty woman, and one would not think of taking her for more than sixty years of age.

The wife of representative Bingham of Philadelphia, is regaining her health, and bids fair to recover entirely from the cancer that has been threatening her life, under a course of medical treatment prescribed by Madame de Struve, wife of the Russian minister, who was educated to be a physician. This lady is a graduate of a homeopathic school of medicine, and a very able woman, as well as enthusiastic physician. She has made a special study of cancer.

Mrs. M. J. Carmen has managed the Western Union Telegraph at Lincoln, Neb., for ten years. Mrs. Carmen has also traded in real estate and is one of the wealthy women of the place. She is educated, refined and honored by all who know her.

Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker, who has been a member of the bar in Washington, D. C., for several years, has just been appointed by the Supreme Court of the district, a United States commissioner and examiner in chancery. In this capacity, Mrs. Ricker can issue warrants for violations of the statutes, hear cases, and commit to the United States jail for the action of the grand jury. She can also take testimony, and dispose of cases of divorce. She is the first woman who has been appointed to such an office in the history of the government.

Mrs. Josephine Redding is the editor of the *Art Interchange* of New York, a journal which is doing a large work in elevating the artistic taste of the United States. Under Mrs. Redding's direction it is taking a higher stand than ever. A late number of the *Interchange* shows that the editor has observed widely and felt deeply regarding the condition of woman. She says:

"In about a century the idea of fairness to woman may impress itself upon the masculine mind, and long before that time women who have to support themselves will meet with less oppression. This journal is only one among ten thousand in the United States; but to the notice of its editor come with increasing frequency—sometimes oftener than once a week—pitiful instances of women of all ages and conditions, who are destitute and who can not earn enough to keep them alive. They are not all hardy women who can captain a vessel or do field labor whose right to work honestly and legally is denied, but young girls, young women who are bright and accomplished, who are tender and refined, and whom it is utterly impossible to help. Their life, too, is galled by the most offensive kind of patronage from women of position; they are gossiped about if they begin to work; in fine, they are distressed beyond measure by condescension, penury, inquisitiveness, and legal disabilities to do one simple thing—earn their living according to their talents, which are not always for embroidery, plain sewing, and teaching children. Women might at least have an even chance with men to be honest."

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

JAMES AND LUCRETIA MOTT.—LIFE AND LETTERS. Edited by their granddaughter, Anna Davis Hallowell; with portraits. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. 560 pages; price $2.00.

Two golden lives were these,—two lives in one, through their wedded companionship, which lasted beyond the golden wedding.

James Mott was a superior man, kind, true, clear of mind and eminent in ripe judgment, worthy husband of a worthy wife, greatly beloved by many friends, but less known publicly than Lucretia. In her brief but admirable preface Mrs. Hallowell says they were so associated that she could not give the life of either without the other, and has left them "to speak for themselves through diaries and letters." Her own sketches and comments are given with tact and judgment, tinged with the warm hues of reverent affection, yet truthful and just. She says: "I have purposely laid much stress on the domestic side of the character of my grandmother, in order to offset the prevailing fallacy that a woman cannot attend to public service except at the sacrifice of household duties."

This adds greatly to the interest of the book, giving us more of the home-life of a large and well-ordered family, and glimpses of the beautiful housekeeping of Lucretia Mott,—the economy that brought abundance and the generosity that made all under the home-roof happy. The editor acknowledges the valued assistance of other members of the family, and of outside friends. The result of their joint labors of love is a book of surpassing interest and value, which old and young alike can enjoy and be helped by, and which should be in every home.

The portraits, engravings of the ancestral homes of the families—Quaker-like in their simplicity—and of "Road Side" in the lovely suburbs of Philadelphia, where their old age grew golden until the change came, add to the attractiveness of the work.

Delightful glimpses of private life and personal friendships; correspondence far and near, with all ranks and conditions, from titled noblemen and eminent writers and reformers in foreign lands to fugitive slaves and other poor Pariahs of our Christian civilization; admirable sketches of notable men and women among the anti-slavery advocates and the friends of woman-suffrage, peace, temperance and religious freedom; records of sayings and doings among the Hicksite Friends, and narrations of events in the long public career of Lucretia Mott give varied zest to these chapters.

An Appendix of seventy-five pages gives Addresses at an Anti-Sabbath Convention, on Woman, and before the Free Religious Association in Boston, and discourses at Friends' Meetings.

To be true to the light within, and fearless and faithful in practical reforms; to think for one's self; to take "truth for authority, not authority for truth;" to recognize human brotherhood and justice and freedom; to keep a clear sense of the Infinite Love and light; to trust peacefully that all would be well in the great beyond, if we tried to live well here, were her leading thoughts,—spoken with a serene sweetness and commanding power that drew multitudes of the best men and women to hear her.

She inherited health of body, as well as of mind, had remarkable executive faculty for housework as well as for public service, and personal attractiveness which ripened to a wonderful spiritual beauty in her last years.

Thus the inspiring power of her leading thoughts could make her daily life like "a pure and perfect chrysolite."

At the trial of a fugitive slave case in Philadelphia the attorney of the claimant,—not of course prepossessed in her favor,—saw her and exclaimed: "She is an angel!"

That her husband and herself were ready "to face a frowning world," and to sacrifice property and social position at the call of duty their lives plainly show.

They opposed chattel slavery, and the slavery of the soul which sectarianism demands. She once said: "Call me a radical of radicals." To break the power of dogmatic theology that true and natural religion might increase, was one of her leading aims. But enough; for the rest, read this book, which is again earnestly commended. G. B. S.

A NEW BRIDGE ACROSS NIAGARA RIVER has been opened within a few weeks which makes an important link in a great railroad line, and is itself reckoned an engineering wonder. It is situated a few hundred feet south of the old suspension bridge, and was built to give the Michigan Central railroad a complete line between the New York Central and Chicago. The connection is over the Canada Southern, now a part of the Michigan Central, between Niagara river and Detroit, and whole trains are now run through between the ends of Vanderbilt's famous four tracks and the Garden city. The new route will prove specially attractive to passengers because of the opportunity it gives for seeing the great cataract. There is a fine view of the falls from the bridge itself, and then trains run up by the river on the Canadian side and stop at a station called Falls View, where is a platform from which all can take an observation.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican*, April 11, 1884.

The Pope. When the present Pope succeeded to the chief authority in the Catholic Church he was credited with peculiarly liberal opinions for a Roman Pontiff. But his career has been a constant denial of that estimate of his character. His sympathy with the British Government in the repressive policy it has taken toward the Irish, his compacts with Bismarck, who rules the German people with a rod of iron, his cultivation of friendly relations with the tyrannical Czar of Russia, the most despotic potentate of our time, and now his official denunciation of all the vital principles of political and religious liberty, all indicate that he embodies the most intolerant sentiments of the Catholic Church which have come down from the Dark Ages. It may be feasible for him to interfere with the Governments of Europe, but if he has the interests of his American followers at heart, he will keep out of American politics.

An Important Discovery. *The Athenæum* publishes the following extract from Dr. Schliemann, dated Tiryns, the 11th of April: "Three cheers to Pallas Athena! In fact, I have succeeded here in a wonderful way, having brought to light an immense palace with innumerable columns, which occupies the entire upper Acropolis of Tiryns, and of which the floor and the walls are well preserved. ....Of paramount interest are the wall paintings, which my architect and collaborator, Dr. Dorpfelp, is now copying with the same colors. Of the very highest interest are also the vase-paintings with the most primitive representations of men and animals. The plan of this wonderful prehistoric palace can be made with great accuracy, and it will excite universal amazement, for nothing like this has ever turned up.....The capital found is one of the most ancient Doric order ever discovered."

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There are 177 applications for divorce to come before the May term of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court.

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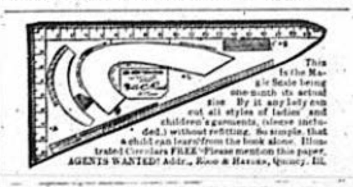

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CHAPTER ONE.

ANCESTRY—CHILDHOOD—YOUTH.

> "The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
> All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
> When the feelings were young and the world was new,
> Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view."
> —*Thomas Pringle.*

Ancestry is like the roots of a tree. Something of the fibre and grain of the root crops out in branch and twig, in flower and fruitage. My maternal grandfather's farm-house still stands in the old town of Hatfield, Massachusetts, on the western verge of the fertile meadows on the Connecticut river. Its great central chimney (fifteen feet square at the base), its small windows, low-ceiled rooms, solid frame and steep roof, were unchanged a few years ago, but clad in new vesture of clapboards and shingles. Just inside the yard, in front, stood an elm—its trunk five feet through, and its branches reaching over the roof of the house. A century ago, grandfather brought it from the meadow on his shoulder, set it in the ground, and lived to take his noon-day nap on the grass beneath its shade, when almost ninety years old. Fifty years ago the well behind the house was dug out anew. It stood just outside the barnyard fence, with the log watering-trough inside, and a spout between. I can see the cattle standing around that trough, sucking up the water as the bucket was emptied into it, waiting for the swift up and down swing of the old well-sweep to bring them a fresh supply, and clattering their horns and poking their heads over the fence if the "hired man" failed to ply his task at the well-pole vigorously. When the diggers had reached down twenty feet, they came to the roots of the great tree, filling the earth with a network of tough fibres, which reached under the deep house-cellar, and met in the massive trunk of that tree sixty feet away. I wondered with the rest, to see how far and how deep those roots reached.

So our ancestral roots reach back to "ye olden time" of simple and God-fearing New England, and even under the ocean to sturdy Saxons and hardy Normans in England. On my mother's side I can only go back to her father, Ebenezer Fitch. His cousin, John Fitch, built the first steamboat, ran it on the Delaware in 1788 and 1790, had no means to repair its broken machinery, and went to the wild west to die on the Ohio river. He sent a sealed packet to the Franklin library in Philadelphia, to be opened in thirty years, in which he said: "I die unknown and poor, but when this package is opened the whistle of the steamboat will be heard on every navigable stream in this country"—a prophecy born of faith, and fully verified; for the genius of Fulton, helped by the money of the Livingstones, took up his work and carried it on. My grandfather had some of this inventive genius. I have often heard him tell the story of his mill-stone in the linseed oil mill, falling into the pit, and how he alone, three miles from any help, lifted the great stone, weighing over a ton, twelve feet upward to its place. I remember him as a white-haired old man, toward the close of a life of careful thrift, patient industry, and remarkable temperance in all things. "Leave off eating just a little hungry," was his word and practice. His wife, my grandmother, was a daughter of Deacon Taylor of Suffield Ct.,—a busy man, with a farm, a blacksmith's shop and many affairs of church and town in his trusty hands. He had the old New England habit of vigilant care and early work. Mother used to tell of making long visits at their house, and how the Deacon was up before the dawn in cold winter mornings, built the fire in the great kitchen fire-place, put on the tea kettle, swept up the hearth and then would open the chamber door which led up to a hall with sleeping rooms on either side, and call out in quick and clear tones: "Boys! Gals!" and no boy or "gal" waited for a second summons.

A quaint story, and true withal, is told of an old-time courtship at his house. My grandfather, in the old revolutionary war, paid a substitute to do his fighting against the "red coat Britishers," and followed the useful vocation of teaming up and down the Connecticut from Hartford to his home. Among his many errands, he had one to Deacon Taylor, and left his team under the tavern shed one raw November day, and found his way to the house. He went to the kitchen door (in those days front doors were reserved for state occasions), and a blooming maiden opened it, and asked him in. The old folks were away, and she was at the big spinning wheel, erect, radiant and busy with her graceful and useful task. Of course she stopped to hear his message, and saw that he looked cold and a little worn. "On hospitable thoughts intent," she asked him to wait and take a lunch; set up the little square stand by his side, put on a plate, knife and fork, rye bread, a dish of "scraps," fresh and crispy, just from the trying of the lard, with a pumpkin pie, and a mug of cider to help out. He ate and they talked; he felt refreshed in body and soul. Other errands followed, and in due time a wedding. Sons and daughters blessed the golden hour that led the father to that kitchen, and prompted the maiden, their dear mother, to set her best—pumpkin pie and scraps—before him. I never saw her, but heard much of her tender kindness and thrifty ways, and always thought my mother must be like her.

Grandfather never felt quite sure of his "calling and election," and so never joined the church, but was a constant attendant, and kept up family prayers to the last. Often did I, when a child, kneel by my chair on that kitchen floor, and listen to his familiar petitions—always the same words earnestly repeated. It was no idle ceremony, but his best way to look up for light and strength. Whoever has a better way, let him take it, and waste no time in slighting contempt of "the soul's sincere desire," even if expressed in strange and daily repeated phrases.

My paternal grandparents I never saw, but the Stebbins family—or Stebbing by English spelling—goes dimly back to one Nicholas de Stubbynge, in 1235, with some armorial crest of lion heads and the like, in Essex, and is clearly traced eight generations to one Rowland Stebbins, from England, the ancestor of all the race here. For over two centuries they were mostly farmers in decent condition. In 1774-80 the Wilbraham town records (in Massachusetts, father's birth-place) show a score of them as stout soldiers in the war, as refusing to use British goods, and as paying their share of war costs, heavy for those days. The plain names—Noah, Moses, Calvin, Enos, Aaron, Zadock and Eldad—tell their English lineage and their middling station in life. A sturdy upright and downright company they were, little given to official honors or to large wealth, branching out sometimes from farm to pulpit, but everywhere inclined to do their own thinking. The women were strong, sensible and earnest, with a tinge of finer grace in the later generations as I knew them, a rare sweetness tempering their strength. The English blood kept clear of any foreign mixture in a remarkable way. Healthy in body and soul, genuine in life and character, no mean members, few dull ones, some of marked power and insight; on the whole, good blood because genuine and honest, the roots tough and hearty.

BIRTHPLACE—SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Opposite the north-west corner of Armory Square in Springfield, stood, sixty years ago, a long, one story house, formerly a soldier's barrack, but neatly fitted up as a cottage for my father, who was Paymaster's clerk in the government armory or gun factory. In the centre of that grassy square of twenty acres, a tall flag-staff rose above the trees, and from its top, on all gala days, floated the stars and stripes. Facing the square on its eastern side, and filling a part of its southern space, were the long shops in which hundreds of men worked at making muskets. The level plain dotted with houses, stretched back to low hills eastward with the Wilbraham mountains, but a few miles distant. Northward fifteen miles the Holyoke mountain range lifted up its billowy summits against the sky. Just in the rear of the house the ground sloped down a hundred feet to the level of the broad meadows on which the town was mostly built, and its homes, half hid by great elms, the blue Connecticut winding through twenty miles of lovely valley, and the towering hills west, were all in sight,—one of the loveliest landscapes in the world, with its soft beauty lifted into grandeur as the eye rested on the mountains along its border.

Around that home was the beauty of nature, and within it the diviner beauty of human life, well ordered in its daily doings. Very seldom did I hear a fretful or impatient word from father or mother—fortunate temperament and the repression and self-control in the very atmosphere of Puritanism wrought this fine result, which lasted through years of invalid life of my father, and watching night and day of my mother, and kept their last years serene and cheerful. An older and only sister never fretted at me or them, but held to her sweet saintliness and useful cares as maiden, wife and mother.

I look up to these lives; without them I could not see through the mists to their golden heights. The memory of such a home is a saving grace.

Near us was the Arsenal, filled with thousands of muskets stacked upright in burnished order. When I read Longfellow's poem—

> "This is the Arsenal, from floor to ceiling,
> Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms.
> But from their silent throats no anthems pealing,
> Startle the villagers with rude alarms—"

I could see it all, as if it were but yesterday that I played as a child among these long corridors of silent weapons. This youth of the spirit tells of immortality,—it pertains to our innermost, where there is no death nor decay.

In rainy days the long low garret was a chosen resort. There were piles of the *Springfield Republican*—of which my father was one of the early friends and founders—in which were charming stories by Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, the Unitarian clergyman of the town. What hours were those! Lost to all care or thought of other things and living in the scenes of his creation. When I heard that minister read the hymns and preach on Sundays, his tender monotone and the spiritual beauty of his presence, set him apart from earth, and to me he seemed a celestial visitant.

Homer's Iliad divided my garret hours with his stories, and I used to feel the wild struggle of the battle, see the descending gods, and hear the words of heroes and the pleas of women, until New England was in some dim distance, and old Greece was new and near. Years after in Hatfield, just at an age when a boy devours the books he happens to find, I had access to the town library of some five hundred well-selected volumes, and so fortunately read history and Scott's novels, and was saved from literary trash. In those days we had fewer books, and less unwholesome cramming and mental dyspepsia. Many books bring many dangers to those who have no wit or wisdom to keep clear of mental bogs, quicksands and moral whirlpools. For fair days there was "the dingle," a deep ravine with steep banks just north of the house, where I shared the sport of pushing, tumbling and rolling in the soft sand with other boys, until the master's ferule rapping on the window called us all to the school-house near at hand.

Nothing is absolutely forgotten; every event comes up again if but rightly evoked. The very bricks in our houses can, perhaps, whisper of what has passed within their walls before our day, were our poor ears fine enough to hear the story. Some things stand out in wonderful clearness the moment the mind turns to them. When I was about six years old the West Point cadets pitched their tents on the green before our house, camped for a week, went through their drills and marched to the sound of their famous band's music. I had seen soldiers and heard bands before, but these I see now, and hear the strains of their music stir and swell in the air.

A young woman, a friend of my sister, went to Philadelphia as teacher in a ladies' private school, and came home on a visit about the time of this cadet encampment. She took me to church with her and seated me by her side. The gracious kindness and sweet refinement of her manners, a certain delicate and noble purity in her very presence, seemed but the signs and proofs of an interior perfectness. The simple elegance of her dress, its soft gray hue tinged with blue, seemed the fit expression of those qualities. I sat in quiet content—a fine *aura*, luminous to my spirit, but invisible otherwise, radiating from the inner being of that true woman. Such is the influence of personal presence. Children especially live "not by bread alone." Let all thoughtless people, who would put the little ones among ignorant and uncouth nurses to save themselves trouble, think of this.

That Unitarian Church, with its chaste beauty of architecture, its air of quiet refinement, the exalted spirit and tenderness of its minister, the peculiar mellowness of the tone of its Sabbath bell, is a living memory. A few years ago I went to its site, and only fragments of the red stone steps of its porch were left. Up the street stood a costly modern temple, less beautiful to my eyes than the old meeting house. Our "slip," or common narrow pew, in that church was opposite the stately square pew of Jonathan Dwight, father to Mrs. George Bancroft. The scholar and future historian used to come there with the family, and it was a quiet amusement to me to watch him standing before the window in prayer-time, and catching flies on its panes in his total absence of mind.

In occasional visits to my cousins in Wilbraham, I would go across the road on Sundays to Methodist meetings in the old school house. The shouts, groans and uncouth ways of preachers and hearers made all seem unlike a Sabbath service; but one day Rev. Wilbur Fisk—then Principal of the North Wilbraham Academy, a Methodist Bishop since—came to preach, and his quiet manner made me feel that I was again "going to meeting." The strong and lively companionship of those cousins, like brothers as they were, was good for me. After our active sports over the farm, and along the swift Scantic, foaming and rushing out of the mountain gorge, I used to be filled with strange feelings at night in listening to the moan of the wind in the pine forest on the mountain side, always prophetic of a coming storm. That minor key in Nature's harmony, that wailing and foreboding sound, brought apprehension to my soul.

One of my earliest inward questionings came up as I used to look into the still water in brooks, where no bottom could be seen, or up into the unfathomable blue over all. An awe, which subdued but did not oppress, would come over me. With a little stick I could touch the bed of the pool, but that wondrous sky, I felt that none could measure. What was this, which I could think of, yet could not compass? I felt that beyond sky and cloud stretched an expanse without end.

My first knowledge of death brought a dread, but then came the thought that somehow, when I died, I should go out into that illimitable region beyond the clouds. This came from no teaching that I can remember, but from some inward sense—a child's intuition of immortality.

[To be Continued.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Touching Incidents in the Life of a Cripple.

I was born of infidel parents and never taught to pray. I knew nothing of a God or a Jesus, nor did I ever hear these names profanely used even, for profanity had no place in our household. My mother was the being of our worship, for the most part, and all our appeals were to her. While yet a little child I was stricken down with an affliction which lasted for several years, and during the first year of my sickness my life was despaired of by every one—physicians and surgeons included. During the autumn of that year I would often see my mother weeping, and although I knew the reason of it, I was too feeble to care about, or rather to dread, death, and I often became unconscious of pain, and would after a while open my eyes to see my friends bending over me to discover if I breathed, which they said was frequently difficult to tell.

One beautiful day, while alone in my room, I became oblivious to my surroundings, and soon—all at once—a new consciousness took possession of me. I was moving away from my body, floated slowly away from the house, and on looking back I saw my mother kneeling by my little bed and weeping bitterly. Then it was for the first time that I realized the loneliness of being separated from her, and my soul seemed to cry out: "Oh! mother, take me back to you! I don't know any one here except aunt Mary, and I want you to take me back." Her voice replied: "Oh! my child, I cannot save you, you are going from me—I cannot keep you." Again, I called more eagerly: "Yes you can, mother; just reach out your hands and take me before I go too far from you." I was looking upon her while kneeling beside my body, and I wondered why she did not come to the door and reach out for me; wondered why she did not seem to see me—the part that was calling to her and entreating. Then I saw her take the hands of my body lying upon the bed, and caress them; saw her falling tears, but remembered no more for a time, until I opened my earthly eyes again, and looked up into that dear mother's face. There she sat by my bedside, still weeping, still clasping my hands. She arose softly and retired from the room, fearing to excite me, and told my father that I was dying, and that they could not hope to keep me. There were physicians present, but they went away, saying there was no help for me.

But contrary to the expectations of all I began slowly to mend, and when I became strong enough I related to my mother what I called my "dream," and asked her if she did not hear me calling to her to take me back, and if she did not reply to me? But she said she had not heard me speak, nor had she returned me an answer.

How came I to live again in that body? Reason tells me that it was in answer to the mutual prayer of our two souls. My prayer was: "Oh! mother, take me back to you"; the prayer of her agonized soul was to keep me with her. It was not a prayer of faith or even of hope, and yet it was effectual. I never heard the sound of vocal prayer in the home of my parents in my life, and yet I truly know that prayer was in their hearts, spirits, souls. This was an experience of my life when about ten years of age.

Soon after this event my mother died, and as I knew of no God, she was still the object of my worship. On the day of her burial a Christian came and tried to console me, saying: "Do not cry. God has taken her away. He doeth all things well." Then it was that my heart rose in rebellion, and I said. "Then I hate God, and if he is a man, I hate him for taking our mother from us." There were five motherless little children in our home that day. Many years have passed away since then, and I can better understand the laws of nature and the consequences of disobedience to the laws of our being than I could then.

After the death of our mother, our father became a wanderer in the western wilds, as we then called the States and Territories of the occident. We children were, therefore, placed about in different homes. I, an almost helpless little cripple, turned for something or for some one to cling to. The only staff upon which I could lean for sympathy was my twin sister—two brothers and a sister were all younger still than I. This twin sister and I were not separated until some relatives thought it proper to send her to school, forty miles away. She had become so endeared to me, and her presence was so necessary to my happiness, that our separation seemed like death to me. I had got so that I could walk about and care for myself, for the most part,—still I needed her so much, and the separation was so hard and cruel!

She went away in a private conveyance which had to be taken across the river in a boat. The ice was breaking up in the river, and had become gorged above where the boat had crossed. The river was a mile from our home, but when my sister was gone my heart ached so badly I slipped away unbeknown to any one, and walked that mile to the water's edge. The great blocks of ice were piling and grinding, making such a dreadful noise that no other sound could be heard. But my sister was upon the other shore, and in my simplicity I was determined to overtake her. I was about to spring upon the ice-gorge and cross over, but as I cast a glance to the opposite shore I saw the wagon headed toward me, and my sister jumped out and waved me back. I did not hear her calling to me—I only heard the mighty crushing and grinding of the ice. Again I made an attempt to get upon the icy bridge, and again by frantic signs and gestures she warned me back. I obeyed her, and with my handkerchief, waved her a sad good-by—oh! how sad indeed!

When next we met the following summer, it was to bid her a last farewell from earth. She was dying, and I was hastily sent for. She asked for no other. I implored the physician to save her. I begged all who were near not to let her die, but they said: "We can do nothing more for her." She bade me good-by said she was glad to go, and entreated me not to weep, and her life went out. I saw her laid away in the ground, and returned home.

The weariness and dreariness of the weeks and months that followed my return, I would never be able to express. I felt truly alone and desolate in the world. Up to that time my home had been with my grandparents, but they were getting old and feeble, and it seemed best that they should be provided for in another home, and theirs was broken up. Whither they went there appeared to be no room for me—there were children enough there without the additional burden of a poor little cripple. Never having known anything of the world, and always so helpless, I became despondent, and in my disconsolate condition I prayed for my dead twin-sister to come and cheer me. She had always comforted me when living, and she was, therefore, the divinity to whom I addressed my supplications. I called upon her for assistance and guidance,—not by one prayer alone, but daily, and particularly at night after retiring to the room where we had been together so much, and to the bed wherein we had slept. There I prayed: "Oh! sister, come to me and tell me what to do and where to go, and I will obey you."

One night I dreamed, and in that dream came a vision; vision of an angel from heaven, saying unto me: "Sister, I have come to tell you what to do and to show you where to go." We seemed to be in a little valley near our home. I was surprised to hear my sister's voice. I examined her well, wondering to see her clothed in white, as it was winter, and snow lay upon the ground. Soon she took me to the top of a hill that rose to the east of our home, and pointing to a farm-house far in the distance, she said: "There is your home; go there."

"But they are strangers to me," said I. "I cannot go there—they would refuse to take a stranger into their family."

But with her finger still pointing in the direction of the large farm-house, she repeated; "There is your home; go there," and I promised her that I would go. I then began to question her as to how she came to me. "Have you not risen from your grave," said I, for by this time Christian people were teaching me the bible and a bodily resurrection.

"No," she replied. "I have not come from the grave; I am your spirit sister, come to guide and teach you."

I was still in doubt until I seemed to be transported in a twinkling to the graves of our family, and I looked upon the faces of our buried dead as though the earth were transparent. I viewed them all, and then turned to my spirit sister, satisfied and ready to do her bidding. A few more words were spoken, and then I opened my eyes to find myself in my own body at home and in bed.

The next day I wended my way to the farm-house pointed out by my sister in my dream. It was the home of a wealthy couple. I asked them something, but what it was or how I said it I never knew; but I do know that the kind lady of the house embraced me, and I remember that tears stood in the good man's eyes. They bade me come to them immediately, and I did so. I was received with a hearty welcome to their home and hearts, and remained with them through the rest of my minority, and until I became a married woman,—they were truly father and mother to me, and still survive, though well stricken in years.

And thus it was that my prayer was answered. In my distressed, lonely and almost forsaken condition I prayed to my sister to tell me what to do and where to go. If it was God who answered the prayer, my spirit sister was his messenger.
H. Y. S.
Denver, Colorado.

Was He An Idiot?

BY REV. W. A. CRAM.

In the quiet little town of Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, there has lately died a man whose life appears to the writer to present a psychological study of marked interest. Nature, in what are called her freaks, or abnormal products, oft-times gives us hints of powers altogether beyond the ordinary but destined, it may be, through the development of the race, to become common possessions of mankind. This man furnishes a case in point.

The subject of our paper was about five feet six inches in height, when standing upright, but he stooped very much as he walked, his hands hanging far forward. His body was long, his legs very short; so that in walking he made the lifting, jerking movement in his step characteristic of quadrupeds trained to walk upright. His forehead, to the eye of a phrenologist, was very fully and finely developed. His occiput rose in a high point, but on each side there was a very deep depression. Phrenologically speaking, his head would have been considered well formed, save for these two depressions at the back.

His education, if so we may call it, was limited to learning the letters of the alphabet, so as to know them singly at sight, but he was unable to combine them into syllables or words. He could count as far as five or six, but beyond that became confused. He had a decided literary taste, judging from his interest in books and papers, in perusing which he spent much of his time, and apparently found much enjoyment. He did not hold the paper with column perpendicular, but horizontal, reading always from right to left. If any one gave him a book or paper, with page or column perpendicular, he at once shook his head, and placed it with the column horizontal. While perusing the paper, he would stop occasionally, lean back in his chair, and laugh, as if much amused at the matter. That he gathered some peculiar impression of what was in the paper is plain from the fact that he would be greatly interested in some part, and carefully lay the paper away till his sister came to visit them at the old home, when he would eagerly go and get it, and, pointing to the part that had interested him, would say, "Read—read!" There was another peculiarity about his reading. He would begin to read when it was growing dark, and continue till hardly anything was distinguishable to others in the room. At first thought, one would naturally suppose that he could not see, or really read, but was simply indulging in some kind of idiotic amusement. One simple fact seems to negative such a conclusion. He kept old papers filed away in the garret, hundreds of them in different piles. If, by chance, an article happened to be spoken of by the family in conversation as having been in some paper six months or a year before, and the desire expressed to see it again, this man would go to the garret, and from a pile of a hundred, in total darkness, select the one containing the article mentioned, and bring it down to the family to read. This he did again and again, yet he could not read a single word as others commonly read.

The mathematical powers of this man were really wonderful in certain directions. Without a moment's seeming thought he would tell the dominical letter for any year past or future that might be named. There seemed no limit to his power in this one line. He appeared to go through no process of calculation, but at once saw or grasped the result as by some more inward or subtle power of apprehension. His brother again and again proved the correctness of his answers, although the mathematical result that the brother obtained by a half-hour's "figuring" this seeming idiot attained in a moment. Strangers coming to the house would ofttimes tell him their age, the day and month of their birth. He would immediately tell them the day of the week they were born, also the day of the week their birthday would fall upon in any year to come. The day of the week that Christmas or fourth of July would come in any year they would mention, he would tell without a moment's apparent calculation, and yet he could not count, or reckon in the ordinary way, more than a child of three years old! His particular literary preference seemed to be for almanacs, often having three or four about him, which he apparently studied and compared. When it came near the end of the year, he was anxious and urgent to get the new year's almanac.

There was one peculiar performance that betokened a certain degree of musical taste and apprehension. He would sit for hours, with a board two or three feet long resting on his knees, and rub ribbon-blocks over it in various ways, producing different sounds, not altogether without method and with a kind of crude harmony. In this he found great enjoyment, often leaning back in his chair and laughing heartily at some unexpected combination of sounds. In the warm weather he employed a musical instrument of grand proportions; for he used the whole side of a long, old-fashioned barn, rubbing the blocks up and down as high as he could reach, the different boards giving forth somewhat different sounds as he rubbed his blocks over them. In a crude way he seemed to play upon the different boards, as an organist touches the different keys of his instrument. After years of this kind of musical performance, the boards on the side of the barn were worn quite thin.

He would never use or touch, if he could help it, any sharp edged tool, being afraid of them as of some animal that might sting or bite. He was a hearty eater, and while eating would frequently stop and make the peculiar grunt characteristic of the hog while eating, then turning his head a little would seem to listen, and then go on eating.

Was this man a case of arrested development? Looked at in one way, he appeared so. The great length of the body, the short lower limbs, the forward stoop, the arms hanging far forward, the voracious eating, the frequent grunt, the animal-like turning of the head and listening while eating—all these things point to arrested development. On the other hand, the excessive development of certain other senses or faculties seems to show how, when certain unfolding powers and organs of the human being are suppressed, the life forces shoot out and up enormously in other organs and senses; as in a young growing tree, if the top be broken off and most of the main branches lopped away, the sap flows more vigorously into the remaining branches, and they become enormously developed. Thus the common mathematical powers of counting and calculation appeared to be nearly aborted or suppressed, as he was unable to count or solve the simplest arithmetical problem in the common way; yet he solved in an instant mathematical problems that, by what we call our normal mental faculties, required several minutes of careful figuring to find a solution. Blinded and imprisoned where we commonly see and understand, had some of his faculties and powers surpassed the ordinary bounds in a higher and finer development? It appeared so. Was he an idiot? What meant his power of seeing in the dark, of selecting from among a file of hundreds a paper containing a particular article, published a year or more before, though he had never learned to read a sentence as we understand reading? May it not be that the printed page gives impressions of one kind to our common sight and understanding, and of another, finer kind to subtler senses, and a different, may be a clearer understanding? Thus we trace a man's way by the tracks he makes in the snow or soft ground, while his dog follows him more surely, not by these so palpable signs, but by some finer track or impression, over or within what we see. May it not be that while we trace and apprehend the thoughts of the printed page, through the impression of the black lettering, this man received some finer impression from the printed page than any we know?

In closing this short account of a remarkable individual, we would only record one or two events prior to his birth, which afford some little explanation of what appears in this man as arrested development. His mother, not long before his birth, passed through a severe attack of measles. This at the time was not reckoned in the account of causes that might have unfavorably influenced the unborn child. One thing, however, was recognized as the probable cause of a pre-natal organic disturbance, viz., the fright of the mother by some hogs kept on the farm. Herein we have a possible explanation of those strange actions while eating, the peculiar grunt, the turning of the head, and the listening attitude, which are frequently observed when swine are feeding.—*Popular Science Monthly for May.*

Orchestral Music.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks: "The introduction of orchestral music into the service of the Church of England, whether it be a popular movement or not, may at any rate be looked upon as a progressive one. For a long time the Roman Catholics were the only body of Christians who used instruments other than the organ or the harmonium at their festivals. Some few years ago 'Father Ignatius' tried the experiment of bands of music in his devotional programme. The innovation quickly took with the public, who willingly paid their shillings and half-crowns to hear a good solo on the cornet or violin. The element in the Salvation Army that chiefly attracts is undoubtedly the musical one, and were their instruments only a little more harmonious their congress halls would probably be filled with more appropriate audiences than is usually the case. Easter Sunday the band of the Fourth Dragoon Guards took a prominent part in the ordinary evening service at St. Martin's Church, Brighton. The regiment is quartered at the barracks on the Lewes road, and the vicar of St. Martin's acts as their Chaplain. The attraction of a military band and the rendering of the Hallelujah Chorus with an orchestral accompaniment are somewhat unusual features in the Church of England service, and the novelty was fully taken advantage of by the inhabitants of Brighton."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
A RELIABLE ARTICLE.
DR. E. CUTTER, Boston, Mass., says: "I found it to realize the expectations raised, and regard it as a reliable article."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

(METUCHEN, N. J.)

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come, ye have called me long,
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step by the wakening earth,
 By the winds that tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have looked on the hills of the stormy north,
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
 And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
 And the moss looks bright where my foot has been.

But for ye—ye are changed! and I see not here
 All whom I saw in the vanished year!
There were graceful heads with their ringlets bright
 Which tossed in the breeze with the play of light,
There were eyes in whose happy laughter, lay
 No faint remembrance of dull decay!

They are gone from amongst you, the young, the fair,
 Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair;
But I know of a land where falls no blight,
 I shall find them there with their eyes of light;
Where death 'midst the blooms of morn may dwell!
 I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell!

The summer is coming, on soft wings borne,
 Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart for a brighter shore,
 Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more;
I go where the loved who have left you, dwell,
 And the flowers are not Death's, fare ye well—farewell!
—*Mrs. Hemans.*

INFLUENCE OF BODILY HABITS OVER MIND.

Mothers of young children should make it a matter of conscience to study diet, not only to secure good health, but to regulate the nervous, mental and moral development of the little ones who are to be among the parents of the coming generation. As the finest elements of food are employed in nourishing the soul forces, the manifestations of the soul are vitally affected by bodily conditions. In nine cases out of ten, an irritable, unbalanced, passionate person is the result of bad physical habits on the part of his parents or himself. Then his mind reacts upon his health, increasing the tendency to disease.

For we are wonderfully and delicately constituted; the body being eliminated out of the soul holds such a vital relation to it as death alone can sever. Nutritious food well cooked and adapted to the needs of the individual is necessary to attain our best development. There is no doubt that a stimulating diet begets a desire for strong drink following in the wake, as it often does, of excesses and dissipation. An inordinate flesh diet paves the way for intemperance, by over-stimulating the nervous system. A veteran temperance lecturer declares that according to his long-continued observation, "the excitability of the children of drunkards, conduces to liquor-drinking as much as the actual taste which they inherit." So do the children of those who drink strong tea and coffee, or who are martyrs to dyspepsia. Their nervous systems are feeble and yield easily to the craving for something to make them feel better—which something is generally liquor, or tobacco, or both.

GOOD NOURISHMENT NECESSARY.

A well nourished system is necessary to him or her who would do good, faithful work, either of mind or body. Dr. Holbrook says: "In a large acquaintance with vegetarians, we have never known one to be a lover of alcoholic drink, or tobacco, and they suffer less from diseases than flesh-eaters." It may not be possible for many of us to dispense with meat, but we should be all better off for tasting it but once a day. Other articles of food produce more carbon or heat material, more nerve or muscle-building pabulum—they lack only the stimulus which flesh affords, and the present state of the planet it may be wise for most of us, in order to fix our feet firmly enough upon the earth, to do as our neighbors do, and eat meat in very moderate quantities. It is food gone up to a higher state of development than in vegetables. But who can pass a butcher's shop without mentally vowing never again to taste of animal food? The gentle lamb, the unwholesome calf, the raging ox, killed for our delectation, sometimes wild with fright or madness. Who can doubt that the time will come when such a way of living will be regarded as barbaric? As for pork, it is unfit to touch by any except those of rude health who work in the open air, and then it should be only good, corn-fed meat.

In eggs and in flour from whole grains, now so well prepared both east and west in first class mills; in such nutritious vegetables as beans and peas; in maccaroni, cocoa and chocolate; in the sugar and acid and flavor of the various fruits, we have a large dietary to please the palate and feed body and brain. Miss Harriet P. Fowler, who has written a valuable monograph on "Vegetarianism as the Radical Cure for Intemperance," well says: "If every body should eat bread made from unbolted wheat, oats and Indian corn, to the utter exclusion of bolted flour, it would be a sad day for the two D's in our community, the doctors and the dentists."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss Ellen Mason of Boston, has won laurels by her admirable translation of Plato. "A day with Socrates," is her last work, containing an explanatory preface from her pen.

Miss Stone, daughter of Stone Pasha, an American general recently in the service of the khedive, is said to be the best Arabic scholar of her sex, and one of the most accomplished linguists in the world.

Miss Mary M. Cary is employed by the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad, as depot and express agent, and has charge of yard labor and signals around the station. She is at her post most of the time from six A. M. to ten P. M. She understands her duties thoroughly, and is the eldest of four orphan girls who keep house together.

Alfred Chadwick yoked his wife to a plough with a steer, for which Judge Jennison of Detroit gave her a divorce. He insisted that he only followed the general usage among the market gardeners of western Canada. It is to be hoped that Chadwick grossly slandered the gardeners. Such things do not belong on this continent.

In the old days no woman was allowed to desecrate the monastery of San Augustin, Mexico, by so much as putting her foot within its walls. A noble lady of Spain, wife of the reigning viceroy, was bent on visiting it. Nothing could stop her, and in she came. But she found only empty cloisters, for each virtuous monk locked himself securely in his cell, and afterward every stone in the floor which her sacrilegious feet had touched was carefully replaced by new ones fresh from the mountain top before the pollution of her presence was considered removed. But times are sadly changed, and the house has been turned into a common hostelry. People have taken a notion that women are no more polluted than the old monks themselves.

The old Lincoln Institution in Philadelphia, formerly a home for boys, has been converted into a school for Indian girls under the same direction. Ten girls are there now and forty more are expected soon. They are to remain five years and receive thorough instruction in the elementary branches of an English education, including simple industries and housework.

Miss Florence Finch of the Boston *Globe*, gave the master's oration at the commencement of Kansas University. This honor is only given to those who hold the degree of M. A., and Miss Finch is the second woman who has had this appointment.

George Bancroft, the historian, is now eighty-three years of age, and would not be surprised to see at least a score more. His wife, perhaps the most cultured woman in Washington, was eighty years old the latter part of last month, and she looks much the healthier of the two. Her eyes are bright and her cheeks full and rosy. She is a very pretty woman, and one would not think of taking her for more than sixty years of age.

The wife of representative Bingham of Philadelphia, is regaining her health, and bids fair to recover entirely from the cancer that has been threatening her life, under a course of medical treatment prescribed by Madame de Struve, wife of the Russian minister, who was educated to be a physician. This lady is a graduate of a homeopathic school of medicine, and a very able woman, as well as enthusiastic physician. She has made a special study of cancer.

Mrs. M. J. Carmen has managed the Western Union Telegraph at Lincoln, Neb., for ten years. Mrs. Carmen has also traded in real estate and is one of the wealthy women of the place. She is educated, refined and honored by all who know her.

Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker, who has been a member of the bar in Washington, D. C., for several years, has just been appointed by the Supreme Court of the district, a United States commissioner and examiner in chancery. In this capacity, Mrs. Ricker can issue warrants for violations of the statutes, hear cases, and commit to the United States jail for the action of the grand jury. She can also take testimony, and dispose of cases of divorce. She is the first woman who has been appointed to such an office in the history of the government.

Mrs. Josephine Redding is the editor of the *Art Interchange* of New York, a journal which is doing a large work in elevating the artistic taste of the United States. Under Mrs. Redding's direction it is taking a higher stand than ever. A late number of the *Interchange* shows that the editor has observed widely and felt deeply regarding the condition of woman. She says:

"In about a century the idea of fairness to woman may impress itself upon the masculine mind, and long before that time women who have to support themselves will meet with less oppression. This journal is only one among ten thousand in the United States; but to the notice of its editor come with increasing frequency—sometimes oftener than once a week—pitiful instances of women of all ages and conditions, who are destitute and who can not earn enough to keep them alive. They are not all hardy women who can captain a vessel or do field labor whose right to work honestly and legally is denied, but young girls, young women who are bright and accomplished, who are tender and refined, and whom it is utterly impossible to help. Their life, too, is galled by the most offensive kind of patronage from women of position; they are gossiped about if they begin to work; in fine, they are distressed beyond measure by condescension, penury, inquisitiveness, and legal disabilities to do one simple thing—earn their living according to their talents, which are not always for embroidery, plain sewing, and teaching children. Women might at least have an even chance with men to be honest."

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

JAMES AND LUCRETIA MOTT.—LIFE AND LETTERS. Edited by their granddaughter, Anna Davis Hallowell; with portraits. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. 560 pages; price $2.00.

Two golden lives were these,—two lives in one, through their wedded companionship, which lasted beyond the golden wedding.

James Mott was a superior man, kind, true, clear of mind and eminent in ripe judgment, worthy husband of a worthy wife, greatly beloved by many friends, but less known publicly than Lucretia. In her brief but admirable preface Mrs. Hallowell says they were so associated that she could not give the life of either without the other, and has left them "to speak for themselves through diaries and letters." Her own sketches and comments are given with tact and judgment, tinged with the warm hues of reverent affection, yet truthful and just. She says: "I have purposely laid much stress on the domestic side of the character of my grandmother, in order to offset the prevailing fallacy that a woman cannot attend to public service except at the sacrifice of household duties."

This adds greatly to the interest of the book, giving us more of the home-life of a large and well-ordered family, and glimpses of the beautiful housekeeping of Lucretia Mott,—the economy that brought abundance and the generosity that made all under the home-roof happy. The editor acknowledges the valued assistance of other members of the family, and of outside friends. The result of their joint labors of love is a book of surpassing interest and value, which old and young alike can enjoy and be helped by; and which should be in every home.

The portraits, engravings of the ancestral homes of the families—Quaker-like in their simplicity—and of "Road Side" in the lovely suburbs of Philadelphia, where their old age grew golden until the change came, add to the attractiveness of the work.

Delightful glimpses of private life and personal friendships; correspondence far and near, with all ranks and conditions, from titled noblemen and eminent writers and reformers in foreign lands to fugitive slaves and other poor Pariahs of our Christian civilization; admirable sketches of notable men and women among the anti-slavery advocates and the friends of woman-suffrage, peace, temperance and religious freedom; records of sayings and doings among the Hicksite Friends, and narrations of events in the long public career of Lucretia Mott give varied zest to these chapters.

An Appendix of seventy-five pages gives Addresses at an Anti-Sabbath Convention, on Woman, and before the Free Religious Association in Boston, and discourses at Friends' Meetings.

To be true to the light within, and fearless and faithful in practical reforms; to think for one's self; to take "truth for authority, not authority for truth;" to recognize human brotherhood and justice and freedom; to keep a clear sense of the Infinite Love and light; to trust peacefully that all would be well in the great beyond, if we tried to live well here, were her leading thoughts,—spoken with a serene sweetness and commanding power that drew multitudes of the best men and women to hear her.

She inherited health of body, as well as of mind, had remarkable executive faculty for housework as well as for public service, and personal attractiveness which ripened to a wonderful spiritual beauty in her last years.

Thus the inspiring power of her leading thoughts could make her daily life like "a pure and perfect chrysolite."

At the trial of a fugitive slave case in Philadelphia the attorney of the claimant,—not of course prepossessed in her favor,—saw her and exclaimed: "She is an angel!"

That her husband and herself were ready "to face a frowning world," and to sacrifice property and social position at the call of duty their lives plainly show.

They opposed chattel slavery, and the slavery of the soul which sectarianism demands. She once said: "Call me a radical of radicals." To break the power of dogmatic theology that true and natural religion might increase, was one of her leading aims. But enough; for the rest, read this book, which is again earnestly commended. G. B. S.

A NEW BRIDGE ACROSS NIAGARA RIVER has been opened within a few weeks which makes an important link in a great railroad line, and is itself reckoned an engineering wonder. It is situated a few hundred feet south of the old suspension bridge, and was built to give the Michigan Central railroad a complete line between the New York Central and Chicago. The connection is over the Canada Southern, now a part of the Michigan Central, between Niagara river and Detroit, and whole trains are now run through between the ends of Vanderbilt's famous four tracks and the Garden city. The new route will prove specially attractive to passengers because of the opportunity it gives for seeing the great cataract. There is a fine view of the falls from the bridge itself, and then trains run up by the river on the Canadian side and stop at a station called Falls View, where is a platform from which all can take an observation.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican*, April 11, 1884.

The Pope. When the present Pope succeeded to the chief authority in the Catholic Church he was credited with peculiarly liberal opinions for a Roman Pontiff. But his career has been a constant denial of that estimate of his character. His sympathy with the British Government in the repressive policy it has taken toward the Irish, his compacts with Bismarck, who rules the German people with a rod of iron, his cultivation of friendly relations with the tyrannical Czar of Russia, the most despotic potentate of our time, and now his official denunciation of all the vital principles of political and religious liberty, all indicate that he embodies the most intolerant sentiments of the Catholic Church which have come down from the Dark Ages. It may be feasible for him to interfere with the Governments of Europe, but if he has the interests of his American followers at heart, he will keep out of American politics.

An Important Discovery. *The Athenæum* publishes the following extract from Dr. Schliemann, dated Tiryns, the 11th of April: "Three cheers to Pallas Athena! In fact, I have succeeded here in a wonderful way, having brought to light an immense palace with innumerable columns, which occupies the entire upper Acropolis of Tiryns, and of which the floor and the walls are well preserved. ....Of paramount interest are the wall paintings, which my architect and collaborator, Dr. Dorpfelp, is now copying with the same colors. Of the very highest interest are also the vase-paintings with the most primitive representations of men and animals. The plan of this wonderful prehistoric palace can be made with great accuracy, and it will excite universal amazement, for nothing like this has ever turned up.....The capital found is one of the most ancient Doric order ever discovered."

Neither Alum nor Ammonia are natural products and should not be used in articles for our daily food. Many of the Baking Powders in the market contain one or the other of these drugs, and that Powder so extensively advertised as absolutely pure contains Ammonia, while Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is free from both, being perfectly pure.

There are 177 applications for divorce to come before the May term of the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court.

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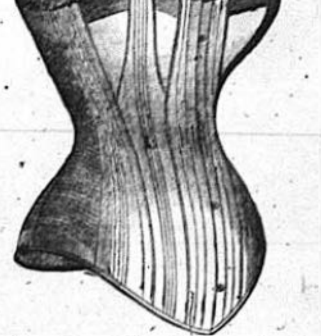

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 24. 1884.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of $3.15 per year. To accommodate those old Subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

That "Call."

The readers of the JOURNAL will recollect that in the issue of the 26th ult. appeared a Call for the Annual Meeting of the American Spiritualist Association, signed by its President, after obtaining the approval of the trustees. This Call was forwarded to all the Spiritualist newspapers for simultaneous publication. The *Banner of Light* refused to publish, but referred to the matter in terms as follows:

> We have received a "CALL," purporting to be an official utterance of "The American Spiritualist Association, organized at Sturgis, Mich., in June, 1883." We do not recognize any such organization as the abovenamed, and therefore decline to print the slip which is sent us by Jno. G. Jackson, who signs his name as "President." We do not believe that a few men, meeting in Sturgis, had any right to assume that they represented the great body of Spiritualists of this country; and when this their bantling attempts "to hitch on" to the New England Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association at Lake Pleasant, Montague, Mass., as Mr. Jackson's "Call" gives us to understand it contemplates, we enter our solemn protest. We hope that the great body of Spiritualists in America will refuse to sanction the schemes of a few persons who at present represent only themselves, and whose methods, to say the least, are of a very dictatorial character.

In another column Giles B. Stebbins and Mr. Jackson, the President of the Association, express their views of the *Banner's* remarks. But as the subject of organization in general, and of this particular attempt, is a matter of vital importance to Spiritualists, it is essential that the facts in this case be fully understood and borne in mind by the public; hence we deem it due our readers to give somewhat more fully than have our esteemed correspondents, the record of the Association. A convention of Spiritualists, respectable in numbers, representative in character, and above reproach in its personnel, assembled at Sturgis, Michigan, last year, in response to a widely published call, and there formed an Association to be known as the American Spiritualist Association, and formulated its purpose as follows:

> OBJECTS AND AIMS.
>
> The objects and aims of this Association are to study Spiritualism in its scientific, philosophical and religious aspects and uses, and to teach its truths as we learn them; to maintain high and pure principles on all vital questions of practical life and duty; to seek for the best spiritual culture and the most harmonious character.

This was followed by the adoption of the following:

> DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.
>
> While no assent to a fixed creed or confession of faith is required, the following statements may be held as embracing leading ideas accepted and sacredly cherished by most of our members.
>
> IMMORTALITY.
>
> Man is an indestructible, conscious entity. The change called death is but the separation of the spirit from the earthly body and its passage into a higher life, retaining an indestructible body of spiritual substance.
>
> SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.
>
> It is a demonstrated fact that arisen spirits, under favorable circumstances, can and do communicate with man, to aid him, to give him consolation, heal his maladies, correct his errors, and lead him to higher truth and happiness, manifesting their presence in various ways. All are susceptible to the influence of spirits, some in a much greater degree than others. This, like other faculties, can be cultivated and when well developed, some persons can be controlled by a spirit to speak and act for that spirit, more or less perfectly; in ancient times such persons were called seers or prophets, and are now usually called mediums. Seers, prophets, mediums and spirits cannot be infinite and infallible; therefore, all revelations thus given should be judged as they may merit.
>
> LAW.
>
> Everything in the mundane and spiritual world is governed by immutable law.
>
> DEITY.
>
> A Supreme Intelligence, a central and all-pervading soul, rules all by universal law.
>
> RIGHTEOUSNESS THE SAVIOR.
>
> Happiness is the result of the harmonious exercise of wisdom, virtue, love and purity. While right belief is of consequence as an inspiration to right conduct, yet character is the supreme consideration—not the belief so much as what we are.
>
> PROGRESS.
>
> The condition of eternal progress is normal to the human spirit—evolution of mind and soul, as well as of rock and plant, to finer uses and larger powers.
>
> RIGHT AND DUTY OF AMENDMENT.
>
> As man is progressive, we hold to the right and duty of every organization to revise its declared principles as deemed best—therefore these statements may be amended.

A Constitution was then adopted, of which the following is the first section:

> Any person may become a member of this Association by subscribing to the Declaration of Principles or authorizing their signature thereto and paying annually into the treasury the sum of one dollar; but the lives and conduct of its members shall be such as to maintain the good name and promote the best interests of the Association.

From the Association's Address to the Public the following extracts are made:

> In short, our desires and efforts are to make Spiritualism, as it was designed by the Angel World to be, truthful as the regions of light from whence it has descended, and pure as the blessed air that envelopes the Summer Land:—these efforts to be made by methods as just and charitable as those prevailing in that sphere where charity and justice are abounding, and as kindly and hopeful as coming from the very regions of hope and love.
>
> Again we say, brothers and sisters! if these, our ideas, are good and true, will you not join with us, heart, hand and soul for an organized, honest, persistent and practical effort for the world's deliverance? ...
>
> If you are truly spiritually minded, or have the gifts of seership, come, give us your aid; for spirituality will be the corner-stone of our structure of united action.
>
> Do you love and admire the benevolence and self-sacrificing spirit of the Nazarene? then come with us, for a fraction of the same spirit now imbued into the heart of humanity will go far towards the banishing of evil.
>
> Are you earnest, rational inquirers into the causes of spiritual phenomena? then we extend you the hand of fellowship; for rationality is our leading star.
>
> Are you emotional and religiously minded? still come to us and help to formulate a religion of humanity, based upon the nature of man and the attributes of Deity. We pledge you it need not take long ages, with such a religion, to save the race from sin and suffering.
>
> Are you of the votaries of Science? then for you also there is room and welcome. All truth is divine and equally amenable to law. Hence there exist no links in Nature's chain, beyond the legitimate thought and piercing vision of your star-eyed mistress. With us she need never cramp her powers.
>
> Even the agnostic can join with us and sometimes cry his motto, "*I do not know!*" if he will also strive as we do, *to know* when the means of knowledge are at hand—if he will as often help us to cry the fitting motto of this age, "*Seek and ye shall find!*" "Knock and it shall be opened unto you!"
>
> Surely the positive, practical knowledge of the continuous, organized and individualized life of man in an advanced sphere of being, is not beyond scientific demonstration; it is already demonstrated.
>
> It is for us and you to see to it that this knowledge shall become an efficient working factor in the world's growth toward a still higher and more harmonious estate in this our present condition.
>
> Again we repeat: brothers and sisters! Our platform is broad and liberal—catholic and honest in spirit and intention, with no selfish objects or individual interests to be served by it other than the individual benefits that ever flow from the general good.

We ask the reader to carefully study the purposes of the Association as above fairly and clearly set forth; and we challenge any moral, order-loving, decent person, whatever may be his special religious or philosophical views, to find aught objectionable or "dictatorial" in the *Banner's* meaning of the word, therein!

We were at Sturgis when the Association was formed, and we know the earnest, unselfish spirit which pervaded every discussion. Special care was taken, and at our suggestion, that the officers of the Association should be made up of those who in no way depended upon Spiritualism for their livelihood, and who could not be suspected of having any personal advantages to subserve. Of such grand old laborers as Stebbins, Watson and Spinney, it would be superfluous to speak; their noble records are before the people and speak for them. For shame, for shame, Luther Colby, to slur the motives of such men! If the *Banner* editor can spare time between his cups and his colic to inquire in Delaware as to who John G. Jackson is, he will learn that he is an honest, modest, unassuming gentleman of Quaker descent, whose stalwart integrity and strength of intellect has made him a marked man. Mr. Jackson sought no honors at the hands of the Sturgis convention, but they were thrust upon him, because all felt he was the man for the place, and time has proven the wisdom of the selection.

It appears that so great is the confidence of the members of the American Spiritual Association in their work, so sure that it will meet with active co-operation from all who shall come to understand its aim and its platform, that they have called the annual conclave to meet at the largest representative gathering of Spiritualists in the world. The Association does not fear to do its work right under the nose, as it were, of the *Banner* editor, despite his known antagonism as developed last year by the action of the heir-aspirant for his position—the man with the suggestive name of Bacon, diplomatic agent for Colby and J. A. Bliss at the camp.

Talmage as a Recruiting Officer for Spiritualism.

Dr. Talmage's attack on Spiritualism has been a blessing in disguise. The notoriety of the preacher gave prominence to the attack, and his cunningly organized plan of advertising himself, insured publication of it in all the principal cities. Of course Spiritualists were eager to unmask the ignorance and impudence of the clerical mountebank, and his attack is everywhere being answered. Correspondents of papers in almost every city attack the sermon boldly but with dignity, and Hon. A. H. Dailey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has delivered a telling speech before the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation in that city. An abstract of the speech is published in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and is well worth reading. Analyzing the reverend blunderer's theory of Spiritualism, he says:

> "Spiritualism is before the people for investigation of its claims and demanding that its assailants either investigate or cease their false witness against it. Spiritualism alone stands up against all superstition on the one hand and atheism on the other, and claims to show that there never was anything unnatural, and destroys infidelity in the existence of man after this sphere of life closes. That is one of the fruits of the tree of Spiritualism which Mr. Talmage designates as the very worst tree in the orchard of necromancy. I challenge Mr. Talmage and every clergyman in the United States to bring home to the knowledge of one infidel the fact of the immortality of the soul of man without the aid of modern Spiritualism. There are thousands of clergymen to-day hungering for that knowledge, and there are thousands of others who have obtained it secretly, quietly, and just as fast as they dare leave the haunts of superstition and break the bread of truth. With the frank admission of some of the ablest clergymen of the utter failure of Christian orthodoxy to satisfy the longings of the human soul for actual knowledge of the spirit's continued life, uprises Mr. Talmage and says that this Spiritualism takes hold of people when they are weak and morbid with trouble. Mr. Talmage says that when you invoke the spirits of the departed you strike God in the face, but if this is true, the God of Mr. Talmage is getting his face slapped pretty often."
>
> ...."Mr. Talmage cannot and does not know all that is going on in Spiritualism. It is not given him to know all; and when he assumes to know there is not one well-authenticated case of communion between this world and the next he knows that he is face to face in flat contradiction to millions of intelligent and truthful men, women and children who know that what he says is utterly untrue. When he said there never was one thing done through the instrumentality of mediums but it had been duplicated by jugglers and necromancers, and in every instance had been proven to be fraud, he uttered a willful slander against thousands of the best and purest people that ever lived, and a vile insult to that innumerable host which he admits are so near to us. He insults every spirit which attempts to bear a message of truth and love to mortals. [Applause.] I challenge him and the whole clergy of Brooklyn to meet us face to face in the Tabernacle or any other public place—with the sworn testimony of hundreds of respectable citizens whom we will summon to bear witness that they have both seen and spoken to the spirits of their departed friends and have been answered in return."

This is all well; it is good to find Spiritualism has so many who, knowing the truth, dare proclaim it, finding it attacked are eager to defend it; but the greatest good is, the people are hearing both sides of this matter; they take notice that Spiritualism appeals to facts, Talmage to fancies, perversions of Scripture and downright falsehoods. Unintentionally he has done good. His diatribe has aroused Spiritualists to a new counting of the evidences of the truth of Spiritualism, and built them up in "the most holy faith," as scarce anything else could have done. Besides this, it has aroused investigation in those hitherto content to look and listen, with no special interest in the matter; and investigation always ends in conviction of the truth of Spiritualism. So the attack has done good already and will do more. If the interest should slacken again, perhaps Dr. Talmage will give it fresh impetus once more by another malicious, sensational onslaught, and thus help to swell the Spiritualist ranks.

Loneliness.

There are many who fully accept the doctrine of spirit return and communion, yet bitterly lament that they seem debarred from the joy others have—the spirits of the loved and lost do not visit them. Letters come to us telling of the agony of desire, ever unsatisfied. "If my mother would come to any one, she would come to me; when she does, I will believe, and not till then," said a lady, a medium through whom many spirits had come. She did positively know that spirits return. "You will never have that test; your mother will not come, you could not see her, if she did come, while you so positively demand her presence," was the answer. Not in such a mental state as the above, but in sorrowful loneliness, which the heart feels and tongue rarely expresses, are thousands everywhere. What is it to them if all the world have the joy of knowing their dear ones live and the precious knowledge is denied to them? Men live in groups; there is a life of common purpose which all share, but each one has also a life which is separate and apart from all others. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and the stranger intermeddleth not with its joy," said a wise man. There may be thousands dying daily of pestilence, but the mother never feels it as she does when the pestilence strikes one of her family. The wife, in her peaceful home, reads with a sigh of pity the long death roll of a battle, but if there be the name of a loved husband there, her heart stands still, and she knows a loss that none else can know as she does. She cares not for glory, only knows the loss. So the mother who cherishes some worthless plaything, some half-worn shoe of her darling, does so because it cheers her loneliness, telling of the joy and sorrow of the past, of the dreams and visions that have gladdened her life—these things so worthless, so devoid of all significance to others, how precious, how full of eloquent pleading, of sweet memories to her. With them before her she is not lonely, but away from them, she is alone with her grief and her wounded heart cries in vain for sympathy. How often at a circle does one look on incuriously, seeing one and another's face light up with joy as some familiar sight or sound recalls the memory, proves the presence of, the departed friend, till some little thing, unnoticed by all others, startles her, and the wailing cry of human parting rings out again, "O my child, my child," and then a flood of glad tears tells of the sweetness of a knowledge that is hers at last; the knowledge that she is no longer alone, that the loved one has come.

What can be said to comfort those lonely ones to whom such a joy is as yet unknown, how help them to escape from their loneliness? We may tell of some things to avoid, as hindrances, some things to do as helps. It may be that they themselves are the chief hindrance to the clear manifestation of the spirit. Violent emotions may do something to prevent approach of the spirit, often; they certainly hinder and generally prevent, altogether, the clear perception of spirit presence. Intense desire is almost certain to be ungratified. Only where there is profound peace, calm receptivity, can the presence of the loved ones be surely known. Frequently, the spirit whose presence is longed for really is present, but cannot make his presence known. But if not seen, not heard from, the spirit friends present are often felt, and exercise a power which is grateful and soothing, without giving evidence of the source of the power felt. A feeling of peace and rest, an assuagement of sorrow, without either sight or sound causing it, is often a result of spirit-presence and thus have mourners been comforted by a presence they did not see, by ministrations whose effect only they perceived.

But this is not enough—the hungry heart yearns for closer, more unmistakable evidence of the presence of the dear one. It can be had through mediums and even without them, if only there be patience. Let such form a circle in their own homes, sit patiently, waiting for the message from the Spirit-world which is sure, sooner or later, to come There, though not themselves mediums now, they may become so; there, surely, they will get evidence that their friends still live and love them. Do this, friends, do it persistently and patiently, and you will be no longer lonely.

Mr. Geo. W. Kates, editor of *Light for Thinkers*, spent last week very pleasantly in Chicago among old and new friends.

Why?

Why does the *Banner* oppose the American Spiritualist Association, an organization which does not seek to control other than its own members, which proclaims objects and aims so commendable, and stands upon a platform seemingly so unobjectionable? Casual observers and those not familiar with the record and traditional policy of that sheet are the only ones who will ask such a question. The JOURNAL will give an answer which it is prepared to substantiate before the country or in a Spiritualist tribunal.

Organization in this instance means: Uniting in a strong, well-organized body a host of intelligent, order-loving, truth-seeking men and women, for mutual improvement, greater effectiveness in advancing the best interests of Spiritualism and increased facilities and power for co-operative work in every direction calculated to elevate the intellectual, moral, and spiritual condition of the world. And this broad scope covers a multitude of activities of which only a few can be named for lack of space. Among the most important are: (*a*) Encouraging honest mediums by upholding them in their efforts to lead correct lives and be fit instruments for the use of pure and wise spirits who may thereby be enabled to communicate with mortals. Differentiating such mediums from the low, immoral and vicious who use their powers to trade upon the credulity of their victims, and supplement their mediumship, when they have any, with fraud and deception; intent only on the accomplishment of their own selfish purposes and the gratification of their base natures. (*b*) Careful, painstaking investigation and verification of the phenomena, under such conditions as shall make the record of such investigations command the respect and profound attention of all; in a word, completing a Scientific Basis for Spiritualism; for which Basis we now have either in hand or at command, sufficient material. (*c*) Beginning at the root and demonstrating more completely than has ever been done before that, in the language of the Declaration of Principles of the Association, "Happiness is the result of the harmonious exercise of wisdom, virtue, love and purity," and that "CHARACTER is the supreme consideration."

Now these purposes are radically opposed to those of the Boston paper and the class of which it is the organ. Hence that paper is perfectly consistent in opposing to the bitter end everything tending to bring order out of chaos, to elevate honesty above dishonesty, virtue above vice, and to retain chastity as the priceless jewel it has ever been held by the better portion of the world since the race passed beyond its rudimentary stages. For proof of this charge the reader is referred to the files of the *Banner* and to the lives of those who have molded its policy. We cannot at this writing recall a single instance in the history of Spiritualism where an issue has arisen between honest, virtuous, truthful men and women on one side, and dishonest, immoral and untruthful persons on the other, that the *Banner* has not either openly or covertly sided with, and worked in the interests of, the latter. How can a paper controlled by the associate of frauds and free-lovers do otherwise than oppose every attempt at a general organization on a platform which extols honesty, virtue, temperance? It cannot!

We stand prepared to furnish the specifications for the foregoing indictment, and to support the charges and specifications with the proofs of their truth.

It is a most unpleasant task to bring such matters to the public; but no false sectarian pride, no pity for an individual, should be allowed to obstruct or deflect the onward movement of a great cause, having for its aim all that affects the eternal welfare of the race. Strict justice covers a charity which extends beyond the individual and embraces the interests of all.

With the knowledge which comes to Spiritualists from the Spirit-world, there also come duties and grave responsibilities which must be met. If modern Spiritualism cannot make the world better, then it had best be relegated to the place from whence it came. But it can and does work for righteousness in the highest meaning of that word, when properly used. Let Spiritualists see to it that it is so used. Let Spiritualists throughout the country unite in local and general organic work upon the platform of the American Spiritualist Association—improving that platform if it can be done—and a year will not elapse before the grand and beneficent results of such action will be apparent.

We want no new religious sect, but we do want such co-operative effort as shall conserve the good in all religions, which shall give new impetus to all reforms by teaching reformers first principles, which shall utilize the science and philosophy of Spiritualism as solvents with which to separate truth from error and point the way to one universal brotherhood, whose motto shall be: "Do all for others!"

"Can it be Done?"

For the purpose of stimulating interest in the investigation of the phenomena and encouraging the development of mediumship in the home, the *Alliance* of New York has published a carefully condensed tract, entitled; "Can it be Done?" and intended for wide circulation among non-Spiritualists. The object is most commendable, and the JOURNAL wishes the effort complete success. Mr. Henry J. Newton informs us that $12 will purchase 10,000 copies of the tract. Those desirous of aiding in its circulation, can address Hon. Nelson Cross, 206 Broadway, New York City.

GENERAL NOTES.

Wm. Nicoll will lecture next Sunday evening at Lester's Academy, 619 W. Lake St.

Lyman C. Howe has a two months' engagement at Indianapolis, Ind.

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at North Collins, N. Y., Sunday, May 11th. His permanent address is Milan, Ohio.

Rev. Herman Snow, of San Francisco, whose valuable contributions have made his name familiar to our readers, spent several days in Chicago last week.

G. H. Brooks was in Chicago last week, having just returned from a lecture tour in the West. He is now residing at 123 Charter street, Madison, Wis., where he can be addressed.

Just published, "Man, Whence and Whither?" by the well known author, R. B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. Cloth, price $1. For sale at this office.

We have received a fine photograph of Dr. I. M. Comings of Brooklyn, N. Y., which will be added to our collection, and for which the Doctor will please accept our thanks.

We have received a fine cabinet photograph of Mrs. Eddy, the well known medium, which we place with our collection, and return thanks.

Mrs. E. S. Silverston has removed to 178 W. Madison street, and is prepared to give sittings and receive communications. Business hours from nine to five daily, except Sunday; evening sittings by appointment.

Mr. A. J. and Mrs. Maria M. King reached Chicago last Saturday, and after a few hours' visit at the JOURNAL office, proceeded on their journey to Colorado where they are to spend the summer.

Mrs. Maud Lord has been holding séances in Washington, D. C., with excellent success A correspondent writes that she will spend two weeks in Brooklyn, and will be in Chicago during the Republican Convention, *en route* to Leadville.

Mrs. H. Sparrow continues to take an active part in promoting the cause of Spiritualism in South Chicago. Two circles are held there each week, one at the residence of W. J. Kenney on Wednesday evening, and the other at the residence of Mrs. Lees, on Sunday evening.

Rev. Mr. Forbush of Detroit, and Rev. Mr. Copeland of Omaha, spent a couple of hours in the JOURNAL office after the close of the Unitarian Conference last week. Both of these gentlemen have the most friendly interest in Spiritualism—that is, such Spiritualism as the JOURNAL stands for.

On Tuesday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bundy gave a quiet little dinner in honor of Mr. Gerald Massey. The guests who met around the board with Mr. Massey were Mrs. O. T. Shepard, Dr. Arthur Merton, known to the JOURNAL'S readers as Sidartha; Mr. Alfred Bull, Mr. Geo. W. Kates and Mr. D. M. Cole.

W. C. Bowen, whose postoffice address is 72 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture on Sundays to Spiritualist societies located within 100 miles of that city. The JOURNAL takes pleasure in commending Mr. Bowen to all who are ready to hear the truth, or to meet opposing views with sound arguments and facts.

Mrs. M. B. G. Eddy, of the "College of Mental Science," in Boston and foundress of that special phase of metaphysics which deals with the treatment of disease by mental effects, or what is more popularly known as "the Mind Cure," has arrived in the city, and it is said that she will deliver one or more lectures here in advocacy of her "truth."

The Spiritualists of Saratoga, N. Y., heard a lecture from Mr. A. S. Pease, on Sunday, May 3rd. He was followed by Dr. D. B. Mills, who gave a long list of spirits present, telling where they lived while on earth, their employments, etc., forming conclusive tests of the reality of the spirit presence, to the great delight of a large audience.

Spiritualists should not fail to read Mr. Gill's article on the first page; and Dr. Watson's comments on Talmage are respectfully commended to church people. Dr. Watson's thirty-three years as a preacher of Methodism and his high standing both in and out of the church, entitle his words to respectful consideration at the hands of orthodox Christians.

Mr. Francis Murphy, the great temperance worker, is speaking in the city, and is meeting with excellent success. W. W. O'Brien, the celebrated criminal lawyer, has succumbed to Mr. Murphy's eloquence, and signed the pledge. We hope he may be enabled to keep it. Mr. O'Brien has ability as a lawyer, but is a most beastly drunkard, and if he can be reformed it will be a great blessing to his family and the community at large.

Charles D. Lakey, of New York, has been in town this week. Mr. Lakey is a most welcome guest wherever he goes. His fund of original poetry, story and song, his inimitable conversational powers, his genial humor and withal his earnest whole-hearted interest not only in Spiritualism but in all that interests a healthy mental constitution make him a choice acquaintance and a valuable ally. Of course he stands by the JOURNAL; all such healthy natures do.

The Twelfth Annual Report of the Franklin Reformatory Home for Inebriates, shows a carefully planned and effective mode of dealing with habitual and excessive drinkers. Taking the question of total abstinence on its religious side, the Home is at once a hospital and boarding house, a school, a nonsectarian church. Judging by this report of its operations it finds ample work to do, and is doing it well.

Juliet the Free-love Jumbo and V. P. of the N. L. L. Spins a Yarn with the Help of Wakeman the Disgruntled.

Juliet, she of the brazen face and rasping voice, the successor of Victoria Woodhull as Queen of the Free-lovers, she who played Juliet to Col. Blood's Romeo several years ago, is at her old trade again. An odoriferous cadaver known as the N. L. L. has been traveling about the country for several years, seeking a cemetery wherein to rest its remains. Among the chief pall-bearers are T. B. Wakeman and T. C. Leland of New York, and Juliet above spoken of, known also as the Severance. A woman whose trade name is Mrs. H. S. Lake, but who claims to be the wife of W. F. Peck, and a few others, make up the motley procession which follows this putrid reminiscence. To render the corpse more presentable, as it were, a winding sheet was prepared and with covert, possibly unconscious, irony named *man*, which it is claimed is renewed weekly. The mourners in the procession take turns in saturating this rag with lie, the better to conceal what it covers, as well as to encourage the squad to remain faithful to the "demnition moist unpleasant body." Wakeman and Leland, having tired of their load and being determined to drop it, the Severance spread on an extra strong decoction of lie, in the sheet manufactured on the 3rd inst. The obscurity of this *man*-sheet would have protected it from notice by the JOURNAL had its distribution been confined to the N. L. L., procession, but as some of the gang find time to distribute bits of the rag among outsiders, whose addresses can be gleaned from the papers, it may be as well to air it.

The Severance refers to Lake Pleasant Camp and the JOURNAL editor's connection therewith, but her falsification is so apparent, when it is remembered that all the measures which the JOURNAL stood for were overwhelmingly carried—not merely because the editor advocated them, but on their intrinsic merit—that it is hardly worth while to mention it. Indeed, so great was the chagrin of Severance and her small, but noisy pack of followers, at the disastrous defeat of their well laid plans, that most of them made haste to quit the camp; and if Severance has not already done so we predict that she will withdraw from all connection with Lake Pleasant. —Having finished the camp meeting canard, Severance proceeds as follows:

> His paper is being ignored more and more by Spiritualists. Only last week a gentleman from Chicago, who claimed to know from good authority, told me that his publishing business, paper, etc., which were valued at sixty thousand dollars when he inherited it from his murdered father-in law, he had offered certain parties in Brooklyn for seven thousand dollars, said parties offering him thirty-five hundred, which he informed them he could not accept because a certain man had a mortgage against it for four thousand—thus proving that the Spiritualists generally do not sustain him in his illiberal course.

The JOURNAL's editor-in-chief and proprietor has no use for liars, but if such there must be, then let them be of the robust kind, like Severance or her friend Jonathan M. Roberts; true, such stalwart lying is sometimes expensive, even disastrous, as Juliet's Jonathan has learned, but then it is so much braver than the whining-puerile-lying-by-implication style of the *o-s-p-o-e*, that the contrast is actually refreshing. Severance's "gentleman from Chicago" is good! his apocryphal story is so much more respectable and weighty than it would be had she given his name. If he was not the husband of Sara Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris, then quite likely it was one George Mostow, ex-manager and steerer for Dr. J. Matthew Shea, for whom the JOURNAL made Chicago too warm.

There is not a shade of a shadow of truth in what Severance tells concerning the JOURNAL. The present proprietor did not "inherit" the paper, but bought it of the heirs and paid for it; and it never had the widespread influence in the past that it has to-day. The JOURNAL was never offered for sale to Brooklyn parties; neither was there ever a mortgage on it, nor bills past due and unpaid. By inquiring at the First National Bank of Chicago where the proprietor does all his banking, it can be learned that he never asked for a loan nor offered the notes of others for discount. The subscription list is in a far more healthy state than when it came into his hands, and the paper circulates in desirable channels never before entered by a Spiritualist paper.

That Severance and the whole free-love combination should hate and fear the JOURNAL and long for its overthrow, is most natural; for it has ever pursued them unrelentlessly and unceasingly; it has put its foot upon the free-love Hydra wherever a head came above the surface. That Wakeman and other heirs to the Bennett-boom manufactory and obscenity conserver, misnamed National Liberal League, should not love the JOURNAL, cannot be thought strange in the light of history. But Free-lovers, Frauds, Fanatics, Wakeman-Severance Leaguers and their "organs," are hereby notified that the JOURNAL fattens on their discomfiture, and waxes strong as they grow weak; and that never in its history did the JOURNAL occupy so impregnable a position as to-day in the hearts of liberal, progressive, rational people; people who rise above all sectarian and party lines, looking only to the best good of the whole.

The *Herald of Progress*, of England, says: "Mr. William Eglinton, than whom a better medium for 'slate-writing' we do not possess, has determined to abandon—except to experienced Spiritualists—the holding of 'cabinet' séances. Considering the various scandals that have occurred in this country and America through promiscuous 'cabinet' séances, it is a commendable action upon the part of Mr. Eglinton and his controls to take the step recorded above."

Mrs. Morse-Baker, the inspirational lecturer, lectured at the Town Hall in Saratoga, N. Y., on Sunday, May 11th.

American Spiritualist Association.

Giles B. Stebbins takes the Boston Organ of Frauds, Free-lovers and Fanatics to Task for Falsification and Misrepresentation. John G. Jackson also Pays His Respects to the Victim of Neurophobia who Molds the Editorial Policy of the o-s-p-o-e.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In a late *Banner of Light* I read a strange article, which needs a word of comment. My experience has taught me that the *Banner* editor labors under the delusion that frank criticism implies enmity, and therefore I must send you my comments to insure their publication.

The *Banner* refuses to publish the Call of J. G. Jackson, President of the National Association of Spiritualists, for the Yearly Meeting of that Association at Lake Pleasant, Aug. 22nd to 25th, and says:

"We do not recognize any such Association. ....A few men at Sturgis have no right to assume that they represent the great body of Spiritualists of the country.....This bantling attempts to 'hitch on' at Lake Pleasant. ....We protest.....The great body of Spiritualists will refuse to sanction the schemes of a few persons whose methods, to say the least, are of a very dictatorial character."

In October, 1882, a National Convention of Spiritualists was called at Detroit, in response to letters from twenty States, endorsing the plan of such a convention, as preliminary to forming a National Association. These letters came in reply to a circular sent out by Dr. A. B. Spinney, of Detroit, who had consulted others on the matter. A few persons, of course, must start any such movement. The Detroit Convention formed a provisional Association and Declaration of Principles, all subject to the further thought of the Spiritualist public, and open to more perfect planning at a future yearly meeting, to be called by a committee. I was a member of that committee and did most of its work, and was also secretary of the Detroit Convention. I sent out hundreds of reports of its action by mail, all over the land, and sent it to all the Spiritualist journals with an aim for its widest possible circulation.

Scores of commendatory replies came back to me from all quarters, and with such wide endorsement the Call was sent to all the Spiritualist journals for the Yearly Meeting last June at Sturgis. I was at that meeting and acted as Chairman until its permanent officers were chosen, and was one of the committee to revise its Declaration of Principles; Samuel Watson, I well remember, was on the same committee. Since then I have had no official or active part in the movements of the Association, and have only told of my early connection with its work in order that it might be understood that I know whereof I affirm. My affirmation is this, and I challenge any evidence against it: There was no dictatorial or factious spirit or action; no effort to build up or pull down any person or persons, in all these public and committee meetings or private consultations which I had part in. The *Banner of Light* was laid on the table at Detroit for free distribution, and spoken of just as other like journals were. At Sturgis, Mr. Lynn, its agent, was present, and he will not testify of any bars put in his way or any plots against anybody.

The leading members of the Association never "assumed" to represent any body but themselves. They felt that a National Association for united action for true Spiritualism and a general statement of principles were desirable, and said: "Let us try it, and ask whoever will to join us." If the *Banner* did not approve of such an Association, it could publish the doings, and then frankly and fairly give its reasons why the move was not wise, and none need complain of such a course. The *Banner* professes to give the world a weekly history of what is passing among Spiritualists. When a good number of well known persons in the movement take a step like this and the *Banner* or any other like journal, fails to make a fair statement of their doings, its profession is not carried out in practice, and it ceases to be a reliable chronicle of what Spiritualists are doing. Its charges of assumption, of "very dictatorial character," etc., are false, one and all. Not a fact or proof can it bring to sustain them.

If, at any time, anything has been done unfair or dishonest, give us the facts. We want no assertions without proofs on so grave a matter.

If the *Banner* has been misled by false information, who were its informers? What good the *Banner* has done, or may do, I have and shall give it credit for, but truth and justice demand this repudiation of such false and injurious statements as these touching this National Association. The poor fling about our effort to "hitch on" to Lake Pleasant is too weak to call for comment.

If Spiritualism is better off without a national organic effort, I have no wish to see the Association last a day, but when, from all over the land came such earnest wishes for this Association and such cordial endorsements of its opening work, the experiment deserves decent respect and not shameful abuse, such as few sectarian religious journals would heap on men so well known and justly esteemed as are these present officers of this Association.

Yours for justice, GILES B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., May 14th, 1884.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Please accept thanks for having forwarded me the *Banner* of the 16th, containing the slurs of the editor at our Call for the Annual Meeting of the A. S. A., at Lake Pleasant in August next, a copy of which I had forwarded to him for publication. You will remember that shortly after our effort for organization at Sturgis in June last, I wrote Mr. Colby a respectful letter, soliciting his co-operation, and alluding to the necessity there existed for all true Spiritualists to cultivate a fraternity of feeling, if any great good was to be accomplished by co-operative action, or words of that import. My advances were not met by the editor of the *Banner* in a gentlemanly—much less, in a fraternal spirit, and, though our "Declaration of Principles, Constitution and Address to the Public," were, upon special request, published by him, it was done as obscurely as possible, and accompanied by editorial remarks that were not only disrespectful but false in statement, and there was not fair play enough—not to say courtesy, at the head to publish a correction of the misrepresentations when one was forwarded.

After the exhibition of such a spirit by the editor of the *Banner*, it seemed to the President of the A. S. A. almost like improperly demeaning himself to send a copy of the Call for publication, but it was thought best to try it, and the result is so much in character that he does not incline to let it ruffle the even current of his feelings.

The several slurs of the *Banner* cast upon your humble friend, "who signs his name as President," both those uttered last summer and those in his late "solemn protest," are to that friend, personally, as nothing. They scarce provoke a smile of amusement or a shrug of disgust.

No one knows better than you, Mr. Editor, how sincerely and disinterestedly I love the cause of a true and pure spiritual philosophy, and how sincerely and disinterestedly anxious I am to help forward united action in its behalf. No one better than you knows how little of self-seeking or spirit of dictation was put into the work that has fallen to my lot. Why need I, therefore, personally care what petty insinuations an editor, whose position and connection might enable him to do great good, chooses to cast upon my efforts? I can assure you they scarcely agitate the surface of the deep undercurrent of hope and faith in continued growth, and that growth must come largely through organization and industrious co-operation. You, Mr. Bundy, if you deem the slurs and the "solemn protest" of the editor of the *Banner of Light* worthy of formal notice, can, better than I, contradict its assertion of "dictatorial" methods, and bear more ample testimony to the high and representative character of the Spiritualists who are uniting with us. The many letters received from persons who have noticed the publications we have already issued, satisfies me that whatever our future measure of success may be, nothing has yet been lost; but that some good in the right direction has been accomplished. As a high official of the New England Camp Meeting Association recently remarked, "We shall see what we shall see"; and all that is needed is for Spiritualists of discrimination to seek their duty and do it with their might.

Hockessin, Del. J. G. JACKSON.

Capt. H. H. Brown filled a very successful engagement at Worcester, Mass., the four Sundays of April. He spoke in Putney, Vt., April 30th, and in E. Putney, May 1st; in E. Princeton and Leominster, Mass., May 4th; at Ludlow, Vt., May 8th; Lincoln, the 9th, and at Bristol, the 10th and 11th. He was at Stowe, the 15th, and will speak at Warrenville, Vt., society the 18th and 25th; at Lake Dunmore, the 30th and 31st. He is open to but few engagements between these dates and camp meetings. He can be engaged for August 3rd and 31st. Address him at Cady's Falls, Vt.

A copy of the Declaration of Principles, Constitution, etc., of the American Spiritualist Association, in pamphlet form, will be sent to any address by the president on receipt of a postage stamp; they will also be sent from the JOURNAL office.

Mr. A. B. French's smiling face, illuminated the JOURNAL office on Monday last. He intends to visit Mexico and possibly Australia during the year.

There is nothing created without substantial form, neither in heaven nor earth, in things visible or invisible; everything is formed of elements, and souls, whether while dwelling in the body or after they have left it, always have a bodily substance.—*St. Hilary.*

TAKIGRAFY, the best shorthand for any and all purposes, is taught in a new time and labor saving way by D. Kimball, 79 Madison St., Chicago. "THE NUTSHELL," giving alphabet and principles, and two one dollar lessons, sent for 25 cents. Illustrated Circular free.

One thousand dollars in money is awaiting the reader of *The Continent* who has sufficient literary acumen to discern the style and name the names of the writers of a series of short stories published anonymously, so far as each story is concerned, but with the names of all the authors attached to each, now appearing in this Magazine. If there should be a number who succeed in this attempt to justify their claims to the critical faculty, the thousand dollars will be divided among them. But if the possessor of such skill should be a *rara avis*, and his name should be not legion, but one, the entire thousand dollars is his reward—although all will be sure to find much profit in the undertaking, since it involves the reading of a lot of good stories by the very best American authors, under the general title of "Too True for Fiction."

President Eliot, of Harvard, will discuss in the June *Century* the question, "What is a Liberal Education?" Among other things he makes a strong plea for the study of English, and in a historical review of the changes in university curricula shows what a hard fight was necessary to procure the introduction of Greek three centuries ago.

"Life and death," a poem by C. P. Cranch, is to be the subject of a full-page original engraving, by Eldridge Kingsley, in the June *Century*.

Mrs. Sophie B. Herrick has prepared for the June *St. Nicholas* a paper on bee-hunting, which will open a field for sport and profit that will be new to many readers. It is entitled "Queer Game."

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Insurance is a good thing whether applied to life or property. No less a blessing is anything that insure's good health. Kidney-Wort does this. It is natures great remedy. It is a mild but efficient cathartic, and acting at the same time on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, it relieves all these organs and enables them to perform their duties perfectly. It has wonderful power. See advt.

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Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. will hold Meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at the Supreme Court Room, Town Hall; also on the first Monday and Tuesday evenings of each month, at which Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham will officiate.

E. HENLING, Sec. H. J. HORN, Pres.

Kansas City, Mo.

The First Spiritual Society of Kansas City, Mo., meets every Sunday evening at 7:30 in Pythian Hall, corner 11th and Main Street. Dr. E. G. Granville President; A. J. Colby, Secretary.

Mediums' Meetings, Chicago.

The Spiritual Truth Seekers meet in Lester's Academy, 619 West Lake Street every Sunday. Conference at 2 P. M.; Mediums' Meeting at 7:30 P. M. All meetings free.

Spiritualist Conference at Omro, Wis.

The Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists, will hold a three days, meeting in Omro, Wis., on the 6th, 7th and 8th of June, 1884. Speakers already engaged: Judge Holbrook, of Chicago, Ill., and Mrs. L. M. Spencer, of Milwaukee, Wis. Other speakers expected to participate.

WM. M. LOCKWOOD, President.
DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Spiritualist Meeting in Connecticut.

The Annual Meeting and Picnic of the Association of Spiritualists of Western Connecticut, will be held at Compounce Lake, Conn., on Wednesday, June 25th, 1884. The well-known and gifted Mrs. R. Shepard Lillie will address the meeting. Mr. Lillie will also be present and sing some of his spiritual songs. A business meeting will be called at 10 A. M.; lecture at 2 P. M.

JOHN WINSLOW, President.

Annual Meeting at Sturgis, Mich.

The Harmonial Society of Sturgis will hold its Annual Meeting in the Free Church at the Village of Sturgis, on Saturday and Sunday, the 14th and 15th days of June, commencing on Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. Able speakers will be in attendance to address the Meeting.

By Order of Committee.

A Three Days, Meeting at Orion, Mich.

The First District Association of Spiritualists, composed of the Counties of Oakland, Macomb, St. Clair and Lapeer, will hold their second Annual Meeting, commencing Friday, June 6th, and ending Sunday, June 8th, at Orion, on Park Island, Oakland Co., Mich. The annual election of officers will take place on Saturday, the 7th. The intervening sessions will be occupied by good and various speakers upon subjects pertaining to the progressive religious interests of the cause, and the dissemination of the truths of spiritualism.

The services of an independent slate-writing medium will be secured if possible; an able and efficient Board of Managers will be present to conduct the affairs of the meeting, and attend to the comfort and well being of all present.

Hotel and boarding-house fare reduced to $1.00 per day. Railroad rates reduced where parties travel in companies of five or more.

J. P. WHITING, President.
MRS. F. E. ODELL, Secretary, Farmers' Creek, Mich.

Mass Convention at Lake Dunmore, Vt.

The Spiritualists of Central Vermont will hold a Mass Convention at Lake Dunmore, May 30th and 31st, and June 1st. The State speakers and mediums have been specially invited, and will probably be present. Geo. A. Fuller and Capt. H. H. Brown will also address the Convention. Mrs. Gertrude B. Howard, Lucius Colburn and Mrs. Fannie M. Brown will exercise their gifts of mediumship at the meeting.

Friday being Memorial day, the exercises of that P. M. will be adapted to the day, and a memorial address will be given by Capt. Brown.

Lake Dunmore is one of the finest pleasure resorts in Central Vermont and this is an excellent opportunity for each one to become familiar with its beauties.

The nearest railroad station is Brandon, which is nine miles from the lake. Parties taken to and from the lake for $1.00 the round trip. Ask at the station for Caleb Smith's omnibus. Good singing is engaged for Sunday especially.

Free return checks over the railroad furnished by the Secretary of the Convention. An invitation is extended to all who wish a good social time, to attend.

H. H. BROWN, for the Committee.

Bristol, Vt., May 12, 1884.

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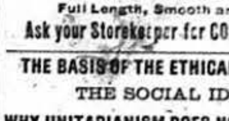

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BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Gone art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,
Gone like the bird in the autumn that singeth,
Gone like the flower by the wayside that springeth,
Gone like the leaf of the ivy that clingeth
Round the lone rock on a storm-beaten shore.

Dear wert thou, Marion, Marion Moore,
Dear as the tide in my broken heart throbbing,
Dear as the soul o'er thy memory sobbing—
Sorrow my life of its roses is robbing,
Wasting is all the glad beauty of yore.

I will remember thee, Marion Moore;
I shall remember, alas, to regret thee;
I will regret when all others forget thee;
Deep in my breast will the hour that I met thee
Linger and burn till life's fever is o'er.

Gone art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,
Gone like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth,
Gone like the rill to the ocean that floweth,
Gone as the day from the gray mountain goeth,
Darkness behind thee, but glory before.

Peace to thee, Marion, Marion Moore,
Peace which the queens of the earth cannot borrow,
Peace from a kingdom that crowned thee with sorrow,
Oh! to be happy with thee on the morrow,
Who would not fly from this desolate shore?

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Old Men Shall Dream Dreams and Young Men Shall See Visions.

BY DR. S. J. DICKSON.

As I commenced to see, and while wrapt in mystic thought, moving leisurely up an inclined plane, upon the summit of which rested a lake walled in by huge moss-covered boulders, causing it to present an antiquated appearance, a voice from out the stillness thus addressed me: "How dare you molest this water? This is an orthodox lake!" Regardless of what I had heard, I continued my course until I stood peering into its bosom, which had the appearance of imposing depth, caused either from reality or stagnancy. To test the water's bathing properties, I stepped over the wall, but, to my surprise, instead of finding the water deep, it proved to be very shallow, its apparent depth being the result of its stagnancy. As I tried to bathe, wave after wave of the most direful influence passed through my whole being, causing the innermost depths of both my spiritual and physical beings to revolt in disgust, at which period I ceased to see, and all was as oblivion. When I commenced to see again, I found myself outside of said moss-covered walls and stagnant water, down in a lovely valley, standing by the side of a beautiful flowing river, which was, apparently, very shallow, caused either from reality or transparency. As I gazed in admiration, the voice again addressed me, saying: "Behold the River of Life." Then I stepped into its apparently shallow bosom, which, however, proved to be very deep, its apparent shallowness being caused by its transparency; and as I sank deeper and deeper into its depths, thrill after thrill of ecstatic joy and health passed through and around my whole being, so that as I arose to its banks again, I exclaimed, as my eye followed its happy flow down its ever deepening and widening current: "True enough, it is the River of Life, or in other words, the Stream of Progression, passing on to join the great source of the Waters of Life!" At this point I was quickened to my normal state by a benediction of gratitude, leaving its hallowed influence upon me, which cannot be erased by the conflicting influences of time, but will continue to grow brighter and brighter until the perfect day.

Years have passed since the hallowed experience, as given above, but the grandeur of its lesson has not passed away, but has continued to grow more transcendently beautiful, as its spirit has unfolded before me. Old orthodoxy, which then so exalted itself within said moss-covered walls, thus depriving the spirit of its legitimate tendencies, has been brought down to the valley of humiliation. Its walls have crumbled, allowing its waters to flow in obedience to the law of spiritual attraction, to mingle with the ever-flowing River of Life, therein to be cleansed and delivered from all that has a tendency to make men sorrowful or afraid, while at the same time, too, the liberal element has grown still more liberal and enlightened through the ever-expanding and deepening influences of spiritual growth, which is daily bringing each and all to the realization, that the goal of perfection has not been reached, and hence the maximum growth in spiritual attainments is still beyond, thus leaving no chance for boasting, but only opening up a still richer field of research to inspire a renewed effort upon the part of each one in behalf of those grand principles which alone are adapted to the spiritual and righteous development of the race. Finally, it is through this light we notice, that the wave of yesterday is but the ripple of to-day. The meridian of to-day is but the twilight of to-morrow. From the hills of the present, we can witness the heights of the past give way to the mountains of the future.

"Will Come Like a Balm."

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.—Its contributors are the advance guard in art, science, philosophy and religion. To the non-sectarian and independent thinker it is indispensable, and deals heavy blows to all shams, tricksters, mountebanks and fraudulent mediums. It is considered orthodox by the advanced thinkers in religion, and champions all the true reforms on every subject. To those not satisfied with cast-iron, strait-jacket creeds, and dogmas of church, it will come like a balm and new revelation, to feed and nourish the mind; while it will enlighten and feed those who are doubting and wavering as to their future state.

Its leading object is to prove by strict scientific tests, that will admit of no doubt, that man lives after the dissolution of the body. The scope of the JOURNAL is revolutionary to the skeptical materialist and the religious enthusiast; but is a lamp to guide and direct those who cannot accept dogmas of the church, and yet are not content and serene with their present spiritual status. In the language of St. Paul, "There are diversities of gifts: to one is given by the Spirit, the word of wisdom; to another, the word of knowledge; to another, faith; to another, the gift of healing; to another, the working of miracles; to another, prophecy; to another, discerning of spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; to another, interpretation of tongues."

In the JOURNAL the highest exponents of these varied gifts get hearings, as they do not, and can not, in any other journal in the land, and through these gifted writers, speakers, healers and actors, we are led by a special gifted light not our own, to see and learn truths that we cannot from any other source. In this way, orthodoxy, heterodoxy, scientists, philosophers, materialists, theists, atheists, and sometimes even scoffers, get hearings, if reasonable, intelligent and sincere. The JOURNAL is doing a wonderful work in educating and molding the thought of the age, with no other object except a higher, nobler, truer and better civilization.—*Democrat News*, Xenia, Ohio, April 26th.

Letter from James G. Clark.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In "going up and down the world," after the manner, but not in the spirit of a gentleman mentioned in Job, I frequently miss some of the numbers of the JOURNAL. It was in this way that I missed seeing your issue of Nov. 10th, containing my poem, "The Missing Captain's Signal," and a pleasant note from your correspondent "V. C. T." asking for the publication of "Marion Moore." As I ponder over these initials, asking, "Who is this V. C. T., who has such a keen appreciation of my little apple blossoms of song?" there came murmuring and rippling back from the past a host of sweet strains and harmonies composed by one whose initials were "V. C. T.," and whose musical compositions were full of the very soul of poetic inspiration. In fact, they were too perfect in suggestions and expression for the appreciation of a "rough hewn" public, that has since gone wild over such trash as the bulk of "Moody and Sankey Hymns" are.

I think that V. C. T. and your correspondent are one and the same person, and I gladly furnish "Marion Moore," at his request, as a slight token of my gratitude for the real pleasure his melodies and harmonies have given me in times past.

JAMES G. CLARK.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity.

Prof. Henry Kiddle gave the address before our conference on Thursday evening, May 1st, taking for his subject, "Rational Spiritualism." He spoke for an hour and a quarter without notes, and it was one of his ablest efforts before our Fraternity, and was listened to with marked attention by an intelligent audience. The lecturer said that there is a wide difference among Spiritualists as to what is termed the philosophy of Spiritualism, much of which is based upon the theories of individuals. On these mooted points we could all agree to disagree. He argued that if Spiritualists would compare notes with each other in regard to the phenomena, and give their experiences with mediums, he thought that we all would come to a better understanding with each other, and have more charity for our sensitives, who stand in such peculiar relations to spirits in and out of the form. He spoke of the manifestations that come to all in the inward life, which to him is the highest and best evidence of the power of the human soul; that in this higher form of spirit communion, we can realize more completely the unfolding of our spiritual nature, bringing us closer to spiritual truths, and to the highest inspiration. In conclusion he urged upon all Spiritualists to forget minor differences, and to theorize less and work more to protect mediums, so far as it is possible, from evil influences in the form and out of the form, and to work unitedly for the propagation of a better knowledge among men of our faith, and a more complete realization by ourselves of its sublime and glorious teachings.

Mr. W. C. Bowen and Mr. Philbrook made short addresses, commendatory of the lecture. Mr. Bowen paid a high tribute to Prof. Kiddle's previous lecture on "Christian Superstition," and he said that he considered it the best lecture that had ever been given by Prof. K. before the Fraternity. Mr. Bowen said the only criticism that he would make to the lecture of the evening, was with reference to what had been said in regard to charity for mediums. He believed in charity for all true and honest mediums, but he demanded that justice be meted out by Spiritualists to all tricksters who simulate mediumship with fraud, spurious materializations and prepared paraphernalia, and then lay the blame upon honest investigators or upon lying and deceiving spirits.

On Thursday evening, May 8th, our Fraternity was honored by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. William Britten, of Manchester, England. Mrs. Britten, who is speaking for the First Society of Spiritualists in New York City, cordially accepted our invitation to occupy our platform on this evening, and for an hour and a quarter she held the large audience, assembled in the midst of sloppy streets and a rainy evening, in breathless interest. Mrs. Britten looks well, and apparently she is good for another generation of earnest and faithful work. She has the same old-time matchless eloquence, superb elocution, convincing logic and powerful argument, by which she has converted so many thousands to our faith. The writer dates the commencement of his acquaintance with, and personal friendship for, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, over a quarter of a century ago. In the early days of our movement, he heard of her in his country home at Burlington, Vt., and the spirit induced him to write to her (she was then speaking to large audiences in New York) inviting her to come there and give a series of lectures. The engagement was consummated, and we had the pleasure of listening to her inspirations. My old friend and fellow townsman, John G. Saxe, the poet, said that Miss Hardinge spoke the purest Saxon English of any person he had heard on the rostrum, a high compliment, and which has been duplicated many times by those who have heard the matchless eloquence and lofty inspirations of this faithful worker. Mrs. Britten said that her guides had selected for her subject, "Who are Spirits?" and in an elaborate argument, she showed that all phases of phenomena were produced by human spirits, who had once lived on this planet, and by no other power or force; that it was done in a natural way, and in perfect harmony with infinite law. She said that so long as this world sent liars, thieves and wicked men and women to the Spirit-world, we should be troubled with low and undeveloped spirits, and that theology which taught that a murderer could enter heaven at a moment's notice by casting his sins upon Jesus, was based upon human selfishness, was doing injustice to infinite love, and that Spiritualism taught that the devils which men had to fear, were the devils in their own hearts; that every man and woman must work out for themselves their own salvation from sin and ignorance.

She said that she deprecated this attributing all the mischief and wrong done by professional tricksters, to the Spirit-world. She urged the necessity for a school of mediumship where latent forces could be utilized, and she claimed that mediumship is the result of physical organization. Mediums should study carefully their own requirements for the highest and best unfoldment. She said that during her years of mediumship, consisting of a quarter of a century, she had been guided and protected by the band of spirits who had made her their instrument, and she had always listened to their advice and counsel. She gave a thrilling and graphic account of her experience in the Sierra Nevada Mountains during the late war of the rebellion, when she was directed by the spirit of Gen. Edward D. Baker to accept an invitation to deliver a 4th of July oration. It was in the darkest hours of the Nation's history, when secession was rampant, and when she was advised not to make the long and perilous journey, the spirit of Gen. Baker brought an Indian spirit to her as a guide and protector. She gave a very graphic account of his presence, not only then but ever since, and paid a very glowing tribute to his protecting power. When she arrived at the little hamlet amid those towering mountains, she found the house of the only Union man there surrounded by twenty Indians, who were guarding this man's wife and the baby in her arms from destruction. In thrilling words she related how her host urged her not to attempt to speak on the morrow, as the hordes of disloyal men who would be there in the morning, would surely riddle her with bullets. The spirit of Gen. Baker and the stalwart Indian spirit said the address must be made, and not a hair of her head should be injured. Her host was crippled, and the brave little wife said that she would go with the medium onto the platform, which she did. Mrs. B. said she passed a sleepless night, relieved only by the measured tread of the dusky Indian sentinels who guarded that home. Clouds overhung the mountains on the morning of that 4th of July, and the rough crowd came down from the gulches and mountain fastnesses, with scowling faces, a compact army of rough men. After the reading of the Declaration of Independence, she was controlled, and when she came to consciousness, she found herself surrounded with a smiling crowd, who were anxious to clasp her by the hand, and too much could not be said in praise of the address, which gave a graphic picture of the rise and progress of the Nation, of the heroic qualities of President Lincoln, and urged the necessity of a perpetuity of the Nation as the hope and the need of the down-trodden and the oppressed of all nations.

These rough miners invited the speaker to dine with them. She felt the necessity of declining, but said she would attend the fair in aid of the Sanitary Commission in the evening. Soon after this a body of thirty horsemen came to the door of the house, and wanted her to decide a wager for them—whether she spoke under her own normal influence, or was controlled by a spirit? She said she would call her host, who would tell them what had been given to them in the morning before the lecture. He told them that the spirit of Gen. E. D. Baker said that he would control the medium. Some of these rough miners had served under Gen. Baker, and they said that the speech was characteristic of him, whose matchless eloquence had placed him in the Senate Chamber of the United States, from California. In the evening Mrs. Britten said she officiated as an auctioneer at the fair, and as a piece of valuable gold-bearing quartz was sold over and over again, the owner would have it resold, and the last purchaser presented it to her as a memento of that never-to-be-forgotten 4th of July. Mrs. Britten said that she could recall many more instances where she had been guarded and protected by her spirit friends, who could protect and sustain mediums who were willing to act for the Spirit-world as their chosen instruments.

In the course of her lecture Mrs. Britten said that she believed the spirits of animals were immortal, which statement was criticised by Mr. Philbrook, his views being that animals ceased to exist after this life. Dr. I. M. Comings said he heard Mrs. B. in Macon, Ga., twenty-five years before, and that he had a conversation with her on the subject of the immortality of animals, and he cited cases where he thought dogs showed clairvoyant powers.

The subject of Mr. Albert Smith's lecture, June 5th, has been changed to "Mother Shipton's Prophecy and the Fulfillment of the Prophecy."

S. B. NICHOLS.

A Last Word of Explanation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mr. Coleman is determined to make me out a liar, and to lament my failing in a Pecksniffian manner. I do not deny that there is an error of statement in the paragraph quoted. What I denied, and still repudiate, is that intention to mislead and deceive with which Mr. Coleman is so anxious to accredit me. My emphasis was laid on the words, "the traditions," amongst which I parenthetically included both "Toledoth Jeschu," where I ought to have referred and distinguished more closely. So general, however, was the sense in which I there used the word "traditions," *en passant*, that I never dreamed of limiting these merely to the relationship of Jehoshua to Queen Salome. I see the paragraph was loosely written, and that it contains an unintentional error, but I did not think that any one, with the paragraph before him, could miss the point of my explanation.

Mr. Coleman has also charged me with deliberately suppressing the truth, and now wants to make out that I have virtually admitted doing so. What I did was to take out the one sole bit of historic fact from the mass of lying (because post-Christian) legend, viz., that Jehoshua ben Pandira was the pupil of Ben Perachia, and, therefore, could not have been born in the year A. D.; that he was the son of Pandira and Stada, and, therefore, not the child of Joseph and the Virgin Mary, and that, as he was hung on the tree at Lud or Lydda, he was not crucified at Jerusalem. My analysis of the matter was conducted out of sight, not in print, and what Mr. Coleman reproduces is the slough. He might just as well characterize the deodorization of sewage as a suppression of the truth!

An error, of course, is an error, but errors may differ indefinitely in importance. Here it is merely trailing the red herring across the true scent.

I am willing to fight out the whole matter with Mr. Coleman in California. As the columns of the JOURNAL are closed against further discussion, I will meet him in public, if satisfactory arrangements can be made, in San Francisco, to debate the historic or non-historic nature of our Canonical Gospels, and will undertake to demonstrate the entirely Mythical, Kronian and Gnostic character of the alleged historical Jesus Christ. GERALD MASSEY.

Anniversary Exercises at Shreveport, La.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A meeting of the Spiritualists of this city was held on Sunday, March 30th, to celebrate the 36th anniversary of modern Spiritualism in this country, as inaugurated by the Fox family at Rochester, N. Y., in 1848. The meeting was opened by the reading of an essay by Judge Loony, giving a historical and biblical outline of spiritual manifestations from the earliest times. Many instances in the history of the human race were cited, proving that communion with the Spirit-world began at an early period of man's existence. The lecture elicited the closest attention, and was able and instructive, and well worthy of publication.

Mrs. H. W. Kneeland spoke next, under spirit inspiration, describing a floral offering which was presented to her spiritual vision from the spirits. It was a canopy of pink flowers, from the centre of which hung a large, glittering silver wheel of time; it turned, and was clasped by the hands of many spirit friends of those present. From the centre of it hung a pure white, bell-shaped flower, and out of it came the figures, "36." The subject of the lecture was "Old Truths in the Light of Progression." With great beauty of expression the lecturer proceeded for nearly three-quarters of an hour. Mr. James Heffner then gave an interesting account of the wide-spreading and far-reaching progress made by Spiritualism, after which the meeting adjourned to meet the first Sunday in each month.

May 1st, 1884. VERITAS.

The Sociologic Society.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The above Society has this spring become an incorporated body, under the statutes of the State of New York, which relate to such institutions. It is now prepared to hold property and become responsible therefor, and it is earnestly desired that men and women of means may be induced to take part with us, and become members, and assist in directing the use of such funds as they may appropriate, to the best needs of the humanity they are interested in elevating. It is too often the case that charitably disposed people are inclined to wait till Death puts his quietus upon them, before they engage funds pre-determined by them, in the purposes designed. As Spiritualists we are fully aware of the exceeding disappointment of many a spirit, at finding his last will and testament so entirely disregarded when possible, by his survivors, and even often set aside as the act of a lunatic. This is not so strange either; for common sense dictates that what is the real desire of the person is commenced in this life, and not left, like death and repentance, to the last moment. We should learn a lesson from the result of these procrastinations and begin our life work while in the body, leaving thus an evidence upon earth, of our true intent.

The Sociologic Society is incorporated in the names of Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, Joseph La Fumée, Wm. E. S. Fales, Henry A. Beckmeyer, Wm. Icrin Gill, Mrs. J. Beatty, Miss Mary T. Crowell and Miss Lizzie Wyer.

LITA BARNEY SAYLES,
Assist. General Secretary.

Killingly, Conn.

Saved by a Dream.

The Danbury (Conn.) *News* is responsible for the following "premonition" story: "F. S. Olmstead has for years had business dealings with the late President Seeley, and had a strong personal attachment for him. On Sunday night, the day before the funeral, he dreamed that he and Mr. Seeley were standing on a floor which gave way with them. In the struggle to save himself he was awakened. The dream made a strong impression upon him, and after eating an early breakfast he hurried to the house of his dead friend, and without disturbing the family, found his way into the cellar. He felt that the dream might possibly be a warning, and he was moved to examine the supports to the floor. He found that a very large beam which supported the floor timbers of the parlor and a partition wall was cracked. The crack appeared to be a fresh one, and a closer examination with a lamp showed that it was, and that it was so large that one's hand could be placed in it. Mr. Olmstead immediately got two heavy posts, and in a short time made the timber perfectly safe. This timber is thirty feet long and had no supporting posts. Its great size was supposed to be sufficient to sustain the weight upon it. In the parlor above rested Mr. Seeley's remains. A few hours later the building was filled with friends. Had it not been for the dream it is not likely the broken timber would have been discovered in time to prevent a catastrophe. That this dream was a direct warning to Mr. Olmstead there can be no doubt, but as to the source there will be many differences of opinion."

Spiritualism in Newark, N. J.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I thought it might be interesting for you to know that the Newarkites in this little orthodox corner of creation, have actually set the ball of Spiritualism in motion. I have often heard the remark that the so-called Liberalists are as bigoted as the church people, but I am happy to be able to say better things of our Newark Liberalists. Some of the leading members have not only let us have the use of their hall, which is a very pleasant one, but furnish us with music. Mr. Meaker, who stepped out from Presbyterianism into the light of Liberalism, volunteered to pilot our movement. He shows no less interest in our cause since he transferred his position as president to a Mr. Avery, who is also a Liberalist, and wishes it distinctly understood that he accepts the office only as a student. Mr. A. is a man of clear discernment and firmness of character, and he shows a disposition to systematize the workings of our society.

Mr. Bartlett, of Brooklyn, N. Y., gave us two lectures, asking nothing but his expenses. I understand that Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham has offered to do the same missionary work, but we do not wish to be beggars always. We think now that we are able to do a little better; at least we intend to do the very best we can. MRS. E. W. CRANE.

An acropolis of immense extent has just been discovered at Ekhmeem, Upper Egypt. Five great tombs, or catacombs, already opened have yielded 120 mummies, and the sites of over 100 catacombs have been verified.

Jude's Light.

A Curious Apparition Which Comes from an Old Slave's Grave.

The Atlanta *Constitution* publishes a curious story told by Mr. Alonzo Lyon, and vouched for by hundreds of the best citizens of De Kalb County, concerning what is called "Jude's light." On a farm now owned by Mr. David McWilliams "Jude's light" makes its regular appearance.

About forty years ago a man named Reid owned the farm, and he also owned a negro woman by the name of Jude. Reid had Jude punished for some offense by placing her in close confinement and on very short rations. Mr. Lyon's mother, who now resides with him, was a young girl, and says she remembers slipping some food to poor Jude, and will never forget the eagerness with which the famished woman devoured it. Jude finally died, it was believed, from the effects of cruel treatment and deprivation of food. She was buried in the woods on a hillside across a branch about three hundred yards from the house occupied by Reid's family. No one else was buried there, and the grave is to this day a solitary one. Soon after the burial "Jude's light" appeared emanating from the grave, and wandered about the house and premises at all hours of the night. This "light" manifested so much intelligence, and

STRUCK SUCH TERROR

into the hearts of the Reid family, that they sold all their possessions and hastily left the State of Georgia. The "light" has continued to appear frequently from that time to this, but never seemed to inspire terror and uneasiness in the breast of others nor visit the dwelling often. After Edmund Bunt, grandfather of Mr. Lyon, purchased the Reid farm, Mr. Lyon lived several years with him. He saw the "light" probably a thousand times, at all seasons of the year and in all kinds of weather. So also did his mother, brothers and sisters. Many of the neighbors have been present occasionally and watched it.

"Jude's light" always seemed to come straight up out of the grave about eight or ten feet high, and keeping about the same distance from the ground, it would float slowly off up or down the swamp, or toward the house, or up the hill through the woods. It would often glide about for an hour or so in sight, then suddenly go straight down out of view. At such time, said Mr. Lyon, he and others had sometimes started for the grave with the intention of beating this "light" there, in order to see what it was, if possible, but none had ever succeeded in doing so. By the time they had taken 10 steps in the

DIRECTION OF THE GRAVE

they would see the "light" reaching it before the would-be investigators were fairly started. It inevitably paused an instant just over the grave, then dropped straight down and disappeared. A visit there immediately after revealed no phosphorescent or other lights. Mr. Lyon describes the "light" as about the size of a man's double fist, of a somewhat reddish tinge, sparkling somewhat, but not very brilliant, and only slightly illuminating the bushes and trees in passing among them.

"Jude's light" differs from the phosphorescent lights of the swamp in many respects. It is always about the same size, always keeps about the same distance from the ground and travels against or in an opposite direction to the strongest of winds. It also appears in the dryest and hottest as well as the coolest and stormiest of weather. It rarely appears, however, in stormy weather, which might be taken to be another indication of intelligence. Phosphorescent lights, it is well known, can only travel with the wind, and also vary greatly in size and appearance. Mr. Thomas Mize, of Atlanta, a brother-in-law of Mr. Lyon, was present when the foregoing was related and confirmed it in every particular.

The Free Religious Association.

The Convention of the Free Religious Association held at New Bedford last week proved a successful and interesting occasion. It was held in the handsome church of Mr. Potter's society, which was cordially offered for the purpose. A very fine audience, almost filling the house, greeted the speakers at the opening evening session. Mr. Potter presided, and made an opening address on the historic significance and aims of the Association. Mr. Savage followed with his superb discourse on "The Change of Front of the Universe," and Mr. F. A. Hinckley closed the session with a brief address on "The Coming Church." On the following day, two sessions were held, with somewhat diminished, but still good attendance. Mrs. A. M. Diaz opened the afternoon session with a thoughtful paper on "Spiritual Strength." Miss M. F. Eastman followed with bright remarks on the same topic, and Mr. H. W. Robinson spoke at some length of his recent observation on the religious condition of Germany. In the evening Messrs. W. H. Spencer and B. F. Underwood and Mrs. E. D. Cheney made the literary feast, speaking respectively on immortality, the ethical aspects of evolution, and the ability of Free Religion to satisfy the heart-side of life. Much public interest was manifested in the meetings, and a considerable number of new members joined the Association.—*Index.*

Plain Words to Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am vexed at Spiritualists, whom I know to have reaped much of comfort through our faith, that they are not more willing—more eager, I might say—to sacrifice a little for the support of the cause. Some express a willingness to take the JOURNAL, but when I ask them to give me the cash at once, they plead poverty or some other futile excuse. One party, for instance, who has ample means, and who has been, in a most marked manner, relieved and comforted in trying bereavements, whereby he was stripped of the earthly companionship of all his children, when asked why he could not do something for the cause that he had so much reason to love, replied: "Oh! I am so engaged now in improving my farm, I don't see how I can do it!" Ah! where will we all be found who thus "wrap our jewels in a napkin?" J. G. J.

W. Harral writes: I have just read in your paper of the 3rd inst., the Easter sermon of the Rev. Minot J. Savage, and I regard it as a masterly production on the four subjects: "Immortality, Orthodoxy, Christianity, Science and Spiritualism." I only wish that it could be spread all over the world, and in every language. It ought to be published in pamphlet form, and sent everywhere. Your paper is growing more and more interesting. I think it is being read more by preachers and church-going people than formerly. It must finally force itself upon the attention of the intelligent seekers for knowledge everywhere. This sermon by Savage is itself worth a year's subscription.

Words of encouragement from Mr. John Winslow, of Bristol, Conn., President of the Western Connecticut Association of Spiritualists: "Allow me, Mr. Bundy, to express to you my gratification and pleasure at the well merited tribute paid to your efficiency by Rev. M. Savage in his Easter sermon. May you long be spared to administer such tellingly destructive blows against fraud and trickery, and to promote as ably as you do the cause of a genuine Spiritualism, a Spiritualism whose whole tendency is to elevate and ennoble human life and character.

Ella E. Gibson writes: Many thanks for last two JOURNALS. Cannot Rev. M. J. Savage's Easter sermon be published in a tract? It contains so many historical facts, sound deductions and candid admissions, that it should not only be read by the clergy, but by every unbeliever, would-be-believer and believer in modern Spiritualism. Such a Summer-land as he depicts and hopes for would not be a bad exchange from this. Our thanks to you for publishing it.

Keshub Chunder Sen. Obsequies of Keshub Chunder Sen: "It was just dusk as the earthly remains and the flowery cot upon which they reposed were laid upon a pile of sandalwood there. The hand rested upon the heart, outside of the winding sheet. As the body lay upon the pyre the vast assemblage shouted: 'As the true, the intelligent, the infinite and the blissful, he manifests himself. He is the peaceful and merciful God. He is one without a second. He is holy and sinless.' The chief mourner, Kharuna Chunder Sen, the eldest son of the deceased, then took a torch in his right hand and applied it to the pyre, saying: 'In the name of God I apply this holy fire to the last remains of the deceased. The mortal shall burn away and perish, but the immortal shall live. O Lord, the departed soul is rejoicing in thee in thy blissful abode.' As the body began to burn the multitude again chanted Keshub's favorite anthem, 'Glory be unto the Redeemer, who is Truth, Wisdom and Joy.' The cremation lasted about five hours, and at a quarter past eleven o'clock the ashes were collected in an urn and brought back to the Lily Cottage by the chief mourners and apostles of the New Dispensation."

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

All the United States Senators but two wear spectacles.

An old Roman coin of no intrinsic value sold in New York recently for $71.

The St. Louis Homeopathic Society has decided that women doctors shall be admitted and welcomed.

San Diego, Cal., ostrich farmers shoot dogs on sight near the corrals. They make the birds frantic

Mr. Jones, a New York street preacher, collects large audiences by giving away coffee, sandwiches, and soap.

A Savannah lady, to cure dyspepsia, drank tepid water at an Atlanta water cure. She went into convulsions, and is not expected to live.

A Vermont editor, in publishing one of Byron's poems, changed the words "O gods!" to "O gosh!" because the former was too profane for his readers.

William Hyatt and John Bush, of Marion, Ohio, were eating supper alone when a thunderbolt struck their house. They still sat erect, though both were dead. Not a scar was found upon them.

There were thirty-two pupils in the colored school at Strongtown, Tex., when it was struck by lightning and demolished. None were killed, although several were injured by the falling timbers.

It is calculated that there are now residing in the United States nearly a thousand Japanese, and of this number it is said that not one has ever been convicted of any criminal offense in an American court.

Melville testifies before the Jeannette Committee, that cannibalism was thought of when the explorers seemed on the verge of starvation, but it was determined that under no emergency should it be permitted.

Rev. Mr. Hicks, who undertook to put Guiteau into proper shape, spiritually, for his departure, was, a few months ago, a man of robust health. He is now in Florida a feeble invalid, who will never again, probably, be able to occupy a pulpit.

The fibre of silk is the longest continuous fibre known. An ordinary cocoon of a well-fed silkworm will often reel 1,000 yards, and reliable accounts are given by Count Dandolo of a cocoon yielding 1,295 yards, or a fibre nearly three-quarters of a mile in length.

Joseph Cook has a stereotyped motto which he invariably writes in addition to his signature when solicited for an autograph, "Duty done is the soul's fireside" is the sentiment, and the same idea is the foundation of the reverend gentleman's favorite sermons

Henry Labouchere, who is not only editor of an influential London journal, but a member of Parliament as well, has been going into uncomfortable mathematics by showing that the cost of the royal family, about $1,000,000 annually, would give a meal to 600,000 children on 400 days.

An Easter egg was made by a Parisian house for a present to a very wealthy Spanish lady, at a cost of $4,000. It was formed of white enamel; on the inside was engraved the gospel for Easter Day, and by some ingenious mechanism, a little bird lodged in this dainty cage sang twelve airs from as many popular operas.

After driving a well to the depth of 176 feet at Trent, England, without getting water, a firm of artesian well engineers was consulted. A spot only a short distance from the old hole was selected, and an immense vein of water found at a depth of 114 feet. These parties say they have a scientific method of finding water or minerals.

Julian Hawthorne says that his father, the novelist, wrote a number of tales having witches for their subject matter, but they were burned by their author because "they embodied no moral truth; they were mere imaginative narratives, founded on history and tradition, and had not the spiritual balance and proportion of a work of art."

John B. Gough, now sixty-seven, came from England to New York in 1829, learned the bookbinder's trade, and for several years was chiefly distinguished for getting drunk, singing songs and giving recitations. He became a temperance advocate in 1840, making his first speech in the old Broadway Tabernacle.

The Austrian Government has lately issued rigorous regulations respecting beautifiers, hair dyes, patent medicines, etc. Those containing poison must be sold by apothecaries only by medical prescription and none are to be sold of which the authorities do not know the composition, or which they recognize as prejudicial to health.

In Siam the women are agitating the question of their rights. They have gone so far as to petition the King that their husbands shall not pledge them for gambling debts. The spectacle of lovely women being swept away in the maelstrom of a jack-pot or exposed to the vicissitudes of a four flush is indeed a sad one.

One of the pleasantest points of President McCosh's Western tour was his meeting with President Patterson, of the State College of Kentucky, at Lexington, where the two eminent Scotchmen had a struggle of most puzzling questions in metaphysics for an hour or two, and then sat down harmoniously together over a heaping dish of oatmeal cakes.

The Rev. Mr. Delo, who presides over a Lutheran congregation, near Troy, recently informed his hearers, during the course of a farewell sermon, that he expected to continue to preach the gospel when a majority of them would be in hell. This remark was bitterly resented, although it occurred in the course of a scathing denunciation of various members of the congregation, and it is proposed to tar and feather the pastor.

A few days ago the ancient ceremony of washing the feet of the poor was performed in the Hofburg at Vienna. After High Mass with sermon in the Court Chapel the twelve old men, whose ages ranged from 87 to 90, were set down to dinner in the hall, dressed in old German costume. The Emperor himself having set the dishes before them, the Curate of the Court Chapel read the Gospel, during which his Majesty washed their feet, assisted by the Abbot of the Scotch Chapel and the Vicar of the Court Chapel. He afterwards presented each with a bag containing thirty silver coins. Owing to the absence of the Empress the ceremony of washing the feet of the old women was omitted, but each of those selected had the dress, the dinner, and the thirty silver coins sent to her house.

The sublime but atrocious self-sacrifice of Hopkinsianism, which encouraged men to be willing to be damned everlastingly for the glory of God, finds but a poor sympathizer in Renan. "Many times," he says, "in the course of a year, I receive an anonymous letter containing the following words, always in the same handwriting: 'If there should be such a place as hell, after all?' No doubt, the pious person who writes to me is anxious for the salvation of my soul, and I am deeply thankful for the same. But hell is an hypothesis very far from being in conformity with what we know from other sources of divine mercy. Moreover, I can lay my hand on my heart, and say that, if there is such a place, I do not think that I have done anything which would consign me to it. A short stay in purgatory would perhaps be just." Such an utterance may seem to many Christians to be the very sublimity of egotism, and we must confess that the attribute of sublimity in it seems to reach quite as lofty a height as the Hopkinsian sublimity of everlasting suicide for the glory of God. "The essential truth about Renan's declaration is not" merely that he does not deserve everlasting punishment, but that nobody deserves it; and it is an unworthy view of God which attributes to him an unrighteous vengeance. "The infinite goodness," says Renan, "which I have experienced in this world inspires me with the conviction that eternity is pervaded by a goodness not less infinite, in which I repose unlimited trust."—*Christian Register.*

Sunday Schools. A Mr. J. F. Hartley has been giving some figures illustrative of Sunday-school progress in the *Sunday-School Chronicle.* According to this well-informed writer there are in Great Britain and Ireland 674,704 Sunday-school teachers, and of scholars (not including Roman Catholic schools, regarding which, it is stated, information could not be easily obtained), there are over 6,000,000. In the United States, which is held to represent 50,000,000 of people, it is estimated that there are about 1,000,000 of teachers and nearly 7,000,000 of scholars. The calculation is that in the United Kingdom the proportion of teachers to scholars is about one in seven. One of the inferences is that so long as Sunday-school teaching is what it is, and so long as the tendency is so strong in favor of the Sunday school, it is vain to talk of the danger of board or public school instruction. The schools need not be irreligious, but the churches are quite able to take care of religion.

Echoes.

Ofttimes when Even's scarlet flag
  Floats from the crest of distant woods,
And over moorland waste and crag
  A weary, voiceless sorrow broods;
Around me hover to and fro
The ghosts of songs heard long ago.

And often, midst the rush of wheels,
  Of passing and repassing feet,
When half a headlong city reels
  Triumphant down the noontide street,
Above the tumult of the throngs
I hear again the same old songs.

Rest and Unrest—'tis strange that ye,
  Who lie apart as pole from pole,
Should sway with one strong sovereignty
  The secret issues of the soul;
Strange that ye both should hold the keys
Of prisoned tender memories.

It may be when the landscape's rim
  Is red and and slumberous round the west,
The spirit, too, grows still and dim,
  And turns in half-unconscious quest
To those forgotten lullabies
That whilom closed the infant's eyes.

And maybe, when the city mart
  Roars with its fullest, loudest tide,
The spirit loses helm and chart,
  And on an instant, terrified,
Has fled across the space of years
To notes that banished childhood's fears.

We know not—but 'tis sweet to know
  Dead hours still haunt the living day,
And sweet to hope that, when the slow,
  Sure message beckons us away,
The past may send some tuneful breath
To echo round the bed of death.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

City of Mexico.

The MEXICAN CENTRAL trains are now running from El Paso to the City of Mexico on a schedule time of fifty-eight hours. This is a decided improvement over the old stage coach trip of two weeks. The fare, fifty-two dollars and fifty cents, is also an improvement over the old time when it cost a fortune to visit the "Halls of the Montezumas."

The opening of this road in the spring of the year is most opportune in more ways than one. It gives the capitalist and prospector a chance to begin operations during the best season of the year, though, for that matter, the season rarely conflicts with any occupation whatever in Mexico.

It is most opportune for the tourist who will wish to get away from the sultry days of our own summer to the magnificent summer of the Mexican plateau.

The country through which the road runs is situated at an elevation of from five to seven thousand feet above the sea-level, and its climate is simply superb. In the oddity of the people, the quaintness of the cities and antiquity of its ruins, Mexico rivals Europe itself."

Until Mexico is Americanized, at least, a trip to that Spanish America will be as interesting as the "Grand Tour," while the great difference in expense will make it for most of us the favorite.

It is noticeable that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and Mexican Central are the only roads that meet in a Union Depot at El Paso, where the trains stand side by side, thus avoiding a troublesome transfer across the city. Another conspicuous feature of the train service is the arrangement by which those coming to El Paso over the Santa Fe make almost immediate connection with the Mexican trains, while by other routes the traveler suffers a delay of some fifteen hours. Perhaps this was an accident, and perhaps it wasn't, at all events, the average tourist will take the quickest and most convenient route.

The Sante Fe trains run from Kansas City to El Paso without change of cars of any kind, so that the companies have practically a through route from the Missouri River to the City of Mexico.

One of the pleasantest things about a trip along this route is the entire absence of danger from the diseases incident to a journey on the low lands, for the Mexican Central's entire course is on the great plateau from five to seven thousand feet above the sea-level.

The summer climate, on account of the elevation, is simply magnificent, and will always hold for this route the favor of the public, while its American compadre, the Santa Fe, will open the eyes of the eastern tourist with their grand hotel at the Las Vegas Hot Springs, now being rebuilt on a grander scale than before, with the ancient city of Santa Fe and the vine-clad valley of the Rio Grande.

Alcoholization of Pigs. Men of low intellectual endowment with a taste for strong drink will derive much comfort from the result of one of the latest experiments which, at the suggestion of the ex brandy-king of Sweden, the French temperance society has been making on the alcoholization of pigs. The experiments which were commenced in 1879 on a number of pigs of the so-called Anglo-Chinese breed have been continued ever since. Each pig was kept in a separate sty, but twice a day they were all fed together in an adjoining yard. Alcohol was mixed with their food, and after each meal they all fell into a deep sleep, but showed no signs of excitement, except now and then a slight muscular trembling. The difference of the effect of alcohol on human beings and pigs is believed to arise from the smallness of a pig's brains, for the larger the brain the more dangerous the effect of intoxication. Hence, although the companions of St. Anthony may occasionally indulge in their taste for juniper, they are in no danger of being attacked by delirium tremens.

Persecution. In the current number of the *North American Review* Dr. Philip Schaff lays down the proposition that "persecution dates from the union of church and State, and is of essentially heathen origin." Church and State, according to him, are as separate "as soul and body, as eternity and time." The reformer, he says, was as ignorant of the true principle as the Romish leaders. They could not think of the church as apart from the State, or of the State as apart from the church. The consequence was that, being intolerant toward those who differed from them and calling the powers of the State to their aid, they persecuted and sinned like those who had been before them. The true principle, he says, is in the words of the Master: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

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At Gotha, in Germany, on Easter Day, the corpse of an American lady was cremated, this being the one hundred and sixty-third case of the kind since the establishment of the crematorium there.

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April 21 was celebrated in Rome as the two thousand six hundred and thirty-seventh anniversary of the foundation of Rome by Romulus. The tri-color was hoisted on the tower of the Capitol, and the Civic Guards wore their full-dress uniform.

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A Spanish woman smoked her cigarette in a smoking car riding from New York to New Haven the other day. The men stared, but she appeared not to know any reason why she had not as much right as they to the place.

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A New York saloon keeps two big Muscovy ducks half drunk most of the time for the amusement of patrons.

An orthodox clergyman of St. Louis thanks God that he has not had to baptize any of Harrison's converts. He seems to be of the opinion that such conversions are not more than skin deep and will not wear.

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Marion Moore.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Gone art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,
Gone like the bird in the autumn that singeth,
Gone like the flower by the wayside that springeth,
Gone like the leaf of the ivy that clingeth
Round the lone rock on a storm-beaten shore.

Dear wert thou, Marion, Marion Moore,
Dear as the tide in my broken heart throbbing,
Dear as the soul o'er thy memory sobbing—
Sorrow my life of its roses is robbing,
Wasting is all the glad beauty of yore.

I will remember thee, Marion Moore;
I shall remember, alas, to regret thee;
I will regret when all others forget thee;
Deep in my breast will the hour that I met thee
Linger and burn till life's fever is o'er.

Gone art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,
Gone like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth,
Gone like the rill to the ocean that floweth,
Gone as the day from the gray mountain goeth,
Darkness behind thee, but glory before.

Peace to thee, Marion, Marion Moore,
Peace which the queens of the earth cannot borrow,
Peace from a kingdom that crowned thee with sorrow,
Oh! to be happy with thee on the morrow,
Who would not fly from this desolate shore?

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Old Men Shall Dream Dreams and Young Men Shall See Visions.

BY DR. S. J. DICKSON.

As I commenced to see, and while wrapt in mystic thought, moving leisurely up an inclined plane, upon the summit of which rested a lake walled in by huge moss-covered boulders, causing it to present an antiquated appearance, a voice from out the stillness thus addressed me: "How dare you molest this water? This is an orthodox lake!" Regardless of what I had heard, I continued my course until I stood peering into its bosom, which had the appearance of imposing depth, caused either from reality or stagnancy. To test the water's bathing properties, I stepped over the wall, but, to my surprise, instead of finding the water deep, it proved to be very shallow, its apparent depth being the result of its stagnancy. As I tried to bathe, wave after wave of the most direful influence passed through my whole being, causing the innermost depths of both my spiritual and physical beings to revolt in disgust, at which period I ceased to see, and all was as oblivion.

When I commenced to see again, I found myself outside of said moss-covered walls and stagnant water, down in a lovely valley, standing by the side of a beautiful flowing river, which was, apparently, very shallow, caused either from reality or transparency. As I gazed in admiration, the voice again addressed me, saying: "Behold the River of Life." Then I stepped into its apparently shallow bosom, which, however, proved to be very deep, its apparent shallowness being caused by its transparency; and as I sank deeper and deeper into its depths, thrill after thrill of ecstatic joy and health passed through and around my whole being, so that as I arose to its banks again, I exclaimed, as my eye followed its happy flow down its ever deepening and widening current: "True enough, it is the River of Life, or in other words, the Stream of Progression, passing on to join the great source of the Waters of Life!" At this point I was quickened to my normal state by a benediction of gratitude, leaving its hallowed influence upon me, which cannot be erased by the conflicting influences of time, but will continue to grow brighter and brighter until the perfect day.

Years have passed since the hallowed experience, as given above, but the grandeur of its lesson has not passed away, but has continued to grow more transcendently beautiful, as its spirit has unfolded before me. Old orthodoxy, which then so exalted itself within said moss-covered walls, thus depriving the spirit of its legitimate tendencies, has been brought down to the valley of humiliation. Its walls have crumbled, allowing its waters to flow in obedience to the law of spiritual attraction, to mingle with the ever-flowing River of Life, therein to be cleansed and delivered from all that has a tendency to make men sorrowful or afraid, while at the same time, too, the liberal element has grown still more liberal and enlightened through the ever-expanding and deepening influences of spiritual growth, which is daily bringing each and all to the realization, that the goal of perfection has not been reached, and hence the maximum growth in spiritual attainments is still beyond, thus leaving no chance for boasting, but only opening up a still richer field of research to inspire a renewed effort upon the part of each one in behalf of those grand principles which alone are adapted to the spiritual and righteous development of the race. Finally, it is through this light we notice, that the wave of yesterday is but the ripple of to-day. The meridian of to-day is but the twilight of to-morrow. From the hills of the present, we can witness the heights of the past give way to the mountains of the future.

"Will Come Like a Balm."

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.—Its contributors are the advance guard in art, science, philosophy and religion. To the non-sectarian and independent thinker it is indispensable, and deals heavy blows to all shams, tricksters, mountebanks and fraudulent mediums. It is considered orthodox by the advanced thinkers in religion, and champions all the true reforms on every subject. To those not satisfied with cast-iron, strait-jacket creeds, and dogmas of church, it will come like a balm and new revelation, to feed and nourish the mind; while it will enlighten and feed those who are doubting and wavering as to their future state.

Its leading object is to prove by strict scientific tests, that will admit of no doubt, that man lives after the dissolution of the body. The scope of the JOURNAL is revolutionary to the skeptical materialist and the religious enthusiast; but is a lamp to guide and direct those who cannot accept dogmas of the church, and yet are not content and serene with their present spiritual status. In the language of St. Paul, "There are diversities of gifts: to one is given by the Spirit, the word of wisdom; to another, the word of knowledge; to another, faith; to another, the gift of healing; to another, the working of miracles; to another, prophecy; to another, discerning of spirits; to another, divers kinds of tongues; to another, interpretation of tongues."

In the JOURNAL the highest exponents of these varied gifts get hearings, as they do not, and can not, in any other journal in the land, and through these gifted writers, speakers, healers and actors, we are led by a special gifted light not our own, to see and learn truths that we cannot from any other source. In this way, orthodoxy, heterodoxy, scientists, philosophers, materialists, theists, atheists, and sometimes even scoffers, get hearings, if reasonable, intelligent and sincere. The JOURNAL is doing a wonderful work in educating and molding the thought of the age, with no other object except a higher, nobler, truer and better civilization.—*Democrat News*, Xenia, Ohio, April 26th.

Letter from James G. Clark.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In "going up and down the world," after the manner, but not in the spirit of a gentleman mentioned in Job, I frequently miss some of the numbers of the JOURNAL. It was in this way that I missed seeing your issue of Nov. 10th, containing my poem, "The Missing Captain's Signal," and a pleasant note from your correspondent "V. C. T.," asking for the publication of "Marion Moore." As I ponder over these initials, asking, "Who is this V. C. T., who has such a keen appreciation of my little apple blossoms of song?" there came murmuring and rippling back from the past a host of sweet strains and harmonies composed by one whose initials were "V. C. T.," and whose musical compositions were full of the very soul of poetic inspiration. In fact, they were too perfect in suggestions and expression for the appreciation of a "rough hewn" public, that has since gone wild over such trash as the bulk of "Moody and Sankey Hymns" are.

I think that V. C. T. and your correspondent are one and the same person, and I gladly furnish "Marion Moore," at his request, as a slight token of my gratitude for the real pleasure his melodies and harmonies have given me in times past.

JAMES G. CLARK.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity.

Prof. Henry Kiddle gave the address before our conference on Thursday evening, May 1st, taking for his subject, "Rational Spiritualism." He spoke for an hour and a quarter without notes, and it was one of his ablest efforts before our Fraternity, and was listened to with marked attention by an intelligent audience. The lecturer said that there is a wide difference among Spiritualists as to what is termed the philosophy of Spiritualism, much of which is based upon the theories of individuals. On these mooted points we could all agree to disagree. He argued that if Spiritualists would compare notes with each other in regard to the phenomena, and give their experiences with mediums, he thought that we all would come to a better understanding with each other, and have more charity for our sensitives, who stand in such peculiar relations to spirits in and out of the form. He spoke of the manifestations that come to all in the inward life, which to him is the highest and best evidence of the power of the human soul; that in this higher form of spirit communion, we can realize more completely the unfolding of our spiritual nature, bringing us closer to spiritual truths, and to the highest inspiration. In conclusion he urged upon all Spiritualists to forget minor differences, and to theorize less and work more to protect mediums, so far as it is possible, from evil influences in the form and out of the form, and to work unitedly for the propagation of a better knowledge among men of our faith, and a more complete realization by ourselves of its sublime and glorious teachings.

Mr. W. C. Bowen and Mr. Philbrook made short addresses, commendatory of the lecture. Mr. Bowen paid a high tribute to Prof. Kiddle's previous lecture on "Christian Superstition," and he said that he considered it the best lecture that had ever been given by Prof. K. before the Fraternity. Mr. Bowen said the only criticism that he would make to the lecture of the evening, was with reference to what had been said in regard to charity for mediums. He believed in charity for all true and honest mediums, but he demanded that justice be meted out by Spiritualists to all tricksters who simulate mediumship with fraud, spurious materializations and prepared paraphernalia, and then lay the blame upon honest investigators or upon lying and deceiving spirits.

On Thursday evening, May 8th, our Fraternity was honored by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. William Britten, of Manchester, England. Mrs. Britten, who is speaking for the First Society of Spiritualists in New York City, cordially accepted our invitation to occupy our platform on this evening and for an hour and a quarter she held the large audience, assembled in the midst of sloppy streets and a rainy evening, in breathless interest. Mrs. Britten looks well, and apparently she is good for another generation of earnest and faithful work. She has the same old-time matchless eloquence, superb elocution, convincing logic and powerful argument, by which she has converted so many thousands to our faith. The writer dates the commencement of his acquaintance with, and personal friendship for, Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, over a quarter of a century ago. In the early days of our movement, he heard of her in his country home at Burlington, Vt., and the spirit induced him to write to her (she was then speaking to large audiences in New York) inviting her to come there and give a series of lectures. The engagement was consummated, and we had the pleasure of listening to her inspirations. My old friend and fellow townsman, John G. Saxe, the poet, said that Miss Hardinge spoke the purest Saxon English of any person he had heard on the rostrum, a high compliment, and which has been duplicated many times by those who have heard the matchless eloquence and lofty inspirations of this faithful worker. Mrs. Britten said that her guides had selected for her subject, "Who are Spirits?" and in an elaborate argument, she showed that all phases of phenomena were produced by human spirits, who had once lived on this planet, and by no other power or force; that it was done in a natural way, and in perfect harmony with infinite law. She said that so long as this world sent liars, thieves and wicked men and women to the Spirit-world, we should be troubled with low and undeveloped spirits, and that theology which taught that a murderer could enter heaven at a moment's notice by casting his sins upon Jesus, was based upon human selfishness, was doing injustice to infinite love, and that Spiritualism taught that the devils which men had to fear, were the devils in their own hearts; that every man and woman must work out for themselves their own salvation from sin and ignorance.

She said that she deprecated this attributing all the mischief and wrong done by professional tricksters, to the Spirit-world. She urged the necessity for a school of mediumship where latent forces could be utilized, and she claimed that mediumship is the result of physical organization. Mediums should study carefully their own requirements for the highest and best unfoldment. She said that during her years of mediumship, consisting of a quarter of a century, she had been guided and protected by the band of spirits who had made her their instrument, and she had always listened to their advice and counsel. She gave a thrilling and graphic account of her experience in the Sierra Nevada Mountains during the late war of the rebellion, when she was directed by the spirit of Gen. Edward D. Baker to accept an invitation to deliver a 4th of July oration. It was in the darkest hours of the Nation's history, when secession was rampant, and when she was advised not to make the long and perilous journey, the spirit of Gen. Baker brought an Indian spirit to her as a guide and protector. She gave a very graphic account of his presence, not only then but ever since, and paid a very glowing tribute to his protecting power. When she arrived at the little hamlet amid those towering mountains, she found the house of the only Union man there surrounded by twenty Indians, who were guarding this man's wife and the baby in her arms from destruction. In thrilling words she related how her host urged her not to attempt to speak on the morrow, as the hordes of disloyal men who would be there in the morning, would surely riddle her with bullets. The spirit of Gen. Baker and the stalwart Indian spirit said the address must be made, and not a hair of her head should be injured. Her host was crippled, and the brave little wife said that she would go with the medium onto the platform, which she did. Mrs. B. said she passed a sleepless night, relieved only by the measured tread of the dusky Indian sentinels who guarded that home. Clouds overhung the mountains on the morning of that 4th of July, and the rough crowd came down from the gulches and mountain fastnesses, with scowling faces, a compact army of rough men. After the reading of the Declaration of Independence, she was controlled, and when she came to consciousness, she found herself surrounded with a smiling crowd, who were anxious to clasp her by the hand, and too much could not be said in praise of the address, which gave a graphic picture of the rise and progress of the Nation, of the heroic qualities of President Lincoln, and urged the necessity of a perpetuity of the Nation as the hope and the need of the down-trodden and the oppressed of all nations.

These rough miners invited the speaker to dine with them. She felt the necessity of declining, but said she would attend the fair in aid of the Sanitary Commission in the evening. Soon after this a body of thirty horsemen came to the door of the house, and wanted her to decide a wager for them—whether she spoke under her own normal influence, or was controlled by a spirit? She said she would call her host, who would tell them what had been given to them in the morning before the lecture. He told them that the spirit of Gen. E. D. Baker said that he would control the medium. Some of these rough miners had served under Gen. Baker, and they said that the speech was characteristic of him, whose matchless eloquence had placed him in the Senate Chamber of the United States, from California. In the evening Mrs. Britten said she officiated as an auctioneer at the fair, and as a piece of valuable gold-bearing quartz was sold over and over again, the owner would have it resold, and the last purchaser presented it to her as a memento of that never-to-be-forgotten 4th of July. Mrs. Britten said that she could recall many more instances where she had been guarded and protected by her spirit friends, who could protect and sustain mediums who were willing to act for the Spirit-world as their chosen instruments.

In the course of her lecture Mrs. Britten said that she believed the spirits of animals were immortal, which statement was criticised by Mr. Philbrook, his views being that animals ceased to exist after this life. Dr. I. M. Comings said he heard Mrs. B. in Macon, Ga., twenty-five years before, and that he had a conversation with her on the subject of the immortality of animals, and he cited cases where he thought dogs showed clairvoyant powers.

The subject of Mr. Albert Smith's lecture, June 5th, has been changed to "Mother Shipton's Prophecy and the Fulfillment of the Prophecy."

S. B. NICHOLS.

A Last Word of Explanation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mr. Coleman is determined to make me out a liar, and to lament my falling in a Pecksniffian manner. I do not deny that there is an error of statement in the paragraph quoted. What I denied, and still repudiate, is that intention to mislead and deceive with which Mr. Coleman is so anxious to accredit me. My emphasis was laid on the words, "the traditions," amongst which I parenthetically included both "Toledoth Jeschu," where I ought to have referred and distinguished more closely. So general, however, was the sense in which I there used the word "traditions," *en passant*, that I never dreamed of limiting these merely to the relationship of Jehoshua to Queen Salome. I see the paragraph was loosely written, and that it contains an unintentional error, but I did not think that any one, with the paragraph before him, could miss the point of my explanation.

Mr. Coleman has also charged me with deliberately suppressing the truth, and now wants to make out that I have virtually admitted doing so. What I did was to take out the one sole bit of historic fact from the mass of lying (because post-Christian) legend, viz., that Jehoshua ben Pandira was the pupil of Ben Perachia, and, therefore, could not have been born in the year A. D.; that he was the son of Pandira and Stada, and, therefore, not the child of Joseph and the Virgin Mary, and that, as he was hung on the tree at Lud or Lydda, he was not crucified at Jerusalem. My analysis of the matter was conducted out of sight, not in print, and what Mr. Coleman reproduces is the slough. He might just as well characterize the deodorization of sewage as a suppression of the truth!

An error, of course, is an error, but errors may differ indefinitely in importance. Here it is merely trailing the red herring across the true scent.

I am willing to fight out the whole matter with Mr. Coleman in California. As the columns of the JOURNAL are closed against further discussion, I will meet him in public, if satisfactory arrangements can be made, in San Francisco, to debate the historic or non-historic nature of our Canonical Gospels, and will undertake to demonstrate the entirely Mythical, Kronian and Gnostic character of the alleged historical Jesus Christ.

GERALD MASSEY.

Anniversary Exercises at Shreveport, La.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A meeting of the Spiritualists of this city was held on Sunday, March 30th, to celebrate the 36th anniversary of modern Spiritualism in this country, as inaugurated by the Fox family at Rochester, N. Y., in 1848. The meeting was opened by the reading of an essay by Judge Loony, giving a historical and biblical outline of spiritual manifestations from the earliest times. Many instances in the history of the human race were cited, proving that communion with the Spirit-world began at an early period of man's existence. The lecture elicited the closest attention, and was able and instructive, and well worthy of publication.

Mrs. H. W. Kneeland spoke next, under spirit inspiration, describing a floral offering which was presented to her spiritual vision from the spirits. It was a canopy of pink flowers, from the centre of which hung a large, glittering silver wheel of time; it turned, and was clasped by the hands of many spirit friends of those present. From the centre of it hung a pure white, bell-shaped flower, and out of it came the figures, "36." The subject of the lecture was "Old Truths in the Light of Progression." With great beauty of expression the lecturer proceeded for nearly three-quarters of an hour. Mr. James Heffner then gave an interesting account of the wide-spreading and far-reaching progress made by Spiritualism, after which the meeting adjourned to meet the first Sunday in each month.

May 1st, 1884. VERITAS.

The Sociologic Society.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The above Society has this spring become an incorporated body, under the statutes of the State of New York, which relate to such institutions. It is now prepared to hold property and become responsible therefor, and it is earnestly desired that men and women of means may be induced to take part with us, and become members, and assist in directing the use of such funds as they may appropriate, to the best needs of the humanity they are interested in elevating. It is too often the case that charitably disposed people are inclined to wait till Death puts his quietus upon them, before they engage funds pre-determined by them, in the purposes designed. As Spiritualists we are fully aware of the exceeding disappointment of many a spirit, at finding his last will and testament so entirely disregarded when possible, by his survivors, and even often set aside as the act of a lunatic. This is not so strange either; for common sense dictates that what is the real desire of the person is commenced in this life, and not left, like death and repentance, to the last moment. We should learn a lesson from the result of these procrastinations and begin our life work while in the body, leaving thus an evidence upon earth, of our true intent.

The Sociologic Society is incorporated in the names of Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, Joseph La Fumée, Wm. E. S. Fales, Henry A. Beckmeyer, Wm. Icrin Gill, Mrs. J. Beatty, Miss Mary T. Crowell and Miss Lizzie Wyer.

LITA BARNEY SAYLES,
Assist. General Secretary.

Killingly, Conn.

Saved by a Dream.

The Danbury (Conn.) *News* is responsible for the following "premonition" story: "F. S. Olmstead has for years had business dealings with the late President Seeley, and had a strong personal attachment for him. On Sunday night, the day before the funeral, he dreamed that he and Mr. Seeley were standing on a floor which gave way with them. In the struggle to save himself he was awakened. The dream made a strong impression upon him, and after eating an early breakfast he hurried to the house of his dead friend, and without disturbing the family, found his way into the cellar. He felt that the dream might possibly be a warning, and he was moved to examine the supports to the floor. He found that a very large beam which supported the floor timbers of the parlor and a partition wall was cracked. The crack appeared to be a fresh one, and a closer examination with a lamp showed that it was, and that it was so large that one's hand could be placed in it. Mr. Olmstead immediately got two heavy posts, and in a short time made the timber perfectly safe. This timber is thirty feet long and had no supporting posts. Its great size was supposed to be sufficient to sustain the weight upon it. In the parlor above rested Mr. Seeley's remains. A few hours later the building was filled with friends. Had it not been for the dream it is not likely the broken timber would have been discovered in time to prevent a catastrophe. That this dream was a direct warning to Mr. Olmstead there can be no doubt, but as to the source there will be many differences of opinion."

Spiritualism in Newark, N. J.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I thought it might be interesting for you to know that the Newarkites in this little orthodox corner of creation, have actually set the ball of Spiritualism in motion. I have often heard the remark that the so-called Liberalists are as bigoted as the church people, but I am happy to be able to say better things of our Newark Liberalists. Some of the leading members have not only let us have the use of their hall, which is a very pleasant one, but furnish us with music. Mr. Meaker, who stepped out from Presbyterianism into the light of Liberalism, volunteered to pilot our movement. He shows no less interest in our cause since he transferred his position as president to a Mr. Avery, who is also a Liberalist, and wishes it distinctly understood that he accepts the office only as a student. Mr. A. is a man of clear discernment and firmness of character, and he shows a disposition to systematize the workings of our society.

Mr. Bartlett, of Brooklyn, N. Y., gave us two lectures, asking nothing but his expenses. I understand that Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham has offered to do the same missionary work, but we do not wish to be beggars always. We think now that we are able to do a little better; at least we intend to do the very best we can.

MRS. E. W. CRANE.

An acropolis of immense extent has just been discovered at Ekhmeem, Upper Egypt. Five great tombs, or catacombs, already opened have yielded 120 mummies, and the sites of over 100 catacombs have been verified.

Jude's Light.

A Curious Apparition Which Comes from an Old Slave's Grave.

The Atlanta *Constitution* publishes a curious story told by Mr. Alonzo Lyon, and vouched for by hundreds of the best citizens of De Kalb County, concerning what is called "Jude's light." On a farm now owned by Mr. David McWilliams "Jude's light" makes its regular appearance.

About forty years ago a man named Reid owned the farm, and he also owned a negro woman by the name of Jude. Reid had Jude punished for some offense by placing her in close confinement and on very short rations. Mr. Lyon's mother, who now resides with him, was a young girl, and says she remembers slipping some food to poor Jude, and will never forget the eagerness with which the famished woman devoured it. Jude finally died, it was believed, from the effects of cruel treatment and deprivation of food. She was buried in the woods on a hillside across a branch about three hundred yards from the house occupied by Reid's family. No one else was buried there, and the grave is to this day a solitary one. Soon after the burial "Jude's light" appeared emanating from the grave, and wandered about the house and premises at all hours of the night. This "light" manifested so much intelligence, and

STRUCK SUCH TERROR

into the hearts of the Reid family, that they sold all their possessions and hastily left the State of Georgia. The "light" has continued to appear frequently from that time to this, but never seemed to inspire terror and uneasiness in the breast of others nor visit the dwelling often. After Edmund Bunt, grandfather of Mr. Lyon, purchased the Reid farm, Mr. Lyon lived several years with him. He saw the "light" probably a thousand times, at all seasons of the year and in all kinds of weather. So also did his mother, brothers and sisters. Many of the neighbors have been present occasionally and watched it.

"Jude's light" always seemed to come straight up out of the grave about eight or ten feet high, and keeping about the same distance from the ground, it would float slowly off up or down the swamp, or toward the house, or up the hill through the woods. It would often glide about for an hour or so in sight, then suddenly go straight down out of view. At such time, said Mr. Lyon, he and others had sometimes started for the grave with the intention of beating this "light" there, in order to see what it was, if possible, but none had ever succeeded in doing so. By the time they had taken 10 steps in the

DIRECTION OF THE GRAVE

they would see the "light" reaching it before the would-be investigators were fairly started. It inevitably paused an instant just over the grave, then dropped straight down and disappeared. A visit there immediately after revealed no phosphorescent or other lights. Mr. Lyon describes the "light" as about the size of a man's double fist, of a somewhat reddish tinge, sparkling somewhat, but not very brilliant, and only slightly illuminating the bushes and trees in passing among them.

"Jude's light" differs from the phosphorescent lights of the swamp in many respects. It is always about the same size, always keeps about the same distance from the ground and travels against or in an opposite direction to the strongest of winds. It also appears in the dryest and hottest as well as the coolest and stormiest of weather. It rarely appears, however, in stormy weather, which might be taken to be another indication of intelligence. Phosphorescent lights, it is well known, can only travel with the wind, and also vary greatly in size and appearance. Mr. Thomas Mize, of Atlanta, a brother-in-law of Mr. Lyon, was present when the foregoing was related and confirmed it in every particular.

The Free Religious Association.

The Convention of the Free Religious Association held at New Bedford last week proved a successful and interesting occasion. It was held in the handsome church of Mr. Potter's society, which was cordially offered for the purpose. A very fine audience, almost filling the house, greeted the speakers at the opening evening session. Mr. Potter presided, and made an opening address on the historic significance and aims of the Association. Mr. Savage followed with his superb discourse on "The Change of Front of the Universe," and Mr. F. A. Hinckley closed the session with a brief address on "The Coming Church." On the following day, two sessions were held, with somewhat diminished, but still good attendance. Mrs. A. M. Diaz opened the afternoon session with a thoughtful paper on "Spiritual Strength." Miss M. F. Eastman followed with bright remarks on the same topic, and Mr. H. W. Robinson spoke at some length of his recent observation on the religious condition of Germany. In the evening Messrs. W. H. Spencer and B. F. Underwood and Mrs. E. D. Cheney made the literary feast, speaking respectively on immortality, the ethical aspects of evolution, and the ability of Free Religion to satisfy the heart-side of life. Much public interest was manifested in the meetings, and a considerable number of new members joined the Association.—*Index.*

Plain Words to Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am vexed at Spiritualists, whom I know to have reaped much of comfort through our faith, that they are not more willing—more eager, I might say—to sacrifice a little for the support of the cause. Some express a willingness to take the JOURNAL, but when I ask them to give me the cash at once, they plead poverty or some other futile excuse. One party, for instance, who has ample means, and who has been, in a most marked manner, relieved and comforted in trying bereavements, whereby he was stripped of the earthly companionship of all his children, when asked why he could not do something for the cause that he had so much reason to love, replied: "Oh! I am so engaged now in improving my farm, I don't see how I can do it!" Ah! where will we all be found who thus "wrap our jewels in a napkin?" J. G. J.

W. Harral writes: I have just read in your paper of the 3rd inst., the Easter sermon of the Rev. Minot J. Savage, and I regard it as a masterly production on the four subjects: "Immortality, Orthodoxy, Christianity, Science and Spiritualism." I only wish that it could be spread all over the world, and in every language. It ought to be published in pamphlet form, and sent everywhere. Your paper is growing more and more interesting. I think it is being read more by preachers and church-going people than formerly. It must finally force itself upon the attention of the intelligent seekers for knowledge everywhere. This sermon by Savage is itself worth a year's subscription.

Words of encouragement from Mr. John Winslow, of Bristol, Conn., President of the Western Connecticut Association of Spiritualists: "Allow me, Mr. Bundy, to express to you my gratification and pleasure at the well merited tribute paid to your efficiency by Rev. M. Savage in his Easter sermon. May you long be spared to administer such tellingly destructive blows against fraud and trickery, and to promote as ably as you do the cause of a genuine Spiritualism, a Spiritualism whose whole tendency is to elevate and ennoble human life and character.

Ella E. Gibson writes: Many thanks for last two JOURNALS. Cannot Rev. M. J. Savage's Easter sermon be published in a tract? It contains so many historical facts, sound deductions and candid admissions, that it should not only be read by the clergy, but by every unbeliever, would-be-believer and believer in modern Spiritualism. Such a Summer-land as he depicts and hopes for would not be a bad exchange from this. Our thanks to you for publishing it.

Keshub Chunder Sen. Obsequies of Keshub Chunder Sen: "It was just dusk as the earthly remains and the flowery cot upon which they reposed were laid upon a pile of sandalwood there. The hand rested upon the heart, outside of the winding sheet. As the body lay upon the pyre the vast assemblage shouted: 'As the true, the intelligent, the infinite and the blissful, he manifests himself. He is the peaceful and merciful God. He is one without a second. He is holy and sinless.' The chief mourner, Kharuna Chunder Sen, the eldest son of the deceased, then took a torch in his right hand and applied it to the pyre, saying: 'In the name of God I apply this holy fire to the last remains of the deceased. The mortal shall burn away and perish, but the immortal shall live. O Lord, the departed soul is rejoicing in thee in thy blissful abode.' As the body began to burn the multitude again chanted Keshub's favorite anthem, 'Glory be unto the Redeemer, who is Truth, Wisdom and Joy.' The cremation lasted about five hours, and at a quarter past eleven o'clock the ashes were collected in an urn and brought back to the Lily Cottage by the chief mourners and apostles of the New Dispensation."

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

All the United States Senators but two wear spectacles.

An old Roman coin of no intrinsic value sold in New York recently for $71.

The St. Louis Homeopathic Society has decided that women doctors shall be admitted and welcomed.

San Diego, Cal., ostrich farmers shoot dogs on sight near the corrals. They make the birds frantic

Mr. Jones, a New York street preacher, collects large audiences by giving away coffee, sandwiches, and soap.

A Savannah lady, to cure dyspepsia, drank tepid water at an Atlanta water cure. She went into convulsions, and is not expected to live.

A Vermont editor, in publishing one of Byron's poems, changed the words "O gods!" to "O gosh!" because the former was too profane for his readers.

William Hyatt and John Bush, of Marion, Ohio, were eating supper alone when a thunderbolt struck their house. They still sat erect, though both were dead. Not a scar was found upon them.

There were thirty-two pupils in the colored school at Strongtown, Tex., when it was struck by lightning and demolished. None were killed, although several were injured by the falling timbers.

It is calculated that there are now residing in the United States nearly a thousand Japanese, and of this number it is said that not one has ever been convicted of any criminal offense in an American court.

Melville testifies before the Jeannette Committee that cannibalism was thought of when the explorers seemed on the verge of starvation, but it was determined that under no emergency should it be permitted.

Rev. Mr. Hicks, who undertook to put Guiteau into proper shape, spiritually, for his departure, was, a few months ago, a man of robust health. He is now in Florida a feeble invalid, who will never again, probably, be able to occupy a pulpit.

The fibre of silk is the longest continuous fibre known. An ordinary cocoon of a well-fed silkworm will often reel 1,000 yards, and reliable accounts are given by Count Dandolo of a cocoon yielding 1,295 yards, or a fibre nearly three-quarters of a mile in length.

Joseph Cook has a stereotyped motto which he invariably writes in addition to his signature when solicited for an autograph, "Duty done is the soul's fireside" is the sentiment, and the same idea is the foundation of the reverend gentleman's favorite sermons

Henry Labouchere, who is not only editor of an influential London journal, but a member of Parliament as well, has been going into uncomfortable mathematics by showing that the cost of the royal family, about $1,000,000 annually, would give a meal to 600,000 children on 400 days.

An Easter egg was made by a Parisian house for a present to a very wealthy Spanish lady, at a cost of $4,000. It was formed of white enamel; on the inside was engraved the gospel for Easter Day, and by some ingenious mechanism, a little bird lodged in this dainty cage sang twelve airs from as many popular operas.

After driving a well to the depth of 176 feet at Trent, England, without getting water, a firm of artesian well engineers was consulted. A spot only a short distance from the old hole was selected, and an immense vein of water found at a depth of 114 feet. These parties say they have a scientific method of finding water or minerals.

Julian Hawthorne says that his father, the novelist, wrote a number of tales having witches for their subject matter, but they were burned by their author because "they embodied no moral truth; they were mere imaginative narratives, founded on history and tradition, and had not the spiritual balance and proportion of a work of art."

John B. Gough, now sixty-seven, came from England to New York in 1829, learned the bookbinder's trade, and for several years was chiefly distinguished for getting drunk, singing songs and giving recitations. He became a temperance advocate in 1840, making his first speech in the old Broadway Tabernacle.

The Austrian Government has lately issued rigorous regulations respecting beautifiers, hair dyes, patent medicines, etc. Those containing poison must be sold by apothecaries only by medical prescription and none are to be sold of which the authorities do not know the composition, or which they recognize as prejudicial to health.

In Siam the women are agitating the question of their rights. They have gone so far as to petition the King that their husbands shall not pledge them for gambling debts. The spectacle of lovely women being swept away in the maelstrom of a jack-pot or exposed to the vicissitudes of a four flush is indeed a sad one.

One of the pleasantest points of President McCosh's Western tour was his meeting with President Patterson, of the State College of Kentucky, at Lexington, where the two eminent Scotchmen had a struggle of most puzzling questions in metaphysics for an hour or two, and then sat down harmoniously together over a heaping dish of oatmeal cakes.

The Rev. Mr. Delo, who presides over a Lutheran congregation, near Troy, recently informed his hearers, during the course of a farewell sermon, that he expected to continue to preach the gospel when a majority of them would be in hell. This remark was bitterly resented, although it occurred in the course of a scathing denunciation of various members of the congregation, and it is proposed to tar and feather the pastor.

A few days ago the ancient ceremony of washing the feet of the poor was performed in the Hofburg at Vienna. After High Mass with sermon in the Court Chapel the twelve old men, whose ages ranged from 87 to 90, were set down to dinner in the hall, dressed in old German costume. The Emperor himself having set the dishes before them, the Curate of the Court Chapel read the Gospel, during which his Majesty washed their feet, assisted by the Abbot of the Scotch Chapel and the Vicar of the Court Chapel. He afterwards presented each with a bag containing thirty silver coins. Owing to the absence of the Empress the ceremony of washing the feet of the old women was omitted, but each of those selected had the dress, the dinner, and the thirty silver coins sent to her house.

The sublime but atrocious self-sacrifice of Hopkinsianism, which encouraged men to be willing to be damned everlastingly for the glory of God, finds but a poor sympathizer in Renan. "Many times," he says, "in the course of a year, I receive an anonymous letter containing the following words, always in the same handwriting: 'If there should be such a place as hell, after all?' No doubt, the pious person who writes to me is anxious for the salvation of my soul, and I am deeply thankful for the same. But hell is an hypothesis very far from being in conformity with what we know from other sources of divine mercy. Moreover, I can lay my hand on my heart, and say that, if there is such a place, I do not think that I have done anything which would consign me to it. A short stay in purgatory would perhaps be just." Such an utterance may seem to many Christians to be the very sublimity of egoism, and we must confess that the attribute of sublimity in it seems to reach quite as lofty a height as the Hopkinsian sublimity of everlasting suicide for the glory of God. "The essential truth about Renan's declaration is not" merely that he does not deserve everlasting punishment, but that nobody deserves it; and it is an unworthy view of God which attributes to him an unrighteous vengeance. "The infinite goodness," says Renan, "which I have experienced in this world inspires me with the conviction that eternity is pervaded by a goodness not less infinite, in which I repose unlimited trust."—*Christian Register.*

Sunday Schools. A Mr. J. F. Hartley has been giving some figures illustrative of Sunday-school progress in the *Sunday-School Chronicle*. According to this well-informed writer there are in Great Britain and Ireland 674,704 Sunday-school teachers, and of scholars (not including Roman Catholic schools, regarding which, it is stated, information could not be easily obtained), there are over 6,000,000. In the United States, which is held to represent 50,000,000 of people, it is estimated that there are about 1,000,000 of teachers and nearly 7,000,000 of scholars. The calculation is that in the United Kingdom the proportion of teachers to scholars is about one in seven. One of the inferences is that so long as Sunday-school teaching is what it is, and so long as the tendency is so strong in favor of the Sunday school, it is vain to talk of the danger of board or public school instruction. The schools need not be irreligious, but the churches are quite able to take care of religion.

Echoes.

Ofttimes when Even's scarlet flag
  Floats from the crest of distant woods,
And over moorland waste and crag
  A weary, voiceless sorrow broods;
Around me hover to and fro
The ghosts of songs heard long ago.

And often, midst the rush of wheels,
  Of passing and repassing feet,
When half a headlong city reels
  Triumphant down the noontide street,
Above the tumult of the throngs
I hear again the same old songs.

Rest and Unrest—'tis strange that ye,
  Who lie apart as pole from pole,
Should sway with one strong sovereignty
  The secret issues of the soul;
Strange that ye both should hold the keys
Of prisoned tender memories.

It may be when the landscape's rim
  Is red and and slumberous round the west,
The spirit, too, grows still and dim,
  And turns in half-unconscious quest
To those forgotten lullabies
That whilom closed the infant's eyes.

And maybe, when the city mart
  Roars with its fullest, loudest tide,
The spirit loses helm and chart,
  And on an instant, terrified,
Has fled across the space of years
To notes that banished childhood's fears.

We know not—but 'tis sweet to know
  Dead hours still haunt the living day,
And sweet to hope that, when the slow,
  Sure message beckons us away,
The past may send some tuneful breath
To echo round the bed of death.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

City of Mexico.

The MEXICAN CENTRAL trains are now running from El Paso to the City of Mexico on a schedule time of fifty-eight hours. This is a decided improvement over the old stage coach trip of two weeks. The fare, fifty-two dollars and fifty cents, is also an improvement over the old time when it cost a fortune to visit the "Halls of the Montezumas."

The opening of this road in the spring of the year is most opportune in more ways than one. It gives the capitalist and prospector a chance to begin operations during the best season of the year, though, for that matter, the season rarely conflicts with any occupation whatever in Mexico.

It is most opportune for the tourist who will wish to get away from the sultry days of our own summer to the magnificent summer of the Mexican plateau. The country through which the road runs is situated at an elevation of from five to seven thousand feet above the sea-level, and its climate is simply superb. In the oddity of the people, the quaintness of the cities and antiquity of its ruins, Mexico rivals Europe itself."

Until Mexico is Americanized, at least, a trip to that Spanish America will be as interesting as the "Grand Tour," while the great difference in expense will make it for most of us the favorite.

It is noticeable that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and Mexican Central are the only roads that meet in a Union Depot at El Paso, where the trains stand side by side, thus avoiding a troublesome transfer across the city. Another conspicuous feature of the train service is the arrangement by which those coming to El Paso over the Santa Fe make almost immediate connection with the Mexican trains, while by other routes the traveler suffers a delay of some fifteen hours. Perhaps this was an accident, and perhaps it wasn't, at all events, the average tourist will take the quickest and most convenient route.

The Sante Fe trains run from Kansas City to El Paso without change of cars of any kind, so that the companies have practically a through route from the Missouri River to the City of Mexico.

One of the pleasantest things about a trip along this route is the entire absence of danger from the diseases incident to a journey on the low lands, for the Mexican Central's entire course is on the great plateau from five to seven thousand feet above the sea-level.

The summer climate, on account of the elevation, is simply magnificent, and will always hold for this route the favor of the public, while its American compadre, the Santa Fe, will open the eyes of the eastern tourist with their grand hotel at the Las Vegas Hot Springs, now being rebuilt on a grander scale than before, with the ancient city of Santa Fe and the vine-clad valley of the Rio Grande.

Alcoholization of Pigs. Men of low intellectual endowment with a taste for strong drink will derive much comfort from the result of one of the latest experiments which, at the suggestion of the ex brandy-king of Sweden, the French temperance society has been making on the alcoholization of pigs. The experiments which were commenced in 1879 on a number of pigs of the so-called Anglo-Chinese breed have been continued ever since. Each pig was kept in a separate sty, but twice a day they were all fed together in an adjoining yard. Alcohol was mixed with their food, and after each meal they all fell into a deep sleep, but showed no signs of excitement, except now and then a slight muscular trembling. The difference of the effect of alcohol on human beings and pigs is believed to arise from the smallness of a pig's brains, for the larger the brain the more dangerous the effect of intoxication. Hence, although the companions of St. Anthony may occasionally indulge in their taste for juniper, they are in no danger of being attacked by delirium tremens.

Persecution. In the current number of the *North American Review* Dr. Philip Schaff lays down the proposition that "persecution dates from the union of church and State, and is of essentially heathen origin." Church and State, according to him, are as separate "as soul and body, as eternity and time." The reformer, he says, was as ignorant of the true principle as the Romish leaders. They could not think of the church as apart from the State, or of the State as apart from the church. The consequence was that, being intolerant toward those who differed from them and calling the powers of the State to their aid, they persecuted and sinned like those who had been before them. The true principle, he says, is in the words of the Master: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

Knowing Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts to be of rare excellence, we have no hesitation in urging and hoping that every housekeeper in the land will make use of them, feeling satisfied that by so doing they will endorse their claims for purity, strength, quality and quantity.

At Gotha, in Germany, on Easter Day, the corpse of an American lady was cremated, this being the one hundred and sixty-third case of the kind since the establishment of the crematorium there.

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April 21 was celebrated in Rome as the two thousand six hundred and thirty-seventh anniversary of the foundation of Rome by Romulus. The tri-color was hoisted on the tower of the Capitol, and the Civic Guards wore their full-dress uniform.

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A Spanish woman smoked her cigarette in a smoking car riding from New York to New Haven the other day. The men stared, but she appeared not to know any reason why she had not as much right as they to the place.

Cleanse the scalp from scurf and dandruff, and keep the hair pliable, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

A New York saloon keeps two big Muscovy ducks half drunk most of the time for the amusement of patrons.

An orthodox clergyman of St. Louis thanks God that he has not had to baptize any of Harrison's converts. He seems to be of the opinion that such conversions are not more than skin deep and will not wear.

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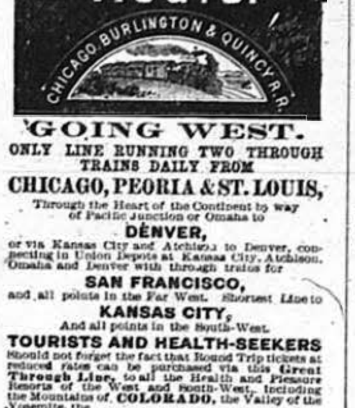
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On Certain Theological Dogmas Respecting Human Redemption and Salvation—The Trinity.

BY HON. JOEL TIFFANY.

The conditions under which the divine effluence operates to bless the individual, are those of harmony or concord, tending to produce oneness of character and action. The conditions under which this effluence works to curse the individual are those of inharmony, tending to produce antagonism, disease and death. Blessings and curses, as they appear under the divine administration, have their source in the same Presence, and they become the one or the other, according to status in the recipient. If man would be blessed under the divine government, he has to ascertain what is essential to such recipiency in himself, and then to perform his part, and the blessings will be secured. Otherwise he will fail.

The theologian, perceiving that all men are not alike blessed under the divine government, and supposing that these differences are owing to different dealings with them on the part of the divine government, occasioned by a difference of motive and purpose in the Divine Being, have invented systems of doctrine in respect to the same, which are self-contradictory and absurd, and which can have no other foundation than that of ignorance or depravity; which systems have done, and are doing, more to keep the mind in bondage and in spiritual darkness, than all other causes combined. The theologians postulate that God is a Being of infinite perfection; possessing the attributes of love, wisdom and power, in absolute completeness; that in these respects, He is infinite, eternal, immutable, absolute, omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent. Yet by their systems of philosophy, and by their formulated creeds, they contradict their postulates in every particular, and attempt to maintain their positions by human authority, which they assume to be divine, and they demand that it shall be so accepted.

The theologian assumes, that the conduct of man has an influence upon the mental condition of the Divine Being, and thus pleases or displeases him; and that he blesses and makes happy those who please him, and that he punishes and makes miserable those who displease him; that in this respect he is like man, and acts from the same or from similar motives; that as the Infinite and Perfect, he is subject to changeable feelings, and consequently to changeable actions based upon his feelings. Thus, the theologian assumes that God is as really a recipient of influence from his creatures, as are his creatures recipients from him; and, in this respect, he is as subject to change of feeling, of motive, purpose and action as is man.

The theologian assumes the omnipresence of Deity, that is, the omnipresence of his every attribute; yet as things are continually happening, God finds it necessary to especially adapt himself to these happenings, to prevent every thing from going to ruin. His general providence is altogether inadequate to accomplish his purposes, and without special interposition, all humanity would have been consigned to eternal torment. As an evidence of this, I will present the orthodox view of the Trinity, and the philosophy by which they make it applicable to the redemption and salvation of man.

To one familiar with the life and teachings of Jesus, it becomes evident that he recognized an ultimate status to which man might attain, which would bring him into conscious communion with the Divine Spirit. And it becomes evident that he claimed to have attained this ultimate status. While engaged in his ministry, he claimed to be the sent of his Father; he claimed that God wrought in and through him, his many wonderful works. He also claimed that he had seen the Father, and that the doctrines he taught, he had received from the Father. Out of these and similar sayings of Jesus, and of the teachings of the apostles, theologians have constructed systems of dogmas, including among them the dogma of the triune personality of God, making the existence and action of this Trinity an essential feature in the Divine Method of human salvation, and the opponents of the Christian system of truth, as taught by Jesus, endeavor to burden the system with its deformities. I assume that no reasonable and honest individual will attempt to hold the Christ system responsible for dogmas which Jesus did not teach, and that we may judge between the doctrines taught by Jesus touching human salvation, and the dogmas of theologic Christianity upon that subject, I will proceed to state in simple language, first, the teachings of theologic Christianity, and, second, the teachings of Jesus.

First, the Christ of theologic Christianity is considered to be one of three persons constituting a Divine Trinity; that as a second member in the Trinity, he has a special function to perform in the work of human redemption; and without which, human salvation from eternal death would have been an impossibility. This leads to the inquiry, who or what is Christ, according to such theologic conception? What is the nature of that redemption and salvation said to have been provided by his death? What are the conditions under which it is said to become effectual? According to the teachings of these theologians, the essential facts pertaining to this system, and the philosophy incident to the same are substantially as follows:

There is but one living and true God, who is the Creator of all things, and the providence by which all things are sustained; that this one living and true God consists of a triune personality, known as the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit; that essentially they are one; that executively or operatively they are three; that the particular office or functions of each are distinct, the one from the other; that there is a Divine plan, according to which all things have been created, and in pursuance of which they are sustained and operated; that such plan was established by the triune personality in Divine Council, in which the office of each particular person was recognized.

That by this Council, it was determined, that the second person in the Trinity, known as the Son, should become a sacrifice for sin, in order that the Triune God could be just, and yet justify the sinner upon certain conditions placed within his power to accept and perform; that this second person, in pursuance of such plan, appeared as Jesus of Nazareth, begotten by the third person of the Trinity, and born of an immaculate virgin; that when he was about thirty years of age, he entered upon his public ministry in the land of Judea and its adjoining countries; and that he continued in such ministry for about three years, when he was taken and put to death; that on the third day thereafter he arose from the dead; and after remaining on the earth for about forty days, he ascended into heaven and resumed his place in the Trinity as the friend and advocate of the sinner before the Triune Tribunal; that the ignominious death of this second member had been pre-determined in Divine Council, to be a necessity which could not be obviated; because man could not have been so created that he would not sin, and that having sinned there could have been no forgiveness except by the shedding of the blood of the sinless.

Such, according to the system of theologic Christianity, are the essential facts pertaining to the Trinity, and the divine method of human redemption, which facts must be accepted and believed by all who have any right to hope for salvation; and such faith, when believed and professed, and accompanied with proper religious observances, and a fair moral character, is to be considered a saving faith. This I believe to be a truthful representation of the Christ of theologic Christianity; and such is the method by which he became incarnated, being begotten through the instrumentality of the Holy Ghost and an immaculate virgin. Thus he had a miraculous genesis, he lived an abnormal and miraculous life, that he might make a miraculous atonement between the righteous Trinity and the unrighteous humanity.

It is represented by this system, that the character of the Triune God is such that it became entirely satisfactory to the Trinity to punish the offender by proxy, provided the proxy has the capacity to endure infinite or unlimited suffering without deserving it. So much pain became due to God from the sinner, and some one must make the payment or God could not be satisfied; that is, divine justice could not be satisfied; that God will forgive, not by remitting the penalty, but by exacting it of an innocent party; that such is divine justice.

The philosophy of these doctors of divinity is represented by them as follows. They teach that Christ, by his sufferings and death for the sins of all men, has become the savior of the world; that is, the savior of all who will accept him as such upon the terms prescribed; that in the Council of eternity when the subject of creating humanity was under consideration, it was foreseen by the Trinity, that humanity would necessarily become involved in insuperable difficulties, through the exercise of the faculty of human volition, with which man must be endowed to make him a responsible being. It was foreseen that, do the best possible to the Divine Trinity, in creating and endowing humanity, the individual would inevitably disobey the divine requirements; he would set at defiance the divine authority, and would openly rebel against the divine government; in this way he would become an incorrigible sinner, and would incur the penalty of eternal damnation. If man was to be created, he must be made the subject of laws infinitely binding upon him; for these laws must be invested with the dignity and authority of the Divine Council. Therefore, the one disobeying such laws, would be guilty of an infinite offense, requiring an infinite punishment to vindicate the dignity and authority of the lawgiver. This necessarily involved the eternal damnation of the sinner.

This grave difficulty was solved in this manner: Christ, the second person of the Trinity, voluntarily offered to incur the awful penalty due for such disobedience; he said he would subject himself to such suffering as infinite and eternal wrath could inflict, to make grace and mercy to the sinner possible; that he would do this as a member of the Godhead, to the end that the honor, authority and dignity of the Council might be fully vindicated; and that by so doing, the salvation of the sinner would become a matter of grace merely. In this manner it would become possible for the Trinity to be just to itself, to its own dignity and character, and yet save the repentant sinner. It was then determined that God the Father should give the law and exact obedience thereto; and that he should insist upon inflicting the penalty justly due the offender; that God the Son should be the sinner's friend, and that he should take it upon himself to satisfy divine justice by suffering the penalty due for sins he had not committed; that God, the Holy Ghost, should undertake to influence the sinner to accept of salvation upon the terms prescribed; and thus the Divine Trinity proceeded with the work of creation according to such plan, all of which was to be done for the honor and glory of the Holy Trinity, to be expressed in the eternal songs of the redeemed.

Such substantially are the teachings of the theologic Christian known as orthodox in respect to the Trinity; and such is its philosophy respecting the creation and fall of man; respecting the nature and consequences of sin; respecting the means of redemption and the essentials of salvation. And they allege that such programme, so determined upon, is now being carried out; and that considerable progress has been made in this divine drama. We are informed of this fact by theologians who claim that God has made a revelation of them, in such a manner that there is no possible chance of mistaking them; and they claim to be in possession of this infallible revelation, and that they are commissioned to teach the same; and man is under infinite obligations to receive these doctrines as true; the penalty for rejecting them, being eternal damnation.

The foregoing represents substantially the fundamental ideas taught by that branch of professing Christians styling themselves orthodox. Such they teach to be the nature and character of Christ,—of his mission and of the means of human redemption. They teach that Christ, as a member of the Trinity, has already performed his part in the work of redemption, having suffered the full penalty for all sins committed, or hereafter to be committed. Therefore, the debt being paid, nothing further remains to be done by the sinner but to recognize these facts, and accept of the salvation provided for him, upon the terms prescribed; that Christ also has performed his part as redeemer; and that there remains for him nothing further to do, but to remain in the Trinity as the sinner's counsel and advocate with the Father, pleading that the Father become lenient and forgiving in consideration of what he, as Christ, has done and suffered in the premises, keeping constantly in view his bleeding hands and feet and side; that Christ will continue to perform this office of counsel and advocate until the end of the world. Then he will cease his advocacy and will become the Judge, ascend the throne and pronounce the doom of all who have not repented of their sins and accepted of him as their redeemer and savior. In respect to all such, he will become the angry God, and will consign them to endless woe in an eternal hell, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

Theologic Christianity thus teaches that the righteousness by which the sinner is to be saved is a righteousness to be imputed to, but not to be actual in him; that being saved by the righteousness of Christ only, it is not expected that the sinner will cease from sinning and become actually righteous; in fact, that he is so impregnated with original sin that he cannot do so; and that, fortunately, his salvation does not depend upon righteousness in himself, because through faith in, and acceptance of, the righteousness of Christ, that is to be accounted as his; that Christ has righteousness enough for all, even the damned, if they would have faith in, and acceptance of the same, and that no other righteousness will be required or accepted; that faith and trust in the righteousness of Christ in Jesus, instead of actualizing it in oneself, is the only qualification which God will recognize or permit the sinner to possess in the work of his own salvation.

Theologic orthodoxy teaches that man, in his conception, constitution and birth, under the divine administration, is so impregnated with sin, that even his holiest and best efforts are worthy of eternal damnation; that while God, our most loving Father, has done his best to create man in his own image and according to his likeness, his work, having that end in view, if left to the operations of his general providence, would have ultimated in a failure; that to prevent such failure, he has been obliged to incarnate himself and take upon his own head the consequences of such failure, to protect man from the same. Thus it is assumed that the Presence and operation of infinite wisdom, love and power are not sufficient to secure the best results possible in the works of creation and providence; that if the Divine Father did nothing other than what is accomplished under his general providence, an eternal hell of wretchedness and woe would be the ultimate of all his operations.

To a rational and thinking mind, such views and such teachings become a terrible impeachment of the divine character. They lack but one essential element of blasphemy, which is true spiritual enlightenment. It cannot be a matter of astonishment that such a faith and such a philosophy does not save in this world, whatever may be its efficiency in the next.

"Puritanism to Spiritualism."
"1817 to 1884."

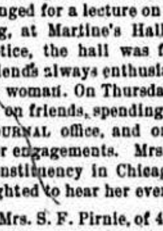
We commence this week the publication of a series of articles under the above title, by Giles B. Stebbins of Detroit. The opening chapters will be autobiographical, and will give glimpses of phases of life in New England, in the writer's boyhood, which are now modified or passing away. Then will follow sketches of reforms and reformers, showing how one onward step led to another; brief biographies of men and women who have passed from this life, but who were personal acquaintances of the author; views of the progress of varied industry; incidents illustrative of the upward tendency in religious thought and life; of broader views and finer charity, and of the great worth and need of steadfast courage and unswerving fidelity.

From 1817 to 1884 covers the sixty-seven years of the life of the writer, and to show how the onward steps in thought and life during that period have cleared the way for the advent of modern Spiritualism is a leading aim of these chapters, which will be published weekly for three or four months in our columns.

G. W. Kates, editor of *Light for Thinkers* delivered two lectures in this city last Sunday—one in the afternoon at Martine's Hall on Ada St., and the other in the evening at Lester's Academy, 619 West Lake St. Both lectures were well received. In his evening lecture he dwelt particularly on the Spiritualism of the South, showing the great progress it has made there among all classes. He referred to Gov. Alex. H. Stephens as having been a Spiritualist, and not afraid to publicly express his belief. The spirit of this distinguished man had communicated through different mediums, and had predicted a great outpouring of spirit power upon the South. The speaker regarded the celebrated "electric girl" who had created so much excitement there, as a powerful medium. In various parts of the South mediums are being developed and new interest is being manifested. While he was delivering a parlor lecture on one occasion lately, a lady was entranced for the first time and gave some excellent tests. In closing he referred to the forthcoming camp meeting at Lookout Mountain, and he believes that it will be a great success. The lecture was interesting throughout, and elicited frequent applause.

Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham, who is lecturing this month at Grand Rapids, Michigan, paid Chicago a brief visit last week to spend a brief time with a sister. Her friends took advantage of the occasion and hastily arranged for a lecture on last Wednesday evening, at Martine's Hall. Despite the short notice, the hall was fairly well filled with friends always enthusiastic to hear this gifted woman. On Thursday, Mrs. Brigham called on friends, spending several hours at the JOURNAL office, and on Friday returned to her engagements. Mrs. Brigham has a large constituency in Chicago who would be delighted to hear her every Sunday in the year.

Mrs. S. F. Pirnie, of 425 West Madison St., is not a medium for independent slate-writing, as some have supposed. She is, however, a most excellent magnetic healer, as we can personally testify; and also often gives fine tests of spirit presence we are told by trustworthy callers.



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Office of M. DELAFONTAINE, Analytical and Consulting Chemist. Chicago, May 8, 1884.

DR. PRICE—Dear Sir: I have analyzed Baking Powders advertised as absolutely pure, and find they contain Ammonia. I also find contrary to my expectation that cakes baked with such powders still retain Ammonia. Therefore, I cannot believe any longer that the use of so powerful a drug in baking is indifferent to public health. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder contains no Ammonia. I have used it in my own family for years. It is pure and wholesome.
M. DELAFONTAINE.

CHEMICAL TEST.

"COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS," Chicago, May 3, 1884.
C. B. Gibson, Analytical and Consulting Chemist.

Gentlemen:—In Baking Powders advertised as absolutely pure, I have found, on analysis, Ammonia. Considering the source of Ammonia, namely, that of effete and decomposing organic matter, and that it is not entirely dissipated in the oven, as has been conclusively proved in practice as well as by science, I should not think of using a powder containing Ammonia in my own family, nor of recommending it for general use, but would prefer a Baking Powder made of wholesome materials, such as I have found Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder to be.
Very respectfully, C. B. GIBSON, Analytical Chemist.

HEALTH TEST.

Office of G. A. MARINER, Consulting Chemist. Chicago, May 3, 1884.

Baking Powders in common use, advertised as Absolutely Pure, I have examined and found Ammonia. Their use is prohibited in my family; Ammonia is retained in the food; it is not favorable to digestion; it is discharged from the system as useless matter. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder has been used in my family exclusively for many years.
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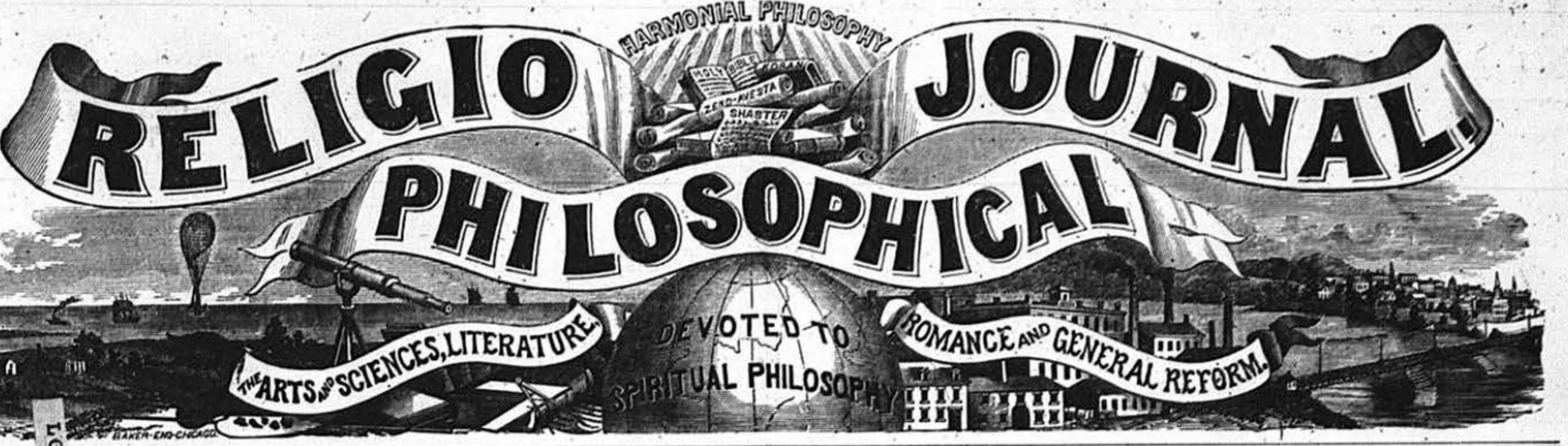

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VOL. [illegible]XXVI. CHICAGO, MAY 31, 1884. No. 14

L O Draper

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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The Higher Sources of Knowledge.

A Discourse Before the Harmonial Association of New York, by Alexander Wilder, M. D.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

The spiritual history of mankind has been signalized from the beginning by revolt from the dominion of uncertainty. There has been little difference in this one particular between cultivated races and those more rude; men of all grades of development have alike disregarded the dogmas of ignorance, and sought with a like zeal to understand the problems of existence and destiny. There have been those in every tribe and community, who left in the background the ordinary considerations of ambition and individual advantage, in order that they might penetrate the mist and lift aside the veil that hid the desired knowledge. Indeed, that belief which has been denominated superstition has gained its ascendency in human minds, far less because of slavish terror than many have supposed; but has been, instead, the inborn desire manifesting itself to comprehend the mystery of life and our relations to the universe. It was, as the word etymologically signifies, an over-standing, the taking of a mental position above every-day fact and event, and so, considering the energies and intelligences which caused them all, it is entitled, accordingly, to somewhat of respect.

The highest attainment, the most perfect beatitude, is knowledge. Its scope extends everywhere, beyond the universe as well as over it. It is more than common enjoyment and pleasure, because it embraces this larger field. The brute animal is satisfied with physical delight and whatever pertains to it; but man quickly perceives that no such means of enjoyment can exist without limitation on every side. Each individual is restricted by every other, and so every pleasure is held in check. There can be no permanent possession of physical delights, except to the man who can oblige every other being to minister to his caprice, and even compel the seasons and the elements to do his will. One, then, must be master, and all others slaves. It is, therefore, impossible to content any one in this way, except his hopes, aspirations and other ambitions are duly curtailed and shorn away; till he has first been effectually dwarfed in every essential quality of his nature. Pleasure and corporeal delight cannot, therefore, be the chief good, and we may not wonder that those whose ideal of bliss is sensuous as well as selfish, declare that the universe has been created awry, without design, intelligence or benevolence. But true knowledge is not confined to such limitation. Its field is universal, and it comprehends the reason for which all things exist.

The Vishnu-Purana has aptly described the two conditions:

"Traveling the path of the world, man only attains the weariness of bewilderment, and is smothered by the dust of imagination. When that dust is washed away by the bland water of real knowledge, then the weariness is removed. Then the internal man is at peace and obtains supreme felicity."

HONEST SKEPTICISM.

The faculty of knowing is inherent in every soul. It impels us to seek with more or less eagerness to ascertain what is true in regard to every matter which we may regard as of transcendent importance. Much of the skepticism that exists had its origin in the desire of a more assured certainty. Such doubt, however, is a wanton recklessness tearing down the notions and opinions which others fondly cherish, and moved by no higher impulse than a passion for confusion and destruction. To be sure it may have often degenerated to that schoolboy condition of mind; but such individuals are only children.

I regard it as glorious when a thinker refuses to take a thing for granted till he has explored its foundations. It is the right of every individual, by virtue of his own humanity, to require proper and satisfactory evidence, before accepting a statement. I would not receive the *ipse dixit* of the noblest philosopher, nor a declaration headed "thus saith the Lord" from the sublimest prophet, or even the joint utterance of a consensus of learned men, when it controverted my own intelligence. It would be bald atheism for me to do it, a denial and rejection of the divine principle in man; yet to shut out evidence arbitrarily, to dispute from no higher motive than a mere passion for caviling, to disregard the truth itself as the ulterior aim and purpose, is a pernicious practice. It passes with many for superior acuteness and discrimination, but it is the very reverse of intelligence and no better than being willfully a blockhead.

KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENCE.

In speaking of knowledge, I must be understood as meaning the knowing of truth. All science or scientific learning, derived from analysis and relating to things which are manifest to the senses, is only relative and subordinate to this. I hesitate, therefore, to use the term science when discussing about the genuine knowing. Indeed, it has become to a great degree restricted in the signification attached to it, and so does not, as often used, quite mean actual knowledge. A certain self-constituted oligarchy of individuals have sought to determine its meaning and to circumscribe it to such learned conjectures and utterances as they themselves may have seen fit to father and baptize. For example, when Doctor Tanner fasted forty days in Clarendon Hall, it was at first asserted that he could not survive the ordeal, but would break down; then that others had done the same thing; and finally there was published in the daily newspapers an imperious refusal to accept any observation or revelation which had been made. "Science," meaning thereby this coterie, "had nothing to do with it, and had gained nothing by it." To be sure a great exploration had been made in the field of truth, but that passed for nothing. We were dealing with bigots, not with the lovers of knowledge and a noble art. There was enough witnessed in that forty days to show how President Garfield's life might have been saved a year later; but so-called science stubbornly took no note. I must be excused, therefore, for my endeavor to avoid the use of a word, the meaning of which has been rendered equivocal. Religion, philosophy and truth belong in our field, and not the petty selfishness of men.

THE SOURCES OF REAL KNOWLEDGE.

In regard to the sources of knowledge, we may justly declare that there are as many as we have faculties to receive. Our corporeal senses are avenues for such perceptions as belong on their plane. Thus, by the sense of hearing we measure time; by the faculty of sight we discern space; with the touch we ascertain dimension; by smell and taste we perceive quality. Some of our abler men have conjectured that there were other physical avenues in this category. Dr. J. Hughes Bennett speaks of a muscular sense by which we determine weight and resistance. We all know that touch and feeling are not identical; that the perception of heat and cold is still a different faculty; and so we may go an entire round. There is likewise instinct, and a passion of sympathy and antipathy which pertains to each of us, and which we may not safely disregard; Sir William Thomson has also suggested the existence of the Magnetic Sense. Indeed, it has often been surmised that as human races and individuals become more perfectly developed, there might be a great differencing of sensibility, so that new enumerations and classifications would be necessary.

It is curious, however, how we employ words relating to the corporeal senses when we endeavor to express sentiments and mental perceptions. Thus to smell is to perceive, give heed to, exercise sagacity. In the Hebrew text of the Bible the phrase, "quick of understanding," is literally acute to smell. To hear is to listen, to give attention, to accede to. To see is to perceive by mental vision, to form an idea of, to distinguish, to comprehend, to have experience or knowledge. To feel is to be sensible generally, to have an inward impression or persuasion, to be in a certain state of of mind, to take cognizance. Taste is relish, enjoying, experiencing, sharing, perceiving, judging critically. All these are analogies, figures of speech, the physical faculty named to denote the mental; what Swedenborg styled correspondences. They are inseparable from all speech, for words at best are symbols of objects, as these in their turn are symbols of things subjective.

It is by no means necessary to consent to the dogma that we have nothing in the intellect except what existed beforehand in the sense. We may endeavor to express an idea by physical signs, although the two are not on the same plane of thought. We talk of reaching out, of apprehending and comprehending, when really the moving of the hand is not thought of. We have but to watch our mental operations carefully in order to perceive that we possess faculties and sentiments that are, in no proper understanding, qualities of corporeal sense. We compare facts, trace their relations, consider their source and the results to which they tend. We are quick to regard what is our own or is due to us, and to resent encroachment. We are influenced by kindness and affection toward our families and kindred, and reciprocate the sentiments which they and others entertain toward ourselves. These expand finally into benevolence and the sentiment of justice. The consciousness of immortality adheres to us because we are human beings, and so we have the conception of Divinity and spiritual existence, and of their superiority to all phenomenal life and display. In this way we can trace the various faculties and sentiments through a multitudinous differentiation, and, indeed, construct an entire phrenological chart.

THE FOURTH FACULTY.

A writer in the *Princeton Review* indicated the existence of what he considers a fourth faculty of the human mind. We have the acquisitive, the conservative and comparative, by which we perceive, remember and reason. These reach as high as most modern writers are willing to acknowledge. The fourth faculty of which this writer treats, stands for what is commonly called human genius or human sagacity. It is that of which Tennyson sings when he says that knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. It is the faculty which adds to the knowledge of facts, the understanding of the law of the facts. It is that which gives to poetry the life of nature, and breathes into biography a new human-breath; imparts intelligent life to steam, and crowds the commonplace things of everyday existence with some unknown inspiration. An editor in Philadelphia remarks upon this as a new discovery, and adds: "To get this taught in our public schools and colleges would indeed be a mighty stride in civilization."

It is not, perhaps, worth our while to make any criticism of this remark, however incorrect. It has long been the fashion to set forth truths, already known in unpopular circles, as discoveries recently made by some one of the favored caste. I do not think, however, that Dr. McCosh would say that this fourth faculty was in any just sense a new discovery, or that Princeton College held any patent upon it. The writer in the *Review*, has however, indicated the advance in our views of real knowledge. The mere perceiving of facts and objects, and their arranging by fancied, or even real relationship is only empiricism. It is called induction, and largely praised by superficial reasoners, but nobody ever discovered anything by it. Certainly Bacon never did, nor has anybody else, before or since. Scientific discovery follows the law of organic life. It requires a nucleus of fact or belief to begin with—a truth at the core. There must be an hypothesis, an idea at the foundation, to attract cognate truths and inspire them by a common life. A fact must be first apprehended before it can be verified. Indeed, the guesses which Kepler made in regard to the planetary orbits enabled him to find out the actual truth. Gilbert propounded the hypothesis that "the earth is a great natural magnet with two poles," and now we know it to be true. Harvey, the friend and physician of Bacon, reasoned on the function of the valves in the veins, and from the hypothesis evolved the doctrine of the circulation of the blood. All these were men of genius; they exercised the fourth faculty. They did not make any contradiction between nature and their surmise, but only anticipated the fact in order to ascertain its explanation. Whatever hypothesis they employed, they were ready to surrender it whenever it failed by the test of experiment; but they did not start inquiry without one.

Everybody chats about Bacon and his inductive method, but it would be a pitiable state of things to have it in universal use. It has no place or occasion for genius or transcendent ability, for a man of average talent can apply it as well as an Agassiz, Newton, La Place or Cuvier. Dealing only with observed objects and phenomena, it can never go beyond them into any higher plane of knowledge. It is an emerging from nowhence and going nowhither, knowing nothing.

The dialectic of the ancients was nevertheless inductive in its way. The old teachers began their argument with known facts, such as were obvious and familiar to every one. They knew that all truths were in harmony and had a common life. A firm foundation of fact at the bottom enabled the placing of steps firmly upon it, one above another, till the whole ascent was completed. This is the reasoning method, logical demonstration. The whole argument of the Sermon on the Mount is deduced in this way. It presumes upon the recognition of a Supreme Being, who is perfect, impartial, just and merciful; and from that hypothesis evolves the conclusion that we all, as children of the Most High, are to be thus "perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect."

TRUTH NATIVE IN THE SOUL.

It is an error, therefore, of religious teachers to suppose that there is no idea or concept of truth in the soul, but that it is implanted there by proper instruction, as though sight was implanted in the eyes of the blind. If there was no affinity in the quartz, no gold would ever have been formed and deposited there, as the child is formed in the body of its mother. The true teacher regards the disciple as already possessing the concept of truth and the faculty to perceive it, and endeavors to arouse it in him, relying upon his own integrity and the innate repugnance to evil, to impel him aright.

All judgments are founded on relations. We determine whether the matter which we are testing is in harmony and agreement with the standard. If a change occurs in condition, we seek to apprehend its relation as an effect of a producing cause. But now we go further than a mere reasoning process. We recognize an idea behind, a fundamental principle, which the judgment or reasoning faculty did not create or produce, but which is the outcome of the highest of the faculties. The idea of right, the sentiment of justice, transcends all reasoning powers, and in no way has proceeded from them. When, therefore, we endeavor to measure our conduct by what is due to the true principle, we are acting from that impelling motive which is nobler than our other powers. We come out of starlight into the sunshine.

THE FOUR DISCRETE FACULTIES.

Let me now be distinctly understood. I recognize four distinct faculties of the soul, in correspondence with four departments of knowledge. The highest of all is the intuitive, denominated the pure reason, the intellect, mind or spirit. It is the organ and medium of real knowledge, the absolute truth. It deals not with hypotheses, reasonings and empirical science, but transcends them all. It is even beyond the ordinary limits of time and space. Next is the reasoning faculty, by which we compare and judge. After this is the perception of bodies and their properties, the faculty most employed in the technic of modern science. Last of all is the observing faculty, which notes the appearance of objects and their various phenomenal phases.

We have treated of all these pretty fully, except the first. All the other lower faculties exist with relation to this. They maintain our relations to the outer world; this is entirely in the interior sphere, and holds communion with the world of absolute truth. It was assigned to each of us as a god; it resides at the summit of our body, and elevates us from the earth to our proper place in the celestial region.

The case is different with those who seek no such excellence. "In him who has eagerly striven to satisfy the cravings of desire and ambition," says Plato, "all the concepts engendered in his soul must necessarily be mortal; and he will, necessarily, as much as is possible, become entirely mortal, omitting no effort to improve such a nature. For one, however, who is sedulously employed in the acquisition of knowledge and true wisdom, and is chiefly engaged in this one pursuit, it is altogether necessary, if he would touch on the truth, that he should be endued with wisdom about immortal and divine concerns; and as far as human nature is capable of immortality, he should leave no part neglected; and thus, as he ever cultivates that which is divine, and has a divine principle most excellently adorned residing within him, he will be exceedingly happy."

It is the aim and end of all our experience and discipline to bring us to this exalted condition. The knowledge of the right, of justice, goodness and virtue, is in every human mind, and anterior to all experience. It is the province of experience to bring them out into our active life, as the inspiring motive of all our purposes and action.

Real knowledge is, therefore, the cognition of the absolute, of the highest goodness, the purest motives, the noblest principles of activity. It is the knowledge which cannot be taught, but which every one must obtain of himself and within himself.

SUPERNATURAL AND SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

Perhaps we ought to say something about the various manifestations and occurrences, which many prize so highly as affording conclusive evidence of immortality. They are not, however, so absolutely conclusive. If a spirit continues its distinct existence after its disbodying, this continuing may not be necessarily permanent. Plutarch, while teaching that they who died became demons, likewise affirmed that demons were mortal. It may be necessary that we have evidence, therefore, that this second mortality is something more than extinction.

This fact, however, is indisputable: Every world-religion almost has been built upon a substructure of spiritual revelation. Count Cavur, the great Minister of Victor Emanuel, predicted a new faith for the twentieth century. It is more than probable that he spoke truly. The religions, the spiritual want of the age, must be met. Dogma alone will be insufficient. We are preached to death already. Nor will a repetition of the former supernaturalisms answer the purpose. They seem to have had their day; yet the endeavor to establish a religion without the cognizance, aye, and our actual communion with higher natures, would be more futile than for the Israelites to attempt the making of brick without straw. They must of necessity go and procure stubble. Any spiritual Pharoah, who demands a religion, or even a social structure, without this one condition of supernatural agency, will need taskmasters and scourges without number for his purpose; and even then, he will be abandoned by his subjects, and left to rule in a desert. Human nature has not changed, and its requirements are inexorable.

Whether the disclosures of modern Spiritualism will supply this necessity, or will materially aid in the matter, is a grave problem. I have endeavored in former years to give it a just and candid consideration. I am fully willing to believe, but rather fearful of being imposed upon. I have, indeed, so much regard and veneration for the old-style virtues of truthfulness and probity, that I could hardly trust the evidence of an individual who did not manifest them, though the signs, clairvoyance and marvels, were of the most sublime description. The firm earth would be wanting under the feet. Goodness must be present, or the very truth would be belied.

I do not doubt that forces, or more correctly, energies not palpable to the physical sense, have produced many of the manifestations; also, that many are fraudulent. I have several times interrogated so-called mediums and clairvoyants in relation to matters and individuals. Very generally they answered me correctly, in cases where I was already certain; but when I was in doubt or did not know, they there failed me. I attribute this to their subjection to my own thought. I surmise that many of the communications received at circles and séances are phantasmagoric. They all read pretty much alike, with a puerile style, and abound with farcical surroundings. They often get printed, but are not worth it. I admit that the illiterate are to be cared for, equally with others, and that we should judge leniently; but in many of these manifestations and their outgrowth, I see only a degraded condition and a most pitiful display. It is hardly the supernaturalism that will produce the church of the twentieth century, but rather a form of morbid materialism. In the long run, the test given in the Sermon on the Mount will apply: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

It is idle, however, for us, because of these numerous fanaticisms and deceptions, to discard every individual and phenomenon, as spurious. I would not refuse the legal tender dollar, because the Government has dishonored the trade dollar, nor would I reject gold because certain coins are of light weight; but for actual spiritual existences, and their manifestations to living individuals, we would never heard of counterfeit Spiritualism. We may as well, therefore, look at the matter candidly, and reason about it like individuals desirous to know the truth. We believe in a supreme being or energy. It would be preposterous to suppose, while between man and the simplest organic being is an infinitude of races of living things; all above and beyond is blank, a desert more solitary than an icy continent. Every analogy goes to show the existence of innumerable beings, higher and nobler than ourselves. And as no department of life is isolated, those beings are more or less intermingled with our daily life. It is no conclusive argument that we do not see and hear them. We do not see or hear our own thoughts except we have objectified them. Nine-tenths of our mind-work is carried on beyond the limitations of our bodies, as the facts now stand. The attempt has been made to materialize this matter, by calling it unconscious cerebration, as though an *outre* name would make it a fact, when it is the special function of the brain to create consciousness. This materialization, however, is a spurious affair at the best; the pitiful endeavor to shirk an honest acknowledgment of truth.

Our own minds are after all in that world where our bodies are not. They are in constant association with other minds, bodied, unbodied and disbodied. They often bring their learning into the domain of consciousness, and we receive it as a mysterious prompting that nobody can account for. Sometimes different individuals who are not in any conscious communication, become simultaneously aware of the same thing. This has been known to create unpleasant feelings among learned men who are learnedly ignorant of the laws and denizens of the universe. Premonitions, presentiments and other oracles are often thus given from the world within and beyond us.

There is a trick of sorcery sometimes employed for the purpose of worming out what is in the mind of another. I remember a dialogue represented as occurring between Lord Bacon and Shakespeare, in which the latter describes how he enveloped himself, so to speak, in other men's individual natures, and so was enabled to reproduce them as characters in his plays. In a somewhat similar manner, Machiavelli, the statesman of Florence, would observe the ambassadors of foreign countries, and certain other persons, after which he would retire to his own apartment and there imitate their postures and movements, all the while watching the thoughts and suggestions that appeared in his mind. It was declared that he was thus able to learn the secret policy of other governments. I once saw the statement that Bismarck kept in his study the pictures of Lord Beaconsfield, King Umberto and Count Gortchakof. At once this story of Machiavelli occurred to me.

PHANTASMS CREATED BY THE IMAGINATION.

The Moslems have a proverb: "The juggler may learn from the Dervise, but the Dervise cannot learn from the juggler." It is not just, therefore, because a trickster has arts which simulate or perhaps reflect the works of a genuine seer, to class the latter with the other. It is only a repetition of old Pharaoh calling up his magicians to perform the miracles of Aaron and Moses; and in point of merit and good common sense compares only with the classifying of counterfeiters with the lawful coiners of the national currency.

The faculty known as the imagination will not only create phantasms, but will give them perfect form and shape like a living individual. They will be seen by the same sense of sight by which we behold other objects. So, too, individuals may hear from the interior thought; and feel, smell and taste. The real sensation is not in the eyes, ears, nostrils, etc., but in the ganglion at their roots, qualified by the brain and mental organism. Let the mind be deeply impressed and the physical organs will exhibit the image. It is probable, therefore, that many of the modern spiritual manifestations were principally sound and images thus artificially produced by such impression, upon the minds and thoughts of

Continued on Eighth Page.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Remarkable Psychic Phenomena in San Francisco, Cal.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Intermingled with much that is fraudulent, there are undoubtedly present in our midst many peculiar phenomena of a psychic or spiritual character, which merit the careful consideration of the scientist, the psychologist, the physicist. Nothing like an adequate investigation of these phenomena has ever been instituted in the walks of science, but that, in due time, this will be done, and much of the obscurity which now pervades the subject be dissipated, there can be little doubt. The difficulties which now environ the matter, owing to the varying and irregular character of the manifestations, both mental and physical, and to the atmosphere of charlatanry with which such a large proportion of the alleged psychical phenomena is encircled, will be largely surmounted; and the rigid test of analytic scientific scrutiny, with concomitant definite formulation as a resultant, will be successfully applied thereto. That genuine phenomena often occur is beyond doubt, but to determine the exact nature of purported manifestations of psychic force is often difficult; it requires careful, unbiased judgment, and the possession of the true spirit of rational scientific inquiry, free to accept or reject in strict accordance with the facts presented, independent of prepossession or prejudice *pro* or *con*. The presence of an unreasoning credulity in our ranks, most pernicious in its results, is a lamentable, self-evident fact. On the other hand, we have oft to encounter an adverse unreasoning prejudice, both among the scientific and the unscientific, which refuses to accept any evidence contrary to its own strongly-entrenched prepossession. On one hand we have the credulous believer claiming the most palpable frauds as heaven-born evidences of immortal life, and on the other the dogmatic skeptic denouncing as fraudulent that which has been scientifically demonstrated as not due to trickery or jugglery of any kind. Keeping clear of these extremes, the rational scientific investigator, while ever on the alert for double-dealing and charlatanry, never shuts the door in the face of any demonstrated fact, no matter how occult its nature or how unaccountable in the light of the known laws of physical science. Reverence for truth, no matter how strange its guise or how opposed to dominant ideas, should be the paramount prescript of the true scientist,—of every genuine lover of nature's verities.

It is an unwelcome fact that the manifestation of genuine psychic phenomena is not at all times coincident with the possession of moral rectitude by the psychic. Some of the world's best psychics are moral abortions. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true." It is also true that some genuine psychics and mediums at times supplement the genuine with the fraudulent, and at other times, the genuine being entirely absent, palm off phenomena entirely bogus on the uncritical and the unwary. Besides these, however, is another class, and there are many of this character in the world, who possess no psychic or mediumistic power whatever, so far as manifested, and whose pretended manifestations are naught but trickery and fraud throughout. Most of the "materializing mediums" are of this character, in my opinion. That some of them are, I have the most convincing evidence. Because it is true that sometimes genuine psychics simulate phenomena or indulge in fraud, by abuse of this truth, many parties not real mediums at all, known to be tricky and fraudulent, have been claimed as genuine mediums addicted to practicing fraud at times. Of this character is Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds, who, I am convinced, after over four years' experience and investigation, has not a particle of psychic power of any kind whatever, all her performances being exceedingly shallow trickery. If anything at all probative of psychic power had ever been given by her, I would be glad to chronicle it. Genuine phenomena are a *desideratum*, in a scientific point of view, irrespective of the character of the psychic. I would rejoice to know that this woman, vile as she is, and the others of like character, the Blisses, Holmeses, Eddys, Hull, Stewart, Gordon, *et al.*, did possess genuine psychic or mediumistic powers. While this would not rehabilitate their shattered moral characters or render them less deserving of sternest reprobation for their detestable mode of gaining a livelihood, still, viewed independently as a matter of fact, as a scientific verity, the actuality of verifiable and veritable psychic phenomena in their presence, would be of value and not to be despised. If, therefore, it can be demonstrated that Mrs. Reynolds is a psychic, I would at once accept it for all it is worth and so proclaim. The truth is what we want, no matter what that truth is. All facts are valuable, and psychic phenomena through a drunkard, a debauchee, or a courtesan, have their value, and that value in justice should be recognized just so far as it extends. The principle above outlined has always guided me in my psychic researches, though some have erroneously thought otherwise, owing to my denunciation of the frauds of certain pretended mediums, in whose favor no *valid* evidence of genuineness has been presented to overturn the overwhelming evidence of the totally fraudulent nature of their manifestations. The truth is, I have always been ready to accept any phenomena, occurring through Mrs. Reynolds or any of the other frauds, of which positive and satisfactory evidence of genuineness could be given me. Some evidence that this principle of giving every purported medium his or her due, independent of the general character or surroundings of the psychic, has been my rule of action, will, it is thought, appear in this article. Some of the most convincing evidence of genuine psychic power I have witnessed, both in the East and in California, have been through those morally deficient and personally repellent to me. If the vilest creature on earth, or if one who had done all in his power to injure me in every conceivable way, should manifest psychic power, I should, I think, give him credit for it. In scientific matters, all personal considerations should be thoroughly eliminated, so far as possible. A fact is a fact always, independent of personality.

Having been advised by friends to personally examine the manifestations of independent slate-writing occurring in the presence of Mrs. Clara L. Reid, of San José, I attended her last public séance in this city a short time since. Previous to the slate writing a long sitting devoted to tests of clairvoyance was held, the clairvoyant being Miss Bogardus. Nearly an hour and a half was occupied with the clairvoyance portion of the séance, and half an hour only to the slate writing, the session lasting from 8 to 10 P. M. The antecedents and the general surroundings of the two psychics are not such as to inspire me with perfect confidence; in fact they are such as to warrant the rejection of the phenomena as spurious, unless the most positive evidence of their genuineness be presented, particularly as regards Mrs. Reid. I have been credibly informed that Mrs. Reid has been known to personate spirits on various occasions at bogus materializing séances in San Francisco. Her husband I know, from personal experience, to be a fraudulent materializing medium, and his wife is well-known to have been his assistant in fraud. Other things, seriously reflecting on her moral character, are confidently alleged against her. I believe she and her husband have separated, and now live apart. These facts would lead to a strong presumption in a rational mind, that her slate-writing phenomena were likewise fraudulent, and hence I exercised the most scrutinizing caution in my judgment of their character. Miss Bogardus is the daughter of J. P. Bogardus, who has been for years the ardent champion of all the fraudulent materializers in San Francisco, including Reynolds, Souther, Sawyer, McLennan, Reid, etc., and it is a matter of doubt with many, as with myself, whether he is honestly deceived by these sharpers, or whether he is cognizant of their frauds, and a partner in their spoils. Many suspicious circumstances seem to indicate that he is a "capper" or paid agent of the frauds, assisting in victimizing the unwary visitants of their séances; but positive demonstration of this has not been made, and he may be innocent of aught of this kind. Let us hope that he is. The only things against Miss Bogardus are, that she is the daughter of her father and that she has been in close association for an extended period with the worst phases of the fraudulent elements of San Francisco Spiritualism. In company with her father, she has been hand-in-glove with all the disreputable "materializers," intimately associated with an element reeking with infamy and moral depravity. It may be that she honestly accepts the truth of the phenomena with which she has been thus brought in contact; but if so, it reflects little credit on her perspicacity, and whatever be the character of her clairvoyance in other directions it signally fails in not disclosing the true nature of the frauds daily environing her. That she herself has been guilty of fraud there is no evidence, so far as I know, and I am positively convinced that the clairvoyant phenomena through her could not possibly have been fraudulent. It is to be hoped that the young lady, if honestly deceived in her associates, may soon have her eyes opened to their real character and sever her connection therewith forever.

In the light of the above facts I brought to bear my most critical analysis upon the phenomena of two hours' duration through these two psychics. I tested them in my mind and in every conceivable manner in which fraud might be practiced. I watched narrowly every movement and every saying of the two, never losing sight of the ballots and the slates; and with both classes of phenomena I could not detect the least loophole for fraud, nor am I able to see how it was possible for such to have been practiced. I sat on a front seat, very close to the psychics, and if what was done was fraudulent then they far surpassed in dexterity the feats of the most adroit conjurer, eclipsing Houdin, Heller & Co. Of course I am not infallible, and I may have been deceived, but how it could possibly have been done I cannot conceive. I am familiar with the various ways in which names may be read on ballots by pretended mediums, and I applied the tests of all such to Miss Bogardus's readings. For an hour and a half I critically analyzed her performances, and I was forced to the conclusion that fraud was practically impossible. Each person in the audience, thirty-five or forty, wrote on a slip of paper the name of a deceased friend, and a question addressed to his spirit, and folded it up. Mrs. Reid collected them in a low-crowned felt hat, and deposited the hat on the front edge of the table, where it remained during the séance. Miss Bogardus sat in a chair placed at one end of the table, her full form thus directly facing the audience. Mrs. Reid stood behind the table, beside Miss Bogardus, and one by one took the folded ballots from the hat and held them to the forehead of Miss B. The latter would in a minute or two call out the name written on the ballot, and the person in the audience who had written it would respond. In a moment or two Miss B. called out the question written, sometimes verbatim, sometimes in substance. Mrs. Reid then deposited the ballot on the edge of the table next the audience. Miss Bogardus then with a pencil wrote an answer to the question. This with the ballot was handed by Mrs. Reid to a gentleman in the front row, who carried them to the writer of the ballot. In each case the latter declared that the correct ballot was returned, as I know it was, in my own case and in those adjacent to me. Mrs. Reid then took another ballot from the hat, held it to Miss B.'s forehead, and so on. It is seen that the ballots were never touched by Miss Bogardus, the only contact being when they were held to her forehead by another party. It is certain she could not have opened and read the ballots, for I never lost sight of them, and she had no opportunity to handle them in any manner. I watched the hat closely. I watched each ballot as it was taken from the hat, never losing sight of it till it reached the original writer. I watched closely to see that there was no substitution of ballots anywhere, and I am positive there could have been none. It is certain that the same ballot, in each case, taken from the hat folded, and held to the psychic's forehead, was handed to the writer just as taken from the hat. An hour and a half's close watch of thirty-five or forty ballots, proved this to me beyond doubt. The hat and ballots were laid on the table immediately on their collection and never touched by any one till Mrs. Reid took out the first one and held it to Miss B.'s head. Whence did Miss B. obtain her knowledge of the contents of all these ballots, for she read each one in turn? The only conceivable hypothesis was that in some unaccountable manner Mrs. Reid may have opened and read them and while holding them to Miss B.'s head, whispered their contents to her. Testing this I watched Mrs. Reid's mouth, and I know she did not whisper anything to Miss B. Besides, it is as inexplicable how Mrs. Reid could read their contents, as Miss B. She never touched them till she took them one by one out of the hat and held to Miss B.'s head. The writers deposited the ballots in the hat and no one touched them till Mrs. Reid took them out singly as above. I was absolutely compelled to accept the clairvoyance as genuine, beyond all reasonable doubt.

As regards the tests of spirit identity or the proof of direct spirit agency, I cannot speak so favorably. My knowledge is limited of the nature of the answers to the questions written by Miss B., but so far as it goes it was unsatisfactory. A friend sitting near me, not a critical investigator but a believer in Mrs. Reynolds, etc., in his ballot inquired where he last saw the friend addressed; and who was present at the time, or some such question involving direct tests. The reply he received was, "I will answer you on the slate." When he took his turn at the slate, he got no writing at all—a failure. The answer to his ballot was evidently a makeshift, an evasion, to avoid acknowledgement of inability to answer. Other answers that I saw involved no tests of spirit power, but were such as any one might write in reply to the queries propounded. In my own case, I wrote a friend's name, and a very simple question, easily answered by any one cognizant of its nature, but even to this I failed to get a reply. Miss B. called out the name on my ballot; I responded; but after waiting a while she said she got nothing more, she could only get the name. Two theories of her failure to give me an answer occurred to me. (1) Recognizing me as the critical denouncer of Reynolds & Co., she was afraid to write me an answer, fearing I had set a trap for her in some way and would publish her as a fraud perhaps. (2) Knowing who I was, on account of her dislike to me as an opponent of the fraudulent mediums in this city, her friends, she would not give me anything.

So much time being occupied by Miss B. only half an hour was left to Mrs. Reid for slate-writing. Several clean slates were placed on the table, and Mrs. R. sat at one end of it, the end next to myself. Each person in turn went up and sat in a chair beside her. A bit of pencil was placed on a slate, and another slate placed over it. The sitter then held one end of the slates and the psychic the other, in full view of all present. When not a failure, sound of a pencil writing would be heard on the slate. When this ceased, the upper slate being removed, each time the whole of the inner surface of the under slate would be written over. The half hour only allowed about one-third of those present an opportunity of having a sitting, and of that third at least half the trials were failures—no writing came. Sitting so close as I did, I could easily watch the *modus operandi* in each case, and I cannot conceive how fraud was possible. I know no substitution of slates took place, and that in every case of writing, a bare surface was covered with writing by an invisible power in a few moments. As further evidence of genuineness, in case of failure the same slate would, when held by another sitter, be filled with writing. Sitter No. 1 holds the slate, it remains bare—has a perfectly clean surface. Sitter No. 2 then holds the same slate and it becomes filled with writing. Where did the writing come from? It certainly was not there when No. 1 held it. No fraud could place it there, as it was in plain sight all the time. I was one of those who held the slate, but no writing came on it. The next one after me held it, also a failure. No. 3 held it, and it was covered with writing.

As regards the nature of the contents of the writing, I am not enabled to speak any more satisfactorily than of that of Miss Bogardus. Several of the communications written on the slates were read aloud, but I saw in them no evidence of spirit identity or of direct spirit power. The productions of the writing and the clairvoyance attest the possession of remarkable psychic powers, but beyond this, from my present knowledge, I cannot go. I saw no evidence of their being mediums for genuine, reliable messages from our spirit friends, though they may be such, my experience with them being limited to this sitting. That they are very good psychics I can avouch; that they are mediums, I can not. For a lucid explanation of the difference between mediums and psychics, see the first part of volume three of Mrs. Maria M. King's "Principles of Nature." Fraudulent ballot tests and fraudulent slate-writing have abounded in San Francisco since my arrival. I saw at once through Mrs. Reynolds's ballot humbuggery, while the slate-writing of McLennan, Stone and others was very thin fraud. So much the more, then, should we estimate at their true value the phenomena through Mrs. Reid and Miss Bogardus, even though the instruments of their production do not commend themselves favorably to our consideration. Let us recognize a truth or a fact when we meet with it, though it come in a guise not entirely welcome. I have conscientiously presented my experience as above in detail, stating plainly the unfavorable circumstances connected therewith as well as the favorable, so that all can readily understand the facts just as they are. Before closing I would state that a friend on whom I can rely has recently informed me that at a late séance with Mrs. Francis, to the genuineness of whose mediumship or psychicism I have before testified in the JOURNAL, he saw in full daylight the pencil light itself on the slate and write the communication, no hand touching the pencil.

Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

Capture of a "Spirit."

The Manchester, England, *Evening News*, gives an account of a curious case of "spirit" catching which recently occurred at the house of a noted medium and materializer in Heywood. A charge of 1s. 6d. was made for admission. Seventeen persons attended with the intention of catching "the spirit." A cabinet was provided for the medium in a dark room. The medium said that the materialization could not take place that evening, but a spirit who often controlled a local medium would manifest its presence by removing articles of furniture from the room. To prevent the feat being performed by the medium, his hands were dusted with flour. A circle was formed, and one of the party took up a position favorable for spirit catching. The lights were put out, and the room was soon pervaded by a phosphorescent luminosity. The supposed spirit began to move about, and removed a bowl with which the back of the hand of the person posted to intercept the "spirit" was touched. The individual did not take advantage of the opportunity presented. His feet being stretched out, however, the "spirit" stumbled, but managed to get out of the way before the circle was broken. The gas was lighted, and the medium told the audience to draw their feet well up, and better results would be gained. The lights were put out a second time, and the supposed spirit made another appearance, and again touched the person selected to make the capture. The latter took hold of the "materialized spirit," which proved to be the Manchester medium. The seventeen persons who had paid for admission pounced upon him, and demanded back the admission money before they allowed him to depart. In order to escape out of the clutches of his tormentors, he gave up to them his watch, which they hold, a purse presented to him by Rochdale Spiritualists, and 7s. 1d. in money. The audience investigated the cabinet, where they found a piece of paper containing flour, persumably that with which the hands of the medium were dusted.

Dr. Willits says the American Bible Society is turning out seven complete Bibles a minute.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
MAKES A COOLING DRINK.
Into half a tumbler of ice water put a teaspoonful of Acid Phosphate; add sugar to the taste.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

From Puritanism to Spiritualism. 1817—1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER I.

HATFIELD.

My father's delicate health compelled him to resign his place, kindly kept for him so long as recovery seemed possible, and we all moved to Hatfield, a quiet, old farming town, twenty-five miles up the Connecticut, the home of my grandfather and uncle on the mother's side. The wing of a vacant farm house was rented, and life in the country began, yet not an isolated farm life. Along several wide, grassy streets were ranged the houses, each with its home lot of a few acres, its orchard, garden and barns, and the farm was back in the great meadows by the river, sometimes in fragments—lots a mile or two apart. Great elms stood along the road sides and in the yards, their branches reaching over the road and the house roofs. The people were all within a mile of the church and the post-office, and so near each other that visits could be made by easy walks. All this helped to make life pleasant. The solid old houses were built to stand, with huge, central chimneys, steep roofs, small windows, huge, low rooms, massive frames, and little ornament without or within,—an occasional carved door-way with all sorts of queer oak leaves and grapes cut on the posts and overhead, telling of a touch of aristocracy in some very "forehanded" family. There was one parish church, one "creed and baptism" for two centuries. The minister, Rev. Joseph Lyavan, D. D., I remember well,—one of the last settled for life over the parish, after the old way, and who had preached Puritan theology to his flock for fifty years; white-haired, austere, of sound judgment, good and true in his way; more given to the terrors of the law than to the heavenly grace, with autocratic ideas of his office, a righteous ruler of the elect as God's vicegerent rather than a loving and brotherly teacher. Saturday forenoons he used to come to the school-house "to catechise the children," to hear us repeat the lessons in the old primers; quaint rhymes, telling how,

> "In Adam's fall,
> We sinned all,"

were in those little primers, or abridged Westminster catechisms. Rude wood-cuts on the border, picturing Adam, Eve, the serpent and apple of the Hebrew story; like illustrations of other couplets for the young, and knotty questions on fate and free will, which nobody understood, and which were held as the mysteries of godliness. When that grave old man entered the door, the hum of the school room gave place to a hushed silence. No roguish glance or merry flash from any bright eyes of boy or girl; no whittling or snapping of "spit balls," or faintest whisper; no twisting about on the hard benches, but all sat upright and still, intent on their books or stealing awe-struck glances at the minister. When he left the cheery hum sprang up with new life, the joy of childhood and youth flashed out again like sunshine breaking through a cold gray cloud.

Yet that man would have perished at the stake by slow fire rather than have taught what he thought false. We may well honor and imitate his fidelity to conscience, while our thoughts widen, and we breathe a softer air.

By the road side stood the old brown school house, guiltless of paint within or without; in the little entry at one corner hung hats and bonnets and shawls, and the water pail with its tin cup stood on the floor. How "dry" we used to get, how glad to go after a pail of water, and how often we asked to "get a drink." It was a relief from sitting on hard benches, cramped behind desks, or swinging the feet, as the smaller ones did, with the floor out of reach. That entry opened into a low room thirty feet square, in which fifty scholars were crowded, with one teacher for all, from alphabet to algebra; yet with brains and will a great deal was learned. The hardy and healthy lived and won; the slender boys and delicate, flower-like girls yielded to the rude discomforts, and died, with none to tell why.

When we were out at play and a stranger passed in his wagon, the boys would join hands and all bow, while the girls linked together and dropped a courtesy,—all recognized by the traveler with a smile and a nod. The audacity of young America in our days might be toned down by some of these old customs. No tree or shrub stood near that school house; not a blind or curtain to any window. The fierce winds of winter burst on it with full force, driving chill gusts through the rattling panes; the burning sun of summer poured its fiery rays on roof and wall, and made the cramped room within a purgatory. The compensations were outside; but a few steps north, in the middle of the street, between a fork of two roads, stood two magnificent elms, only some fifteen feet apart, their trunks five feet through, their wide-spread and interlaced branches sweeping the chimney tops of two houses on opposite sides of the street, a hundred feet apart. A fairy world of foliage and bird-song, far up where no venturesome boy ever climbed; a marvel of massive limbs and delicate tracery of twig and leaf, such as no artist ever chiseled on stone, in temple or cathedral! For a hundred years, nature had wrought to perfect this masterpiece, subtly gathering and shaping materials from earth, stream and air, lifting inorganic clods into organized symmetry, transfiguring coarseness into beauty, absorbing "the early dew and the later rain," calling down the upper air to help shape ethereal lightness in leaf and blossom,—all this a free gift to the group of school children that loved to stand on the grass, and look up, open-eyed and happy, not knowing why they were drawn and held there.

> "Beauty into my senses stole,
> I yielded myself to the perfect whole,"

is what each one felt, but could not say.

Compared to what was done elsewhere, New England was in advance in education. Plainly enough we can see the imperfectness of the old ways; but our drill and mechanical routine, our external memorizing and puppet-show work, hamper personal development. Some of the best thinking and studying was done in those school houses. Those were poor days for girls. Near us lived a man—a pillar in the church, good after his measure—who said: "To read and write and cypher as far as the rule of three, is enough for gals," and the deacon only spoke what many thought. Woman was the helpmeet, man the head of the household, the ruler over wife and family. If she died a widow, her name was cut on a grim grave stone as a "relict"—a sort of fragmentary appendage. Four miles from where that man lived, who summed up what "gals" should know, stands the Smith College for women in Northampton, endowed with a half million dollars by a woman of his own town. Certainly we have reached better ideas.

[To be continued.]

The Denton-Garfield Debate.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

MY DEAR SIR:—Please accept thanks for your letters enclosing newspaper statements (said to have been made by Colonel Conwell and given to the public by "Long" John Wentworth) in regard to the Denton-Garfield discussion, held in the village of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, now a little more than 25 years ago. Several similar articles, cut from various papers, have been sent me by other persons within the past year, with inquiries as to the facts, and I accept your kind invitation to reply through your columns.

As I was not in the neighborhood of the village where the discussion was held, at any time during the week of its continuance, and know of no one to whom I can now apply for particulars regarding it, your readers will not expect me to match statement with statement, but will, I trust, permit me to present my reasons for rejecting as untrue, or, at least as grossly misleading, the whole tenor of the pretended account, as given in those statements.

It is a little significant that in no instance, so far as I am aware, has the proposition discussed been stated by those gentlemen. Of course there is a reason for this. Mr. Garfield had been nominated for the presidency of the United States. It was possible that his connection with a church of doubtful orthodox standing might, in some measure, mar his prospects in strictly orthodox circles. It was, therefore, advisable to narrow as much as possible any margin for doubt of the soundness of his own religious opinions, because of such church connection. By what method could this be more readily accomplished than by representing him as a champion of the Bible in opposition to the attacks of infidelity? To do this by a general statement, based upon the fact that twenty-two years before that time, he had accepted a challenge to maintain the teachings of the Bible, in opposition to the teachings of Science, might effect the double purpose of removing doubts, and of obviating any necessity for specific assurances in regard to his religious attitude at the time. But to state the proposition discussed would be likely to introduce new elements of doubt, quite as unfortunate as those it was desirable to remove. Hence the necessity for its suppression. It must be admitted that, as a stroke of political policy, the Conwell-Wentworth maneuver was not without merit; that is, if a maneuver which disregards all moral rectitude can be considered meritorious.

The proposition discussed was as follows: "Man, animals and vegetables are the product of spontaneous generation and progressive development; and there is no evidence that there was any direct creative act on this planet."

Within the past century Science has startled the world from its sleep of ages by the evidence she has presented to us, that all organic beings on our earth are the product of its own inherent life, operated upon, it may be, in accordance with natural law, by vitalizing cosmic forces, forever tending to modify the old and evolve the new. Whether Mr. Denton was capable of intelligently presenting the evidence thus furnished, they who have listened to his lectures on this and kindred subjects must decide for themselves. Even the Conwell-Wentworth statements make no mention of any lack of ability in this respect. Of course, to do so would detract from the merits of the opposing argument, and this was evidently no part of their intention. We may, then, no doubt, safely conclude that, in the twenty speeches made by Mr. Denton in that discussion, he supported the proposition with, at least, his usual ability; and, also, that, as was his custom when addressing mixed audiences, he stated facts and conclusions in the simplest and plainest terms, that persons who were not familiar with the technicalities of science might be helped to understand the argument. If Mr. Garfield did not need this help it was not intended for him; if he did need it, his friends should be the last men in the world to complain because it was furnished him.

As already hinted, Mr. Garfield took the negative of the proposition discussed, and, by doing so, pledged himself to maintain the theory of the miraculous creation of living forms by such evidence as science must accept, and not by evidence which would compel her to discard the very methods on which her existence depends. Did he redeem this pledge? If he did not redeem it, then the Conwell-Wentworth account is falsified by the facts. If he did redeem it what and where are the arguments by which he accomplished it? Mr. Garfield well knew that the interests of the whole Christian Church were at stake in this issue. He well knew that could he establish the theory of the miraculous origin of even one organic form, the "Infidelity" of the age must give way. He knew that the Christian Church, the world over, was ready to prostrate herself in the very dust at the feet of any man who should win for her so great a triumph; and that from the hall of that discussion, with those arguments in one hand, and the Bible in the other, he could go forth to a victory that must eclipse any as yet recorded in the history of mankind. He knew that to establish harmony between the account in Genesis and the account in geology would be to unfurl the banner of Revelation over the very citadel of Rationalism. The church at Chagrin Falls knew this; and the Christian Church of the entire world knows, or should know, that this is her only salvation from the inroads of skepticism. And yet, in the face of this knowledge, and, if those statements are true, with the evidence before her eyes of the tremendous power of Mr. Garfield's arguments to convert the intelligence and the aggressive skepticism of the age into an ally of immeasurable influence and unbounded resources, she permitted those arguments to sink into the grave of forgetfulness, and Mr. Garfield to abandon the pulpit and the platform of the evangelist for the stump of the politician! Was the church ever before guilty of such suicidal neglect?

But from that day to this the theory of the natural origin of all organic life has steadily gained adherents, until now we see it "capturing the pulpit and decimating the pews," and men begin to read in the thought of the age, as stamped on the forehead of civilization, "a new name written,"—"Righteousness!"—the religion of the future—the offspring of Knowledge and Liberty; while the old name,—"Mystery—Miracle—Blood!"—the religion of the past—the offspring of ignorance, oppression and barbarism, is gradually fading away.

It is stated by those gentlemen that, as a final result of that controversy, Mr. Denton "frankly confessed himself beaten, and the tide of unbelief was stayed in Chagrin Falls."

But Mr. Denton was a man of convictions, and a man who was true to his convictions. He wanted no victory at the expense of that which he believed to be true. He would have regarded such victory as the most signal defeat; and, sought for the sake of a personal triumph, a defeat which stains the soul with dishonor. In that controversy, as in all the

[Continued on Third Page.]

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

(METUCHEN, N. J.)

JUNE.

Why shouldst thou study in the month of June,
In dusty books of Greek and Hebrew lore,
When the great teacher of all glorious things,
Passes in hourly light before thy door?
Cease, cease to think and be content to be;
Swing safe at anchor in fair nature's bay;
Reason no more, but o'er thy quiet soul
Let God's sweet teachings ripple their soft way.

Call not such hours an idle waste of time;
Land that lies fallow gains a quiet power;
It treasures, from the brooding of God's wings,
Strength to unfold the future tree and flower;
And when the summer's glorious show is past,
Its miracles no longer charm thy sight,
The treasured riches of those thoughtful hours
Shall make thy wintry musings warm and bright.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

INFLUENCE OF FOOD UPON THE MIND.

It is of the highest importance to clear thinking and correct feeling, that, while the frame be well nourished, the brain is not clogged with excessive material, or heavy, noxious ingredients. Otherwise, how can it distinguish truth? We see as "through a glass, darkly," if the brain be overloaded or stimulated. It is difficult for the spirit to rise into the region of pure perception under such condition. We do not expect to find a teacher of morals in a gourmand or sensualist. Nor can we hope to meet a broad, warm-natured, magnetic man or woman, one who has a comprehension of struggles, temptation and suffering, in one depleted or starved. In relation to food as in every thing else, the true law must be to observe a wise moderation. That a gross diet will obscure all genuine inspiration, needs no proof.

The best kind of food is that which most perfectly supplies the natural waste of tissues, which is properly cooked and then eaten with cheerful social surroundings. Then the indwelling soul uses its wonderful alchemy in extracting whatever it needs for recuperation, and rejects the remainder. And, as there is science to be exercised in the selection of the food, so is there science in its preparation. Ignorance or carelessness on the part of the housekeeper, may convert the best material into a dyspepsia-producing dietary.

CONDIMENTS AND STIMULANTS.

That these are used to excess the nervous American temperament testifies. Spices, lard, rich gravies, pies and cake, have their effects upon the disposition and health, as well as upon the action of the spirit. Rural people who are cursed with neither an excess of poverty nor riches, ought to be best nourished of any class in the world. In many places in Europe they are splendid specimens of physical vigor, spite of many filthy habits, such as want of ventilation and cleanliness in their homes and persons. They do not indulge in meat, a kind of food which is generally rated at far beyond its value. The cereals and some kinds of vegetables contain more nutriment in proportion to their weight, but they contain less stimulus. Dr. Felix Oswald says: "The strongest men of the three manliest races of the present world are non-carnivorous; the Turanean mountaineers of Daghestan and Lesghia, the Mandingo tribes of Senegambia, and the Schleswig-Holstein Bauern, who furnish the heaviest cuirassiers for the Prussian army, and the ablest seamen for the Prussian navy."

It is probably the case, though as we are told by some of the best authorities, that meat, because it is food in a higher state—farther removed from the mineral kingdom, contains elements best suited to afford nourishment to the human brain. But, taking that for granted, it should be used sparingly and with discrimination.

For how are we able to tell the condition of animals, when they are made into food? Those shipped into cities in cattle-cars, are often in a disgusting, even poisonous condition. Stall-fed, they are almost as bad. A little reflection will show us that all flesh must be laden, more or less, with effete, worn out matter, just on the point of decomposition. How much irritability, excitement, sensuality, rage, madness, murder, has resulted from flesh-eating of animals that were killed when inflamed with fright or anger, can never be estimated.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The women of the City of Lyons, France, have fallen heirs to three millions of dollars from a rich and eccentric woman of that city.

Mrs. Eliza Clarke has written a life of Susanna Wesley for the "Eminent Women" series. It was preceded by Maria Edgeworth, by Miss Zimnern; George Sand, by Bertha Thomas; Margaret Fuller, by Julia Ward Howe, and Emily Bronte, by Mary A. F. Robinson.

The daughter of Rev. E. P. Roe, the novelist, gives promise of being a novelist too. She is only seventeen years old, but she has already written an acceptable story called "Quits," for the Chicago *Current*. It would not take a genius to eclipse Mr. Roe's stories, though nothing could be purer in morals than every thing which comes from his pen.

A Western woman years ago learned the art of budding and grafting fruit trees. She hated teaching and she persuaded her father to let her help him in his fruit nursery. She had excellent success from the beginning, and afterwards learned "all the niceties of grafting, from an orange tree down to an apple." She found the business both pleasant and profitable, and one which women could work at as well as men.

The women of the West are full of vigor and energy, and accomplish work while their Eastern sisters dream of beginning it. The Nebraska Woman Suffrage Association is managed by able officers, one of whom, Mrs. Clara Berwick Colby of Beatrice, Neb., edits the *Woman's Tribune*, a bright and useful journal.

WOMEN AS AGRICULTURISTS.

From New York papers we glean the following facts, showing there is room for women on the broad acres of the West:

"Along the line of the Northern Pacific and Manitoba railroads in Minnesota and Dakota, it has been the fashion several years for the daughters of farmers, and in some cases for the young ladies of the towns and villages, to locate government land under the pre-emption and timber-culture acts, and most of them have been successful. Others who have had money have purchased farms from the railroad company and cultivated them. One of the finest farms in Barnes county is owned and operated by a woman, who derives from it an income of several thousand dollars each year. She spends her winters in the East, leaving her farm meanwhile in the charge of a foreman, and each spring goes to Dakota to superintend the planting and harvesting herself. A correspondent of the *Inter-Ocean*, who has recently returned from that country, found in Grand Forks county, four young ladies from Philadelphia, who have located a section of land (one hundred and sixty acres each) and are delighted with their present prosperity and future prospects. Two young ladies of Fargo have "tree claims," which they are cultivating by contract, and they are very proud of their independent business."

"An instance known to be true, is that of a young widow who came to Lisbon, took a pre-emption claim to 160 acres, proved up and got a title to her land, then took another claim under the Homestead Law of 160 more, on which she is now living.

"In Lisbon there are not a few servant girls who have taken up claims and intend to cultivate them by contract. Probably any one of them could realize from $500 to $750 each for their land. One young lady, who is clerking in one of the stores in town, is the possessor of a number of town lots in addition to several quarter sections of land. The land is worth probably $25 an acre, but she came into possession of it by taking advantage of the pre-emption, homestead and tree-claim laws. Her town lots were bought when prices were low, from the proceeds of her salary, and have now advanced to nearly ten times the price she paid for them.

"Another young lady who took up a pre-emption claim last fall has the satisfaction of knowing that a railroad survey has since been made across it, and it is not at all improbable that she may yet become the owner of a town site worth from $50,000 to $100,000."

Continued from Second Page.

departments of inquiry that he entered, the one supreme object of his endeavors was to recover from obscurity and bring into the light of Reason and Common Sense, so that the mind could grasp and comprehend them, any and all truths possible, pertaining to the subject under examination. Had he been seeking the applause of the multitude, regardless of truth, he would have advocated the popular theory of man's origin, and would have entered fields of labor where talents are more sure of recognition.

What Mr. Garfield needed was an acquaintance with the facts of science and their relation to the questions involved in the proposition discussed. And no "mastery of authorities" or "copious quotations" could atone for the lack of this. Had he been able by the weight of *evidence*, not of *opinions*; by legitimate deductions from known facts, not from antiquated theories, to convict Mr. Denton of advocating false claims in regard to science and the bible, there is no man living who would have been more ready than he to "confess himself beaten," to abandon the position he had endeavored to maintain, to shake hands with Mr. Garfield, and from that hour forth to combat the theory of the natural origin of organic existences as one more of the mistakes of ignorance. The very fact, therefore, that he did not renounce the theory then and there, but that from that time to his death, he continued to maintain it with ever-increasing confidence, and ever-strengthening arguments, as new discoveries in science have ranged themselves in opposition to the theory of miracle and in favor of that of the natural origin and progressive development of living forms, is sufficient evidence to all who knew him well, that he neither confessed himself beaten, nor considered Mr. Garfield's arguments worthy the consideration of scientific men.

But suppose Mr. Denton had shown himself incapable of properly supporting the theory of spontaneous generation and progressive development, against the old-time theory of miraculous creation, and suppose that, in their ignorance of science, and of the facts upon which the proposition was based, the good people of Chagrin Falls did, indeed, believe that, for all time to come, the question had been duly settled by that debate in their little village; and that, therefore, "the tide of unbelief was stayed" there, what an argument to parade twenty-two years afterward, amidst the flood of light which has been, and still is being, shed upon that subject. Talk about the tide of unbelief having been stayed in Chagrin Falls, while all Christendom trembles to her very center as she confesses that the skepticism of science is sweeping the circumference of the globe!

Nothing can make the utter decrepitude of the Christian cause more apparent than the eagerness with which its votaries seize upon false issues and bring to the front issues without merit, save that they divert the attention of the unthinking and uncritical from the really vital issues of the hour. The straits to which a cause is driven must be desperate, indeed, when its advocates can thus degrade it for the sake of a doubtful momentary triumph. Does any one believe that the advocates of a really triumphant, or of a growing, vigorous cause would resort to such methods? And yet, regardless of the known facts bearing upon this question of the origin of man, and in contempt of the facts of that discussion, which it was found necessary to conceal, lest their peculiar significance should be too clearly understood, the Christian press, from Boston to San Francisco, parades the Conwell-Wentworth statement as the record of a Christian triumph over infidelity, apparently forgetting that if the statement were true it would be but the record of another triumph of the ignorance and barbarism of past ages over the intelligence of a later time and an age of greatly enlarged opportunities.

That Mr. Garfield afterward recognized, if he did not at the time, the impossibility of maintaining the negative of the proposition discussed, by any evidence which science can accept, there seems good reason to believe. Possibly we need no better indication of this than is furnished us by his subsequent life and associations, and, perhaps, by his attendance on Mr. Denton's lectures given in Washington, in the winter previous to his election to the presidency. Even without such indications it would be difficult to believe that his opinions did not become greatly modified, if not wholly revolutionized in the lapse of years, by a better acquaintance with the sciences which, as those gentlemen have shown, he had at that time so hastily scanned. Once having learned that the record in Genesis and the record in geology are forever irreconcilable, it is not strange that in Dec., 1879, he patiently listened to arguments in Washington, which in Dec., 1858, just twenty-one years before, in Chagrin Falls, he was only anxious to refute. In view of the circumstances, and without definite assurances to the contrary, this conclusion is simply reasonable, and at the same time does honor to the more mature intellect of his riper years.

There are several other points in that pretended account, across which my pen is tempted to write "Falsehood," but they are of less vital importance, and my reply is already too long for your columns.

ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.

Wellesley, Mass., April 25th, 1884.

Professor Merriman says that in 10,000 years the ocean will roll 200 feet deep over New York City.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

NINETEENTH CENTURY MIRACLES, OR SPIRITS and their work in every country in the world. A complete Historical Compendium of the great movement known as "Modern Spiritualism." By Emma Hardinge-Britten, author of History of American Spiritualism, etc. 560 pages. Published by William Britten. Price $2.50. Postage 25 cents.

The English edition of this work is before us, and an American edition is now also ready. Its ampel pages aim to fill the promise of its title, and it is plain that the author has wrought diligently to that end. Under the headings of Spiritualism in Germany, France, Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Polynesian and West Indian Islands, South America, Mexico, etc., East Indies, Hindoostan, China, Holland, Dutch Indies, Russia, Scandinavian countries, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Austria, Belgium, Turkey and America, she treats of mesmerism, ecstatics, healing, writing, drawing, speaking and music by spirits, hauntings, use of unknown tongues, materializations and kindred topics, bringing the "testimony of illustrious persons" to fortify her own statements, and thus giving a world-wide view of the great subject.

Her feeling of the worth and dignity of the subject is seen in the earnestness and enthusiasm of its treatment, and her ability and experience are equally manifest. The book is a history of the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism more than a discussion or history of the rise and progress of its philosophy and religion. This is not because the author is blind or indifferent to these, but because she holds these facts as indispensable to the life and growth of the movement. Its philosophical and religious aspects, and the vital changes they are working in the thought and opinion of the world, are, however, often alluded to, and ably treated by the author, and in quotations from competent writers. "In coming years, when the hour is ripe for such a work, a comprehensive history of the scientific aspects of Spiritualism, and of the fuller development of its philosophic and religious ideas, and its rational psychology—which the waiting world greatly needs—will doubtless be written, and in this and kindred volumes the future historian will find rich materials. Some extracts from its brief introductory chapter will most fairly give the scope and inspiring aim of Mrs. Britten's work:

"The inspiring intelligences who prompt the production of this volume mark out the path of verbal simplicity as best....and charge the author to leave to posterity only a brief compendious record of the footprints made by the invisible world of being in this the nineteenth century, and our chief aim must be to reduce to the plainest possible mode of expression the tale we have to tell....Any student of ordinary powers of observation will soon discover that the modern "outpouring of the spirit" has been just as full in other lands as in America, but nowhere else has the same freedom of speech been allowed to testify to the facts of spirit communion.....The author has been urgently entreated by such dwellers of the life beyond as can best make their wishes understood—to supplement the History of American Spiritualism (a former work) by one which shall include compendious sketches of the movement all over the earth, as well as continue the American record from its first twenty years to the present date.

"How far disembodied spirits are the authors of these startling phenomena, how much of the reported marvels are due to the spirit within man himself, or owe their coloring to exaggerating narrators, and the easy credulity of observers, are questions agitating thoughtful minds everywhere, both within and without the ranks of Spiritualism....The question of how to discern the true from the false is of the most vital importance, especially to a writer whose sole aim is to present a worthy record of a sublime truth, yet to free it from all misrepresentations which would make such record valueless."

The book is commended "to God and the angels, whose work it is, and under whose guidance the author reverently attempts the record."

Of course, in such a world-wide range of facts and persons, perfect accuracy and unerring judgment cannot be expected, and the reader may sometimes differ from the statements and conclusions of the historian, who well and reasonably says:

"We may often err in the conclusions we attempt to draw, and utterly fail to do justice to the stupendous theme we treat of, but we will never willfully aid in deluding a generation seeking to find in Spiritualism the path to heaven that no merely speculative faith can point out."

The variety of phenomena, and the interesting sketches of leading Spiritualists, and their personal experiences in all lands and nations, give especial interest and value to this volume. It has a score or more of fine portraits of European and American men and women.

Of our own work the author speaks with most appreciative kindness, copies our Platform almost entire, and says, in a page of comment:

"It has been abundantly shown that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has ever been the champion of true reforms. Its special aim has ever been to draw the impassable line of demarcation between liberty and license, moral law and immoral lawlessness, true love and licentiousness....Its columns have redeemed Spiritualism from the foes in its own household, and furnished the author, on countless occasions, with a sword which has slain the very arguments that would otherwise have slain Spiritualism. Another specialty has been the editor's fearless exposure of frauds....and the resolute protection which he has extended, not only to genuine mediums, but to earnest investigators, by his unsparing denunciations....of attempts to simulate genuine spirit mediumship."

An extract from its closing page may fitly close our notice of this history:

"On the 31st of March, 1848, we discovered that we had never lost a friend.....We found, besides matter and force, a new element called 'Spirit.'....We saw founded, that night, a telegraph which outstrips that of electricity, and without wires or batteries, carries messages between heaven and earth....We found in spirit-rappings a new page in the history of acoustics; in the apparition of living spirit people a new page in the science of optics; in moving tables a new motor power; in the formation of spirit-hands a page of chemistry that puts all other known chemical operations utterly in the shade....We saw the judgment upon our own words, works and thoughts. We learned how to build our own heaven, or avoid our own inevitable hell....Henceforth we never need say more, 'We are taking our leap in the dark.' We know we are making or marring our own lives hereafter,—and thus the chains of fear, doubt, error, ecclesiastical pretensions and priestly ignorance,....fall from our necks like ropes of sand, and we stand in the light of a scientific religion and a religious science, emancipated souls newly born into the divine and unshackled liberty of truth."

Mrs. Britten has rendered such large service, as speaker and writer, and is so widely and well-known, that we need only announce the fact that this history is published, and when that is known a large and wide demand for it, from Spiritualists and others, will follow.

Books Received.

EVERYBODY'S PAINT BOOK. By F. B. Gardner. New York: M. T. Richardson. Price, $1.00.

ORTHODOXY: A Lecture. By Robert G. Ingersoll, Washington, D. C.: C. P. Farrell. Price, paper cover, 10 cents.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF DANIEL W. DINGLEBE. By J. R. Monroe, M. D. Indianapolis, Ind.: The Iron Clad Age. Price, paper cover, 25 cents.

HOW TO DRAW AND PAINT. New York: The American News Co. Chicago: Western News Co. Price, board cover, 50 cents.

PRIMORDIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSE. By Chas. E. Townsend. New York: Truth Seeker.

MAN—WHENCE AND WHITHER? By R. B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price, cloth $1.00

PARAGRAPHICAL INDEX OF PRIVATE INstructions in the Science and Art of Organic Magnetism. By Miss Chandos Leigh Hunt. London. Published by the Author.

NINETEENTH CENTURY CATECHISM. Part First. Also a Lecture, Civilization, the Child of Free-thought. By Frank Greene. Liberal, Mo.: Liberal Book and Job Print. Price, paper cover, 25 cents.

RISE AND FALL OF POLITICAL PARTIES IN the United States. By Rufus Blanchard. Chicago: Legal News Co

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE FROM THE EARLIest Date to 1848. By M. Guizot and Madame Guizot De Witt. Translated by Robert Black. Profusely Illustrated. New York: John B. Alden. Price, eight vols., cloth, $6.00, or 75 cents for each vol.

Partial List of Magazines for June.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Contents: The Sins of Legislators, by Herbert Spencer; Modes of Reproduction in Plants, by Byron D. Halsted, Sc. D.; Evolution and Dissolution of the Nervous System, by J. Hughlings Jackson, M. D., F. R. S.; The Pole and Wire Evil, by Oliver E. Lyman; Stethoscopy, by Samuel Hart, M. D.; Coal and the Coal-Tar Colors, by M. Denys Cochin; The Chemistry of Cookery, by W. Mattieu Williams; Ensilage and Fermentation, by Manly Miles, M. D.; Geography and the Railroads, by Dr. J. Jastrow; The Life-Work of Pasteur, by his Son-in-Law; Clean Drinking-Water, by Edwin J. Howe, M. D.; Physiology versus Metaphysics, by Walter H. Walshe; Professor Dvorak's Sound-Mills; Arnold Henry Guyot, by Prof. W. B. Scott; Editor's Table; Literary Notes; Popular Miscellany; Notes.

WIDE AWAKE. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) Contents: Frontispiece; The Cow with Golden Horns; A Small Boy's Conclusions; The Little Sailor Kiss; Some Little Shakers; Prophecies; A Spoiled Day; A Brave Girl; Through France in Sabots; About White Elephants; Dolly's Fan; His Three Trials; A Queer Spider; Intimations of Immortality; Masks Off; The Little Men in Green; In Flowery Fields; Æsop's Fables Versified; The Little Jade Lizard; Little Brown Thrushes; To-Day; Little Barbara; In No-Man's Land; Two Teapots; Tangles; Tales of the Pathfinders; In Case of Accident; Little Biographies; Ways to do Things; Anna Maria's Housekeeping; What to do about it; C. V. F. R. U.; Post-Office Department.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. (Published at No. 30 Lafayette Place, New York.) The June number opens with "Harboring Conspiracy," by Henry Wade Rogers. Henry D. Lloyd shows how every branch of production is coming under the control of "Lords of Industry," corporations and monopolies. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has an article upon the "Struggle for Immortality." Other articles of as much importance are: "Sociological Fallacies," by Prof. W. G. Sumner; "The Rise and Fall of Authority," by President J. C. Welling; "Walt Whitman," by Walker Kennedy; and "Expert Testimony," by Rossiter Johnson, Dr. W. W. Godding, T. O'Conor Sloane and Dr. Charles L. Dana.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (The Century Co., New York.) Contents: St. Gauden's Statue of Robert Richard Randall; A French-American Seaport; The Fool's May-day; An Average Man; Count Ernst von Mansfeldt the Protestant; Sailor's Snug Harbor; The Birth of Man; What is a Liberal Education? Here and Hereafter; American Wild Animals in Art; Life and Death; Music and Words; Lady Barbarina; Commerce in the Colonies; Dr. Sevier; The use and abuse of Parties; The Red Silk Handkerchief; Diary of an American Girl in Cairo during the War of 1882; The People's Voice; Topics of the Time; Open Letters; Bric-A-Brac.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) Contents: A Roman Singer; Paris Classical Concerts; The Bird of Solitude; The Beach-Plum; In War Time; Penury not Pauperism; The Christening; An Old War Horse to a Young Politician; Wentworth's Crime; To a Poet in the City; The Trail of the Sea-Serpent; The Anatomizing of William Shakespeare; The New Party; Washington as it should be; Thomas Gold Appleton; Two Literary Studies; The Hessians in the Revolution; Bourget's Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine; The Questions of Ships; The Contributor's Club; Books of the Month.

YOUNG FOLKS. (H. Cherouny, New York.) Number one of volume one of this Monthly is received. It is the aim of the publisher to make selections from the choicest German and English productions in both languages. Young folks who are studying German will find this quite instructive as well as very entertaining. The initial number has an article on Schiller, and an illustration of the poet and writer in his younger days.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. (Cassell & Co., New York, London and Paris.) Contents: "A Study," Fontainbleau; "The Confession"; Illustrations of Mussett; Some Venitian Visiting Cards; Sculpture at the Comedie Francaise; Elzevirs; Adolf Menzel; "Le Stryge"; Svon House; The Lady of Schloss Ambras; "The New Home"; The Chronicle of Art; American Art Notes.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.) Cassell & Co., New York.) Contents: Within the Clasp; Talks with my Patients; An Unfashionable Day at the Seaside; How England strikes a Colonist; A Whale Hunt; How to take out a Patent; The Perfect Lady; The Art of Garnishing; The Gatherer, and several other interesting articles.

CHOICE LITERATURE. (John B. Alden, New York.) Contents: General Gordon; Health and its general conditions; India; The Coming Slavery; Rough Notes of a Naturalist's Visit to Egypt; How I became a War Correspondent; Wendell Phillips; The Prophet of San Francisco; Science Notes; Etc.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. (J. H. Haulenbeek & Co., Philadelphia.) This number contains the usual amount of good reading matter, Engravings and Fashion Plates. With the July number it opens its 109th volume.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES. (S. C. & L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H.) A magazine for Teachers, Pupils and Scholars, with answers to the Notes and Queries in all departments of Literature.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (Magazine Co., St. Louis, Mo.) Contents: Wilkie Collins; Some One; A Sailor's Narrative; A Jaunt in Brazil; Home and Society; Editorial Margins; Light Moods.

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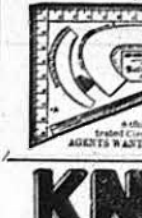

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 31, 1884.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of $3.15 per year. To accommodate those old Subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

Savage's Easter Sermon and Unity.

In *Unity* of May 16th is the following

> "The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for May 3rd publishes in full Rev. M. J. Savage's Easter sermon on 'Immortality from the Standard of the Modern World.' The sermon itself is one more clear, earnest and honest statement of the grounds of hope for a continued existence, which abides with those who have ceased to pin their faith to miracle or supernatural and infallible texts recorded in the Bible. The editorial comment upon this sermon earnestly urges the claims of Spiritualism as helping to solve this problem, and doubtless justly suspects some ministerial brethren of having much more interest in the spiritualistic movement than they have the courage to own. It is still difficult for this journal to understand that there are many who have the courage of their opinions, and in that courage frankly insist that their interest in the Spiritualists' line of argument and their alleged demonstration of immortality is in no wise identical with their interest in, or hope of, immortality. There are many who prefer the spirit's witness to this great possibility to any apparent physical demonstration of the same; for, after all, the future life that is demonstrated by physical phenomena is hardly the spiritual life we yearn for. The rehabilitated Jesus in the story of the Resurrection came back into the realms of mortality and still had a body to dispose of, leaving the uncertainties of another death still in mind.... Only fractional truths are demonstrated. Things comprehended are petty to things apprehended by the soul."

We really fear that our neighbors have not been diligent readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL; but for this we cannot severely blame them, because we do not profess to furnish all the good reading in the world, and because they are busy workers. Surely we have always understood that there were believers in immortality who were not believers in the alleged spirit phenomena. And we understand also that these good people believe thus because they are true to their own souls, and those souls are related to an eternal life of which they are a part, and of which, therefore, they testify. This is an essential idea of our spiritual philosophy—this interior consciousness of immortality assuring us of our personal being beyond the grave. In our editorial on Mr. Savage's sermon we said: "We think he underrates the power of the idea of immortality in the past," a statement of our faith in that idea.

We gladly published that sermon, because it is what *Unity* describes it to be; and also because, beyond that, it is just, fair and courageous in its treatment of Spiritualism, which he calls "too large a factor in our modern life to be ignored,......a great fact big enough to touch and shape a large part of our modern life," and says frankly: "I would like to believe its central claim,"—a striking and peculiar feature of the discourse which *Unity* fails to mention, and thus leaves its readers with a very imperfect knowledge of its scope and character. "Apparent physical demonstration" of a future life is spoken of. In what remote and benighted corner of this wide world have our neighbors kept themselves not to have heard from Wallace and Hare, Garrison and Zollner, and many others, of clear proofs of personal intelligence independent of any bodily power? Why limit the evidences of our future being to "physical phenomena" and ignore these mental tests, far finer and to many far more convincing?

Our Unitarian friends are believers in one God—the supreme soul of things. They speak well and wisely of the soul's consciousness of Deity; and they also speak well and wisely of the glory and beauty of Nature in this world, and of the order of the great Kosmos, the measured motion of stars and suns, as proofs of a guiding intelligence which gives added assurance to the soul's consciousness that God is. Is there anything in our comprehension of the "physical phenomena" of the universe, that makes our soul's apprehension of Deity, "petty"? When the thought of man "looks through Nature up to Nature's God," does it only get a glimpse of a "petty" being? As Nature is comprehended through the senses—Deity is all the better apprehended by the soul.

So as immortality is intuitively apprehended by the soul, and both mental and physical phenomena are comprehended by soul and senses, the soul's apprehension of the eternal life ceases to be "petty" or dim, and becomes more clear and vital.

Unity is perplexed about "the rehabilitated Jesus," and sees trouble in his getting rid of "a body" by "another death." We don't like to have our neighbors laughed at, and we feel sure that some thousands of intelligent persons will smile pityingly at what they will think an exhibition of spiritual ignorance. There was one Paul, a preacher and writer of some repute centuries ago, whose intuitive and inspired statement about "spiritual bodies" is still quite familiar to many. A little thinking on that matter may give needed light, and help to ease of mind.

We will gratefully accept the many good things *Unity* has said of the inner sense of a future life—the soul's testimony of immortality. The JOURNAL has often tried to say like things. Yet, in this day, we need the proofs from the soul and through the senses also, to confirm each other and make our case strong. We do not expect to be clearly understood or appreciated to-day; and the to-morrow of clearer thought and spiritual insight may come to us here or after we have passed to the life beyond. But all the same we shall go on in our work for Spiritualism—The Philosophy of Life—as the former able editor and proprietor of the JOURNAL well called it.

Compensations.

Evils are apparent enough, generally, and they force themselves on our attention, but we do not so readily perceive the compensations which make the sum of happiness so nearly uniform in widely differing ranges of social development. We are apt to look at one prominent feature of another's condition and argue from that, and not take note of all the conditions before deciding as to the amount of happiness or misery involved. Some will envy the millionaire, because of his millions; the term represents to them ease, comfort, enjoyment of all sorts; no care or trouble, only enjoyment. Never was there a greater mistake. Most very rich men are the busiest on earth, the most worried. One of these used to get to his office at eight o'clock in the morning, drive or be driven by business, hard all day, and take his books home at night to write them up. His estate owned him, not he the estate. He had a wife but no child—his richly appointed home was only a place to sleep in. He had neither leisure nor inclination for the elegancies of life; he was only a money-making machine, only feeling pleasure when he had made a profitable bargain—he knew no other joy—and constantly oppressed by the fear that some of his large ventures might fail, and failure was ruin.

The Marquis of Anglesea, in England, has vast estates, has the culture and the leisure to fittingly enjoy them, but, a surgeon said, lecturing to his class, "I do not exaggerate in the least when I say he would gladly give up all and become a common beggar, if thereby he could get rid of his traumatic neuralgia." In the amputation of a limb, some nerve has been so disorganized that every change of temperature, of electrical condition of the air, gives him keenest agony. He has wealth and all it can produce, but cannot enjoy it. The sharp spasms of pain prevent his reading or thinking, or eating, or sleeping, or mingling in society. Looking at one item only, his wealth and culture, his position seems desirable, but he would gladly exchange it for any other, if only he could escape from pain.

"You must be very happy with such an immense income," said a friend to the London head of the house of the Rothschilds. "Happy!" was the reply, "would you be happy to find under your plate at breakfast, a demand for money, with a threat of assassination if it were refused." One English nobleman, whose passion was diamonds, had his house in Paris so constructed that every visitor must be hoisted up, his safe so connected with the chains that suspended it, that on tampering with the lock, it would fall into a burglar-proof in the cellar. He could wear diamonds for buttons, but he dared not send for anything to eat. If he wanted sweets, he must (at least he thought so) go to the confectioner's and eat what was on sale, so as to avoid being poisoned. He was only the keeper of the diamonds he claimed to own; in reality they owned him. A life of bitter slavery, of dreadful fear, who would desire it?

All these things should tend to teach us to be content with such material good as we can win for ourselves, without envying those who have more; should cause us, also, to live more in the spiritual, it is from thence comes all real and permanent joy.

Going Straight to Jesus.

Late papers record the execution of two convicted murderers. One joined the Baptist church, being baptized in the jail, the other declared he was going "straight to Jesus." Formerly it was argued that the doctrine of an eternal hell was necessary to restrain the wicked, but hell is easily evaded now. Rob, murder, do what you will, only, just before the rope is round your neck, "believe, and thou shalt be saved," saved from hell, rendered fit for highest heaven. This is the teaching of the church to the vile, the passionate, the cruel. When in addition to this the chances of the law's uncertainty are taken into account, is it strange that there were 2,386 murders in United States in 1883?

Salvation.

Through the length and breadth of this land and nearly all lands, rings this word—a battle-cry of the church, the aspiration of a countless host, the inspiration of myriads of sermons, the burden of innumerable prayers, floating in ceaseless songs—Salvation, the one great need, the overshadowing glory.

Salvation from what, how, when, where? These questions we are tempted to ask of one who has caught up the cry and repeats it without ever asking what it means. To be saved from hell is the highest ideal of many; and they pray and sing, attend church and lead orderly lives, but lives whose highest aspiration is selfishness, a desire to escape from physical pain, to have physical delight in the heaven they hope to win. Others, more advanced, dream of a salvation from sin, and a few declare they have found it—are sinless. But, unfortunately, some of these perfected ones are so ripe as to be decaying; perfectly holy, they say, but not honest in business; saints they claim to be, but are not saintly in temper at home. Besides as theirs is a complete salvation, and as such a belief bars even the desire to advance, salvation and annihilation would seem to be synonymous terms.

How is salvation to be accomplished? "Look to Jesus," says the evangelist. "Jesus paid it all—all the debt I owe," shouts the psychologized penitent. No work of theirs to be done; they have only to be passive, so the influence of Jesus may mold them into his spiritual image. Totally depraved, as they boast themselves to be, they rely on the imputation of the merits of another; they think that God will lie, and declare them holy when they are not.

When and where shall salvation be accomplished? Nearly all church members profess they are unclean, but believe that at death they will drop their sins with their bodies and not take them again when at the resurrection they shall resume those bodies—that which Jesus has left unfinished the grave shall complete—death being the chief savior—saving them without effort on their part.

Hence comes a paralysis of effort, a belief that the soul that sinneth shall not die, if only the belief be orthodox. It seems strange to think that a body, all festered with fruit of evil living, shall go into the grave, and at some time come from it pure and clean, unscarred, undeformed, saved by the grave, just because one has believed certain things—yet many claim to believe this.

To all those things Spiritualists oppose a stern denial. They deny the possibility of instantaneous salvation—deny that even the eternities can produce a completed salvation; sure there will always be something higher to be reached after, always something more to be learned, always some limitation to be passed. Salvation from error, sin, bad conditions, this it is the business of every man to seek for, all through his life—every day salvation, expanding with the mental power; the capacity to perceive and desire to reach higher good—the growth of this capacity never ceasing. The belief of the Spiritualist is more reasonable and practical far than that of the church, and it is a belief in the truth. He, too, can shout in favor of salvation, but it means more to him than any one else.

The London Spiritualist Alliance.

The Inaugural Meeting of the London Spiritual Alliance was held on Monday, May 5th. A large gathering of representative Spiritualists assembled, who passed the first hour of the meeting in social intercourse, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. Shortly after 9 o'clock Mr. W. Stainton Moses, M. A., (better known, perhaps, as "M. A. (Oxon.)" took the chair and delivered the Inaugural Address, from which we extract the following, which deserves to be pondered by Spiritualists here as well as in London.

> It is a mere truism to say that the knowledge of truth imposes responsibility on its possessors. It is another truism that union is strength. Yet Spiritualists do not seem to have recognized these axioms, and certainly have not acted upon them. Either we are wholly misguided and mistaken, or we are the recipients of a great truth. There are people eminently qualified for the work who are submitting our facts to exhaustive scientific investigation. I have no fear of the result that the Society for Psychical Research will in the end arrive at. They will prove in their own way, and for those whom they alone can reach, what we as Spiritualists believe. There are others, not at all qualified for the investigation, who will sit in the seat of the scorner till Death gives them notice to quit, and then they will be disembarrassed of a life-long illusion. They must be left alone. Nor need we concern ourselves with more than sympathetic interest in efforts that will establish once again what for us is established already.
>
> But we ought not to forget that we are in perpetual risk of being called upon for a defense of our faith, and that there is laid upon us that responsibility. Many of us have, individually, done what we can in this direction. But individual effort is powerless before the increasing demands made upon it, and Spiritualists do not seem to me to have realized the potency of associated effort, nor the responsibility they incur by the very fact of the deposit of truth which has been intrusted to them. I am well aware that there are diversities of gifts, opinions, and aims among Spiritualists. It is well that it should be so: it is impossible that it should be otherwise. But, if it were possible, I would have all those views subordinated to the advancement of the common truth, and all those gifts unselfishly devoted to its sustenance and spread. I would desire nothing better than to stand by the side of any sincere Spiritualist, whatever his special opinions may chance to be, shoulder to shoulder, in defense of our common faith.

The Alliance proposes to open a library in a convenient place, and hold monthly meetings, in which there shall be occasional discourses and discussions on subjects interesting to Spiritualists, and perhaps occasional devotional meetings.

They make fine photographs in San Francisco, especially when they have such excellent subjects as our esteemed friend, Mrs. E. L. Watson, whose sweet face stands out before us with all the completeness which the skillful photographer can impart. Many who have never seen Mrs. Watson, but have learned to esteem her through her public ministrations, will be pleased to look upon her reflection among the JOURNAL'S extensive collection.

Giving.

On last Sunday, May 25, in every part of this country, all over Great Britain, and probably many of her colonies, the Sunday School children, a great multitude indeed, had for their theme "Christian Giving." It is too early to speculate on the increased contributions which may result, but this good surely was accomplished—an enormous number of children and adults have considered the question, trying, as well as they could, to ascertain Why they ought to give, and What they ought to give. If some of them go a step further, and settle What they will give, the lesson will be of much practical benefit.

The JOURNAL has not hitherto paid much attention to these Sunday-school lessons. They have been generally on subjects too remote to have much interest for us of the present day. There are too many demanding tests, now, to make it necessary to refer to Thomas, as illustrating unbelief. That Paul left his cloak at Troas has not seemed worth quoting as a proof of carelessness, when we can find better ones, and those of more personal interest, in our own office. But this particular lesson has in it something practical and "Spiritualist Giving," may be proposed to all Spiritualists as a theme worthy of their most profound consideration—not because any one has commanded it, nor because any text urges it; not even because of the good it will do to others, but as a means to their own growth. A story is told of a beggar in Germany who thought himself treated discourteously, and threatened to stay away in future, leaving them no beggar to help "and what will you do then?" said he, as the climax to his complaint. He was a philosopher who had penetrated to the very heart of the matter. It is a little thing that some help has been given to a poor man or woman—it has helped the receiver only a little; but it has enlarged the nature of the giver vastly more. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." If many Spiritualists would take up this lesson and try to discover why they have so little real interest in Spiritualism, except as a party cry—why the lectures do not seem to be as highly inspired as they used to be—why new tests bring no new satisfaction, they may discover that it is because they are trying all the time to absorb, yet specially careful not to give much. Such a course dwarfs a man's nature, kills his joy, prevents his spiritual growth. Study of such a lesson might make some cold-hearted ones test for themselves what nature and human experience alike teach. Has love for the cause grown cold, give more liberally and it will revive. Do the friends from the other side give nothing new—it may be because you do not grow and are not able to receive higher teachings; the remedy is, to give, give that you may grow. Give, and "it shall be given unto you again, full measure, pressed down and running over." The life beyond is to be as this life, growth by giving. As Lizzie Doten was controlled to write:

"O, my mortal friends and brothers,
We are each and all another's,
And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure
hath the more.
Would you lose your life, you find it,
And in giving love you bind it
Like an amulet of safety to your heart forevermore."

Robert Collyer—Easter—Immortality.

The warm-hearted Unitarian preacher, Robert Collyer, who has a sunny side of his soul open to Spiritualism, is well remembered by many in Chicago and in the West. In his New York pulpit he preached an Easter Sunday sermon, quite unlike the "Chilly Easter Sermons," which made the topic of a letter in the JOURNAL of May 3rd, from our Detroit correspondent, G. B. Stebbins. A gleam of warmth and soul-light, such as this word of Collyer reveals, is welcome and grateful.

> "Moses and Plato, Milton and Luther, they dwell not in your heart and mine alone and in the heart of the world, but in their own estate and their own home; and so dwell the humble, simple, sincere, and good, who tried to be just that and no more. They are not lost as the raindrops are lost in the ocean. I speak as a man, when I say the eternal Providence, even, could afford no such waste. These are here in our life, but they are also there in their own. It is mere insolent pride which would make the strivings of all the generations the mere ministrants to me and mine. They lived for us, but they also live beyond us in God's eternal home; and what they won they keep. And, when I get free, I shall find them; and, as the snared carrier dove once free shoots straight home, so shall I, if I am worthy to enter, and so will you. I will not offend the eternal love by my doubts on Easter day. I will rest and be quiet, and let who will question and quarrel. 'Immortality speaks to its kindred in the soul,' Maltravers said. I will let it speak to me. 'It is the heart which sees heaven,' Taine says. Then, my heart shall see where my eyes fail. 'Life departs not from the soul but into the soul,' the deepest of the Germans cries, 'dismissing its servant, the body.' Death will come to me, then, to deepen life, and I shall be content.
>
> "So I want Easter to lift me above my fears and to be no fading and failing holiday, but to come closer and grow warmer to me as the years sweep on, so that I may land at last where quiet souls live in the perpetual spring."

American Spiritualist Alliance.

We have received from Nelson Cross, the President of the Alliance, a Summary of the last year's proceedings. From it we gather that the Alliance is in a healthy and prosperous condition. We select for presentation to our readers, the following particulars:

Sunday services have been continued through the year, except during the summer vacations. All the opening essays have been voluntary, the music also has been supplied by volunteers, and the attendance has steadily increased.

The Alliance has printed 10,000 copies of a tract entitled, "Can it be Done," and they are now ready for distribution. This and a tract by Prof. Kiddle now in press, comprise all the work of the Alliance in this direction. The increase of members during the past year has been: Resident Members, 30, Non-resident Members, 28. During the year two members have passed from earth to the glories of the higher life.

The Headquarters and Reading rooms for members have been established at 187 W. 35th Street, New York, where the leading Spiritualist papers and a library of standard works on Spiritualism, provided by the generosity of Mrs. Elizabeth Mason of New York City, are kept for the use of the members. This service of Mrs. Mason is warmly appreciated by the Alliance and she has been made an honorary member. The Report shows activity in all departments.

The Salvation Army.

The members of the English Parliament have hitherto tolerated the Salvation Army. Bishops spoke in favor of it; there was "money in it," and so when complaints of fraud and worse things came thick and fast, still the system was not attacked. But the tactics of the army have been introduced into government offices, and there is an outcry. It is charged that Mr. Blackwood, the real head of the Postoffice Department, is a strong adherent of the Army, and uses his position to dragoon clerks into its ranks. He holds prayer meetings during business hours in the postoffice building, and causes employes who refuse to join the army to be publicly prayed for by name, much to their disgust, and he puts their names down on a "black list," much to their damage. While on this list the unfortunate clerks cannot be promoted. If one desires promotion, he must make a confession of faith to Mr. Blackwood, and then the way is easy. The result, of course, is, that hypocrisy and not efficient service is the reason for advancement. So Mr. Blackwood is to be summoned to defend his conduct, and show its legality, if he can. In the meanwhile, of course, the Salvation Army are uttering prayers which sound like curses for those who are thus "persecuting" this aristocratic warrior.

GENERAL NOTES.

O. P. Kellogg speaks at the Cassadaga camp grounds June 7th and 8th.

Mr. Mansfield, the independent slate writing medium, will be at Orion, Mich., meeting, June 6th and 8th.

Mrs. Lillie will attend the Cassadaga picnic, the 7th and 8th of June, and speak the remainder of the month in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Wm. Nicoll will lecture next Sunday evening at Martine's Hall, 55 S. Ada Street. Subject: "Fruits of the Spirit."

An interesting communication from Mrs. Denton appears in this week's JOURNAL, explaining the true status of the Denton-Garfield debate.

J. P. Rosenberg has remitted money to this office, but fails to give his post office address. Will apply the money to his credit when he rectifies the omission.

Mrs. Elizabeth L. Saxon, of Louisiana, whose name is a synonym for philanthropic endeavor, has been appointed State organizer for the Tennessee W. C. T. U.

We would ask special attention to the article on our first page by Dr. Wilder. Points are ably presented in it which are worthy of careful study.

The Truth Seeker's Society that has formerly met at Lester's Academy, 619 Lake St., has leased Martine's hall, 55 South Ada St., for one year, and will hold meetings there in the future.

A Connecticut Episcopal rector announced a few days ago that hereafter he "would base his salary on the power of God, and that his parish would in no wise be responsible."

We were favored with a call, last week, by Rev. N. R. Quackenbush, Pastor of the Universalist church at Benton Harbor, Mich. He is investigating Spiritualism, and expressed great satisfaction with the result thus far attained.

Stricken from the Universalist pay-roll, an old minister is now going about the city begging from Spiritualists, some of whom are illy able to provide for themselves. If this man don't seek legitimate employment and stop the mendicant business, his name will appear in print.

L. H. Warren of Albany, Wis., writes: "We have engaged Mrs. Edna Ford of Dayton, Wis., to speak to us once in two weeks during the coming summer and fall. Mrs. Ford is a very fine inspirational speaker, and is listened to with a great deal of interest by large and appreciative audiences."

Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, President of the Sociologic Society, spoke before the German Socialists on last Sunday evening. Although their ideas of the best methods of reform differ, yet she has once before this been invited to appear before them, and was received with much applause.

The funeral services over the body of Alexander Andrews, a Spiritualist of Joliet, Ill., on May 14th, were conducted by Dr. Kayner of St. Charles, Ill. This is as it should be. No better place to preach Spiritualism than by the coffin of a translated brother; no better opportunity to prove the comfort Spiritualism can bring to the mourner.

J. S., writing from Milwaukee, Wis., says: "We have been having some very instructive lectures here through the organism of Mrs. O. T. Shepard; last Sunday evening, her subject was chosen by the audience. I have been listening to different speakers for twenty years, and I must say that I have not heard her excelled."

The *Carrier Dove*, published at Oakland, Cal., is a worthy representative of our cause on the Pacific Coast. Among the true and good things always to be found in its columns, the following in the May number is noticeable: "The JOURNAL should be in every Spiritualist's family, and a better work could not be engaged in than extending its circulation."

Gerald Massey left Chicago this week for Salt Lake City where it is expected he will give a course of lectures; from there he will go to San Francisco, and probably sail for Australia in July.

"Nineteenth Century Miracles," by Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, has met with an extensive sale in England, and will probably be received with equal favor in this country. It is certainly an excellent work. See advertisement on fifth page.

Dr. J. C. Phillips writes: "The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and Chicago & North Western, will return those paying full fare to the Omro (Wis.) Meeting, June 6th, 7th, and 8th, 1884, for one-fifth of the regular fare. We expect the same courtesies on the Wisconsin Central Road."

"Cephas" advertises that he "will not identify himself with any clique or clan." That is right, dear Universalist brother! Stick to that resolution, but don't hesitate to express your honest conviction when occasion demands, through fear of offending some "clique or clan."

Mrs. Yeatman Smith of 211 Krouss street, South, St. Louis, Mo., has sent us a tract containing spirit teachings on "Design in Nature," "Erratic conduct of some people in regard to Spirit Communion," "Had mankind one progenitor?" and a short one by Charles Darwin. Those desiring this tract can doubtless obtain copies by addressing the author, as above.

Under the heading, "A Summer Holiday," the Chicago and North-Western R. R. has issued a neat little pamphlet, containing a brief description of some of the most noted summer resorts in Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, and the best routes by which they can be reached. The names of the first-class hotels of each place are also given, and other information with reference to them imparted, that will prove of great value to the tourist.

Wm. H. Mumler, who has been regarded by Spiritualists generally as a genuine medium for the production of spirit photographs, passed to spirit life from his home in Boston, Mass., May 16th. For some time he followed the profession of engraver, and being highly mediumistic, he was undoubtedly assisted by spirits in discovering an excellent method whereby photo-electrotypes can be produced and as readily printed upon as an ordinary wood cut.

The Moral Education Society of Chicago, of which Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler is President, and Mrs. Mary Dye, Secretary, held its first public meeting, May 20th, in the Lecture Room of Clark Street Methodist Church. Dr. H. W. Thomas, Dr. E. G. Hirsch, Bishop Samuel Fallows, and Dr. Alice Stockham gave addresses. The object of the Society is to prepare adult women and mothers to teach nature's laws and to guide the thoughts of children and youth under wholesome influences.

D. F. Trefrey, Secretary of the Spiritual Truth Seekers, writes: "Mr. Wm. Nicoll lectured before our Society in Lester's Academy, 619 West Lake Street, last Sunday evening, taking for his subject, "The Perfection of God," which was handled in a masterly style, worthy of a veteran lecturer and Spiritualist. Mr. Nicoll has charge of our meetings, and is also Conductor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. The Society has secured Martine's Hall, 55 South Ada Street, for one year, and asks for monthly subscriptions to assist in paying rent. Seats free."

The Boston *o-s-p-o-c*, purveyor of camp-meeting taffy, has secured its old and reliable cook, and last week dished up the Spring instalment of oleomargarine and sorghum. Owing to careful study during the winter, the artist has been so far able to master past difficulties in concocting the favorite dish as to warrant him in promising that it shall be wholly free from smell of fire and brimstone, and he hopes it will give universal satisfaction. Price only $3.00 per year with a chromo.

An Alleged Cure for Headaches.

The Danbury, Conn., *News* contains the following:

"James Carley of this town, a jour hatter recently suffered for a week with a severe headache. Every possible remedy was resorted to without relief. Finally one of his shopmates informed him that D. B. Wilkes, living in the upper end of King street District, could cure it without fail. Accordingly Carley set out to find the man who possessed the panacea that could relieve him from his untold suffering. Mr. Wilkes, whose occupation is a farmer, received him cordially and at once assured him that he could cure his headache. He requested Carley to accompany him to the old cider mill, which they entered, and Mr. Wilkes pulled out from beneath the press a box covered with a coal sieve. From the box he took a live black snake and wound it around Carley's neck. Strange as it may seem, almost instantaneously the pain left his head and has not returned since. Mr. Carley and his friends vouch for his cure. Mr. Wilkes also cures sprains and swelling in the same way. He explains the matter on the principle of animal electricity, which he supposes that the snake possesses. If a cure is effected in this way the writer think that the pain is frightened out of the patient by the horrid application."

Samuel H. Clemens, "Mark Twain," is a member of the Rev. Mr. Twitchell's church in Hartford, and so was the late ex-Gov. Marshall Jewell. But the ex-Governor was "higher up" in the church, as the humorist expressed it, and used to pass around the plate. One day Mark Twain said to the ex-Governor: "See here, Governor, they let you collect the donations, but they never would let me do it." "Oh, yes they would," said the ex Governor, adding, "that is, with a bell-punch."

Preferred by the elite. Cuticura Soap.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Christ of God.

BY HON. JOEL TIFFANY.

In my last article I considered the Christ of the theologian. In that presentation, I endeavored to be strictly truthful. I intended "nothing to extenuate, nor aught to set down in malice." To me it seemed that a truthful representation of that dogma, with some of its inherent deformities, was the most satisfactory refutation of its claim to be regarded as true. It belongs to that system of teaching which ignores the rational faculties, and deals altogether with the supernatural. For success, therefore, it depends upon the ignorance or the servility of those who assent to whatever is submitted to them, upon the authority of those who teach, or whose authority is cited by the teacher. All such mistake their faith in the authority of the teacher, for faith in the truth of that which is taught. In my present article, I shall endeavor to present a very different Christ, called the "Christ of God," or that Christ made manifest in the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth.

The word Christ, in its spiritual sense, is used to represent status in the individual, as distinguished from the individual himself; and such is the use made of the word translated Christ, both in the Hebrew and the Greek. It is used to express a status conferred by a certain process of unction, which status did not pertain to the individual until conferred by such process. Thus Saul, before he was anointed, was the son of Cis. As such individual, he possessed no authority or power not incident to the mere individual; but when he was anointed king of Israel in the name of the Lord, he became invested with a new status, and with the powers and prerogatives incident thereto. When spoken of in his kingly office, he was called the Lord's anointed, or the Lord's Christ; but when spoken of as the mere individual, he was simply Saul, the son of Cis. And in the Hebrew and the Greek, whenever the name of the status is referred to, it is used to express state or condition in the individual, and not the individual himself. Thus, instead of saying Jesus Christ, it is Jesus the Christ; that is, Jesus the anointed or the baptized.

Jesus did not claim to be Christ in a political sense; nor would he permit his disciples or others so to represent him; and whenever he was in any way recognized as such, he straightway charged that no one should be told of it. He never claimed that his kingdom was of this world, nor did he seek to exercise any other than spiritual authority. He recognized a coming kingdom; and he also recognized himself as a king over such kingdom. And he denominated such kingdom the kingdom of God, and sometimes, the kingdom of heaven; and much of his instructions consisted in declaring what such kingdom was to be likened unto in the natural world; and how it was to be sought, and how obtained. He did not claim to be Christ in any other than a spiritual sense; nor did he propose the establishment of any other than a spiritual kingdom within the hearts of those who became his disciples in spirit and in truth.

This kingdom, he declared, was to have no location; that is, it was not to be found by means of any outward sign or manifestation in the outward world; and the coming Christ was not to be found outside of his kingdom, and whoever might come announcing the presence of Christ in any locality, was to be disregarded, yet there were those present who would not taste of death until, to them, the kingdom of God had come. In what, then, did this kingdom of God consist? Where was it to become established? And who, or what was to become the Christ, or the Lord's anointed in the establishment of this kingdom?

By the kingdom of God must be signified this: that the Divine Presence and operations are in accord with its administration; and that everything which takes place therein, takes place according to divine order; and, hence, that there is oneness of life and character between the administrator of such government and the Divine Being. Jesus taught that he, as teacher, came from the Father; and that he taught only as he had received from the Father; that, as the Father had given him commandment, so he spake, and so he did; that, in such respect, he could of himself do nothing. He, therefore, declared by his life and teachings, that man, the individual, is to become the recipient of this kingdom, in which, he himself is to become both king and priest unto God, and that every one receiving the kingdom, is to have but one master, even Christ, signifying the Divine Presence ruling in the heart of the individual soul.

The kingdom of God or of heaven, of which Jesus spake, and in respect to which he was the Christ, the son of God, had become established in himself, by the subjection of self to the divine will in all things; so that self could do nothing, could desire nothing, could be nothing, which was not in accord with the perfect attributes of the heavenly Father; hence, his instruction to one desiring to become a subject of the divine government, and an inheritor of the heavenly kingdom, is, become perfect as the Father in heaven is perfect; that is, bring your desires, purposes and actions into accord with the requirements of the moral virtues. To do this, you must aspire continually to know what the spirit of the moral virtues demands, and you must invest all your powers in an effort to obey such demands. This involves self-renunciation in all cases where one is called upon to choose between the desire for self-indulgence, self-gratification, self-advantage, self-gain and self-enjoyment, on the one hand, and the spirit of truth, of purity, of holiness, of justice, of fidelity, of goodness and loving kindness on the other.

Jesus, as one who had spiritually attained to that completeness of unfoldment which brought him into conscious communion with the spirit of the universe, and which enabled him to say in truth, I have seen the Father, knew what is essential to enable others to attain to the same status, and, thus to find the Father; and his entire system of instruction is based upon those fundamental principles, by the observance of which, alone, any one can come to the Christ status, and find therein the present Father as he had found him, and thus become an inheritor of the kingdom prepared for him from the foundation of the world. And Jesus declared all these means to be included in the command, Love God supremely, and your neighbor as yourself. That every thing of divine law, and of divine communication, is ultimated in this state of universal love.

We can ascertain very accurately the system of truths taught by Jesus as being essential to human completeness, by studying the fundamental principles upon which his system is based. He asserted, first, the existence and presence of a supreme spiritual Father, whose love for us is more constant and tender than is the love of earthly parents for their children; a Father more ready to give to all good gifts, than we are to give good gifts to our children; a Father who needed not to be

Concluded on Eighth Page.

CURRENT ITEMS.

The Irish Roman Catholic Bishops have been summoned to Rome for a conference in October.

Rev. Heber Newton brings a glass of milk to his pulpit on Sundays from his home at Garden City, just outside New York, where he keeps a cow.

Materialists say that the brain secretes thought; as well might they say that the clock secretes the hour and the idea of time. —*Claude Bernard.*

It is claimed that the Missouri Botanical Gardens near St. Louis have a complete collection of living specimens of all the plants mentioned in the Bible.

Catholic Freemasons refer slightingly to the Pope's recent pronunciamento against the order to which they belong. They say that it will have no perceptible effect.

A son of Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Xenia, Ohio, promised two weeks ago to break himself of the habit of drinking or die in the attempt. He struggled along until Thursday and then hanged himself.

Before leaving St. Louis the very old Boy Preacher Harrison is alleged to have presented to his employers a bill for the conversion of 1,300 souls at $1 each as the results of the recent revival.

It is said that the Vatican officials have been sounding the authorities of American dioceses to ascertain whether the appointment of Monsignor Capel as a Bishop or Co adjutor would be acceptable. It probably would not.

A Tuolumne, Cal., hunter refutes the common notion that bears come out of their winter quarters as fat as when they went in. He lately surprised and shot one coming out of its hibernation in the mountains, and the creature was nothing but skin and bones.

Fashionable society in Washington seems difficult to suit. The white leaders refuse to receive Mrs. Douglass since her marriage to Fred Douglass, and the elevated darkies of all shades, from cream to chocolate, resolutely close their doors against Douglass because he married a white woman.

The Rev. Clara M. Bisbee has started a Free Church in Boston on the basis of "ethical culture." There will be in the service no petition to Deity in the hope that human supplication may reverse the irrevocable decrees of nature, but "unworded music shall express our common confidence in that power which makes for righteousness."

Dr. Bread says that Howard, the great philanthropist who crossed the seas to relieve the distressed, was a brute and a tyrant in his own family, and that his cruel treatment caused the death of his wife. The doctor is of the opinion that even the extraordinary benevolence of Howard was one of the symptoms of the disease in his brain.

To Summer Travelers.

You are going East with your family for the summer? If so by all means go to the beautiful Wallkill Valley and charming Catskill Mountain region via the West-Shore Route.

While the Hudson and the Catskills have been frequented for many years, and while each year has added to the number of delighted visitors, yet it is safe to assert that never before were there so many visitors from distant points in any one season, as last. The West-Shore Route is the most convenient way of reaching this delightful region. The road is substantially constructed, double-tracked and magnificently equipped; every convenience known to modern travel being furnished, adding to the comfort of the traveler.

Spend your summer season in the Catskill on the Hudson, and it is safe to say you will return to renew your acquaintance with one of the finest mountain region in the world.

Information in regard to hotels, boarding houses, etc., furnished willingly by E. I. Burritt, Eastern Passenger Agent West-Shore Route, 363 Broadway, New York City.

For the world-renowned farming region of Central and Eastern Dakota, the line of the CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY is the one to take, as it lands you right among these fertile fields, and by it you have the advantage of through cars, and pass through the most important cities and villages of the Northwest, such as Racine, Milwaukee, Waukesha, Beloit, Madison, Baraboo and Sparta, Wis., Winona, Rochester, Owatonna, Mankato, St. Peter and Tracy, Minn., and get a good idea of the tributary country while passing through it. This line is 780 miles long, and is the longest continuous line from Chicago, running through an avenue of rich, productive country, and is already the great thoroughfare for passenger and freight traffic to and from Dakota.

Just received, "The Presidential Favorites for 1884," a political Hand Book of 144 pages, paper cover. It contains life-like and well executed portraits of 24 leading Statesmen, Democratic and Republican with a short Biography of each. The book also contains other important matter, such as an epitome of every leading National Political Convention ever held in the United States, and a succinct statement of Parties, list of all Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Speakers of the House, Justices Supreme Court, Expenditures growing out of the War of the Rebellion, and losses by Corruption, etc., since the formation of the Government. In short, it is such a book as every inquirer ought to have at his command. Sent post-paid for 25 cents by the publishers, Babcock, Fort & Co., Chicago.

Macmillan & Co. have in preparation a complete Library Edition, in seven Volumes to be published monthly @ $1.75 each, of the works of Lord Tennyson. The first volume containing a steel portrait after a photograph by Rejlander, will be published about June 1. There will also be a limited edition printed on the best hand made paper which will be sold only in sets.

Lots of People

get bilious, have heavy headaches, mouth foul, yellow eyes, &c., all the direct result of impure blood which can be thoroughly cleansed, renewed and enriched with Kidney-Wort. It acts at the same time on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels and has more real virtue in a package than can be found in any other remedy for the same class of diseases.

The Rev. Mr. Savage, of Boston, says that many men think it is monstrous for a woman to attend clinical lectures; and yet they "think it is perfectly proper for her to recline on a lounge and get the facts of the clinical lecture out of a French novel."

Notice to Subscribers.

We particularly request subscribers who renew their subscriptions, to look carefully at the figures on the tag which contains their respective names and if they are not changed in two weeks, let us know with full particulars, as it will save time and trouble.

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Spiritualist Conference at Omro, Wis.

The Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists will hold a three days, meeting in Omro, Wis., on the 6th, 7th and 8th of June, 1884. Speakers already engaged: Judge Holbrook, of Chicago, Ill., and Mrs. L. M. Spencer, of Milwaukee, Wis. Other speakers expected to participate.

WM. M. LOCKWOOD, President.
DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Annual Meeting at Sturgis, Mich.

The Harmonial Society of Sturgis will hold its Annual Meeting in the Free Church at the Village of Sturgis, on Saturday and Sunday, the 14th and 15th days of June, commencing on Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. Able speakers will be in attendance to address the Meeting.

By Order of Committee.

A Three Days, Meeting at Orion, Mich.

The First District Association of Spiritualists, composed of the Counties of Oakland, Macomb, St. Clair and Lapeer, will hold their second Annual Meeting, commencing Friday, June 6th, and ending Sunday, June 8th, at Orion, on Park Island, Oakland Co., Mich. The annual election of officers will take place on Saturday, the 7th. The intervening sessions will be occupied by good and various speakers upon subjects pertaining to the progressive religious interests of the cause, and the dissemination of the truths of Spiritualism.

The services of an independent slate-writing medium will be secured if possible; an able and efficient Board of Managers will be present to conduct the affairs of the meeting, and attend to the comfort and well being of all present.

Hotel and boarding-house fare reduced to $1.00 per day. Railroad rates reduced where parties travel in companies of five or more.

J. P. WHITING, President.
MRS. F. E. ODELL, Secretary, Farmers' Creek, Mich.

Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting.

The Annual Camp Meeting of the Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting Association, will be held on the Natural Bridge Springs property on Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, Tenn., commencing Saturday, June 28th, and concluding Sunday July 27th. This noted place of resort offers attractive inducements as a camp grounds. Many noted speakers and mediums will be present. Ample hotel accommodations are prepared. Guests during the meeting will be charged $1.00 per day. Persons furnishing tents can procure ground privileges. Railroad rates from all points can be secured at two cents per mile, by asking for summer excursion tickets to Lookout Mountain. Mediums will find this meeting open for all to hold seances. At Chattanooga depot take hacks to the mountain. For further particulars, or to secure rooms, address Dr. J. F. Currier, Natural Bridge Springs Hotel, Chattanooga, Tenn., or G. W. Kates, Secretary, Atlanta, Ga.

The Convention of the Southern Association of Spiritualists will be held on the camp grounds, July 15th and 16th.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

The Brooklyn Spiritualist Society will hold services every Sunday, commencing September 16th at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. at the Hall, corner of Fulton and Bedford Avenues. J. Wm. Fletcher, speaker. All spiritual papers on sale in the hall. Meetings free.

WM. H. JOHNSON, President.

CHURCH OF THE NEW SPIRITUAL DISPENSATION 128 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Public services every Sunday at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

Lyceum for young and old, Sundays at 10:30 A. M. Abraham J. Kipp, Superintendent.

Ladies Aid and Mutual Relief Fraternity Wednesday, at 2:30.

Church Social every second and fourth Wednesday, in each month, at 8 P. M.

Psychic Fraternity for development of mediums, every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, *sharp*. Mrs. T. B. Stryker, President.

The South Brooklyn Spiritual Society meets at Franklin Hall, corner 3rd Avenue and 18th Street, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. Bogert President; Dr. Patch, Secretary and Treasurer.

A Progressive Spiritual Meeting will be held every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in Franklin Hall, corner of 3rd avenue and 18th street South Brooklyn. Seats free

GERARD ENGELEN, Chairman.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference meets at Everett Hall, 398 Fulton Street, every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Capt. J. David, President; W. J. Cushing, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets at Brooklyn Institute, Washington, near Concord Street, every Sunday, at 3 and 7:45 P. M.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity will meet at 16 Smith St., two doors from Fulton, in the hall of Union for Christian Work every Thursday evening, 8 P. M.

April 24th.—Lecture by John Jeffreys.
May 1st.—Lecture by Prof. Henry Kiddle.

S. B. NICHOLS, President.
John Jeffreys Secretary. A. G. Kipp, Treasurer.

At Steck Hall, No. 11 East 14th Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York City, the Harmonial Association, Andrew Jackson Davis, President and regular speaker, hold a public meeting every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, to which everybody is most cordially invited. These meetings continue without intermission until June 11th, 1884. Services commence and conclude with music.

New York City Ladies Spiritualist Aid Society, meet every Wednesday, at 3 P. M., at 171 East 69th Street

MRS. S. A. McCRETCHEN, Secretary.

The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, convenes every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 7:30 evening, in Frobisher Hall, No. 23 East 14th St., near Union Square.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. will hold Meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at the Supreme Court Room, Town Hall; also on the first Monday and Tuesday evenings of each month, at which Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham will officiate.

E. HENLING Sec. H. J. HORN, Pres.

Kansas City, Mo.

The First Spiritual Society of Kansas City, Mo., meets every Sunday evening at 7:30 in Pythian Hall, corner 11th and Main Street, Dr. E. G. Granville, President; A. J. Colby, Secretary.

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AGENTS

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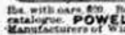

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Voices from the People,

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Get Out of the Sunshine."

BY MRS. A. E. STANLEY.

Soul, with thy superstitious fear,
Getting no light from year to year;
Making no progress day by day,
Living to pass the time away;
Closing your eyes on light divine,
And then complaining the sun don't shine—
If you will not behold the glorious day,
Get out of the sunshine, that others may.

For the sun has arisen on error's night,
Gilding the earth with her radiant light;
Back roll the clouds from Truth away,
And we see her crowned with the light of day.
Come out of the darkness and into the light—
Don't cover your head, and say it is night!
If you will not behold the glorious day,
Get out of the sunshine, that others may.

In this grand age of thought and commotion,
Don't hug to your heart some musty old notion;
Take off the old garment, put on the new,
Reach out for the good, the pure and the true.
Don't sit and sing that old, old song,
"Yes, I am right, and others are wrong."
If you will not behold the glorious day,
Get out of the sunshine, that others may.

Though you may be bound to one church or creed,
Must my neighbor and I of the same take heed?
Strange little world this would be to-day,
If all were obliged to think the same way.
Who says "I am right," and how do you know?
Did the Allwise come down and tell you so?
O if you will not behold the glorious day,
Get out of the sunshine, that others may.

Far beyond that radiant morning star,
The beautiful gates are left ajar;
And not a whole world of souls untrue,
Can hinder the glory from coming through.
The work of progression has only begun,
Do you think you can blot out the light of the sun?
Look up, O man! and behold the glad day,
Or get out of the sunshine, that others may.

This world will ne'er bow her proud, stately head,
To the wornout old doctrines to which some are wed;
She will no longer eat the stale bread of the land,
But partake of the manna from God's own hand;
She will no longer drink stagnant water and slime
But will drink fresh draughts from the Great Sublime.
Then turn, O soul, to the glorious day!
Or get out of the sunshine, that others may.

Leicester, Vt.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The New Age.

BY IMOGENE C. FALES.

The New Age is not yet crystallized into form. All the elements necessary to its crystallization are being rapidly evolved. They must blend into a homogeneous whole before we can truly say that we have entered upon the New Age. At the present time it exists potentially. It exists in the minds of individual men and women as a spiritual force and power not yet externalized into being. But it is largely subjective. There is no corresponding social environment, answering to this subjective condition. This environment is now in process of formation; and as it has been with individuals in whom new life has been made manifest, that conflict, suffering, yea and almost death itself, were the means of its evolution, so will it be with society.

Forces now being developed will not blend and shape themselves into the beauty of an orderly social life save through a similar process of conflict and suffering. Crystallization is dependent upon agitation. The work of life is the adjusting of external and internal relations. Socially, we are beginning to enter upon the birth-throes of a new order of life. These throes will continue until the new life is made manifest, and the adaptation between internal forces and social relations is complete. This will constitute the New Age. The civilization of the future will not be simply an improvement upon that of the present; it will be of another kind; just as the animal was a distinct advance upon the vegetable and the human upon the animal, because of the introduction of new elements, so will the New Age be an advance upon the age in which we are now living. New forces will have been evolved, and just as every new form of life begins germinally and gradually unfolds, so will it be with the New Age; its full beauty cannot yet be discerned. It is faintly shadowed forth in the Scriptures where it is described as the "New Jerusalem," "The bride descending out of heaven," showing that the forces now at work for the final redemption of humanity are of spiritual origin.

Closely connected with the subject of the New Age is that of the religion of the future. If we concede the fact that the material universe had its origin in the immaterial or spiritual, beginning as a divine thought, and gradually, through successive stages of development, was externalized into form, then it follows that the religion of the future has a corresponding genesis in the life or spirit of God, within the soul of man. And as the spirit of God can in no wise differ from the spirit of Christianity, it also follows that a spiritualized Christianity will be the religion of the future, and will result from the closer union of God and man, and will be the "second coming" of Christ upon the earth.

In the New Age the animating principle of social life will be co-operation; man helping man. The animating principle of to-day is competition, man opposing man.

"Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven."

More Sunday-School Nonsense from the New York Independent.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In its Sunday-school column of April 10th, the *Independent* says:

"Human wisdom does not discover God. The greatest of old philosophers have hoped in a God and have desired to believe in a future life, but have felt that their evidence was uncertain. It was only when Christ came and rose from the dead that the proof was supplied."

In Max Muller's translation of the Hindoo Vedas, older than the Mosaic boooks, is the following:

"Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice? He through whom the sky is bright and the earth is firm. He through whom the highest heaven was established, who measures out the air. He alone who is God above all gods....Come, O Great Father, along with the spirits of our fathers." Other like ancient testimony of belief in a Supreme Being and in immortality ages before Christ can be given. Are all satisfied with "the proof" to-day? Of the help that Christ and the Bible may give us none need surely complain, but this folly and misstatement of the *Independent*, aiming to show no faith or knowledge on these questions, save what comes from those sources, is poor milk for Sunday-school babes. They will grow dyspeptic on it, will groan and be fretful and uneasy for years, and can only be cured by a nourishing and natural spiritual diet if they fortunately find it. Just at this point, as I was about to close, my eye fell on the following in *Unity:*

"The *Independent* tells us that Dr. Birch, of the British Museum, has recently deciphered the inscriptions on a "*hypocephalous*" (a kind of a pillow placed under the heads of mummies) belonging to a maiden by the name of Shainen, 'Justified Forever,' in which the doctrine of immortality is stated with great distinctness. Among other sentences occur the following: 'I am the spirit coming from the abyss of Hades. I proceed from the eye.'"

This mummy antedates the Bible by centuries, yet here is stated with great distinctness, the very doctrine of which, in another column of the same journal, it was said the evidence was felt to be uncertain until Christ came. G. B. S.

William Hodgson writes: The JOURNAL'S regular weekly visits are looked for with keen interest. It is certainly doing a grand good work, and I think its future is perfectly safe in your hands. May you be supported by the seen and unseen, is the earnest prayer of your friend and well wisher.

Spiritual Frauds Aroused.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I was not aware of the commotion I had aroused among a class of Spiritualists who are fascinated with the idea of wonderment, by my exposure of the box trick of Geo. Cole, of Brooklyn, W. D. I have received several abusive letters from various persons, but, alas! they were all from public professional mediums, which, to say the least, looks suspicious. I find your RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL stands high in favor with the critical, thinking class of Spiritualists, of which you have many readers not on your list, in and about New York and Brooklyn.

I have intimated that Cole was more than suspected of being a fraud, hence let any one who doubts it and wishes to try the experiment, pursue the following course: If he or she is a stranger to Brother Miller, to Cole, or to any attaché of the *Circular* office, so much the better. Not that I would for a moment cast a suspicion on Brother Miller or that establishment; on the contrary, I do think he is the most phenomenal Spiritualist in the way of credulity that has sprung up among us. I am still fighting hard in his behalf to screen him from being implicated in this box trick.

Well, we will suppose our stranger seated beside Mr. Cole, to the right of him. Cole tears a leaf from a paper pad which he usually carries about his person. This paper goes through the process of magnetizing (as he calls it). You observe it is not written upon. The magnetizing, as he terms it—you holding one edge and he the other—takes about half to a full minute to complete the process. The magnetized paper is then carefully folded by him before your eyes, in the middle; folded again and again, until it is reduced in size to about one inch in width to two inches in length. Perhaps Cole breathes upon the small package, hammers it down compactly before your eyes to exclude, as he says, the air. He then takes it to the box on the mantel-shelf adjacent; hammers it together again, but with his back towards you, and immediately returns to you as if he had forgotten something, and asks you to put your initials upon the small package so you can again identify it, he holding the package firmly. This looks very honest, indeed. But you should here understand the small package to which you have just signed your name, is not the same blank magnetized paper you saw manipulated before your face, but another small package of equal size. After sitting still, perhaps a minute or so, the box is brought to you by Cole and to your surprise you find the identical package duly marked with your initials, on unfolding which you find also a vapory communication on Spiritualism in general, but nothing relating to yourself individually; perhaps a communication from Napoleon, William Fishbough, Geo. Washington, or Benjamin Franklin. If the stranger is a lady she may be surprised to be claimed as a descendant of Josephine, or Cleopatra, or Joan of Arc! Cole endeavors to fortify himself against all attempts to detect him. He enforces upon you the necessity of having the small leaf of paper magnetized between you, with no ragged edges, ever so small. A friend whom I had sent to one of his séances, had the assurance to make a slight crease with his thumb nail. No use. The parcel was hammered on the marble mantel-shelf, was marked with initials and all that; but, strange as it would appear, on opening the box no package was found! The presumption is the argus eyes of Cole had detected the indentation made by the thumb nail, and he did not drop it in the box. Cole seemed as much surprised as any of the sitters. Said he never saw but one instance of the kind before, and he continued: "What was still more surprising, the sitter found it locked in his private desk at home!" My friend has since told me he has not had the like gratification. That Cole is a medium of a certain phase, I have not the least doubt—perhaps highly impressible, but he has certainly struck out a line for himself which exposes him to great danger of detection.

I think we should not wonder that so many spiritual frauds abound amongst us. The temptation of gain is very powerful, while at the same time it shows to us the earnest and widespread desire of mankind to know something of his future condition. Scarcely a funeral takes place but the bereaved friends and relatives want to know of the welfare of the departed. Annihilation or eternal sleep is, as some one expresses it, like hugging an iceberg to get warmth. And as the "Resurrection day" and "day of Judgment" have been delayed over eighteen hundred years, people, in spite of church creeds and priestly anathemas, are absolutely becoming impatient, and will insist on knowing, if it is in the power of Spiritualism to gratify them, how much longer still their orthodox friends are yet to "sleep in Jesus." Already they have taken a long snooze.

DAVID BRUCE.

Geo. Cole in His Own Defense.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the issue of your widely circulated RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of April 26th, 1884, I noticed a letter signed by a Mr. Bruce, of Williamsburgh, this city, accusing me of fraudulent practices. I deem it a duty I owe to you, as editor of an influential paper, as well as a duty to myself, to give you a truthful statement of all the facts relating to this Mr. Bruce, so far as I am concerned.

Some months since, Mr. Miller brought into the room where I was engaged, an old and feeble gentleman, and introduced him to me as Mr. Bruce. This gentleman desired to sit with me for independent writing. I stated that I was not a professional medium, if, indeed, I was a medium at all, and that nothing was more uncertain than independent writing through me, and being busy at the time I declined to sit. Mr. Miller urged me, stating that Mr. Bruce was a friend, and desirous of witnessing the phenomenon of independent writing, and finally I consented, stating at the time if any manifestation occurred, it would take place wholly independent of me, or any one else, as I was investigating the matter myself, and that I was as ignorant as any one, as to the manner in which the phenomenon was produced. With this understanding, Mr. Bruce and I sat side by side, almost ten feet distant from a mantelpiece, on which rested the box. There were present with Mr. Bruce and myself, Mr. Miller and Miss Williamson, the latter engaged on Mr. Miller's *Circular*. It was a beautiful bright afternoon, and the windows were open to admit light and air.

This phenomenon has never been produced in the dark through me, as I hold that if spirits can manifest at all, they can do so in the light as well as in darkness.

I handed Mr. Bruce a pad of paper, from which he tore a sheet; this we held together for some moments, so that the paper could absorb his magnetism and my own. I then folded this paper, and Mr. Bruce wrote his name with a lead pencil upon the outside, to identify it. We—he or I—I forget which—placed it in the box on the mantel-piece. We then resumed our seats some ten feet distant. In a few moments a spirit appeared, which I described, and Mr. Bruce recognized it from the description as his father, or his son—I forget which. After the spirit disappeared, I went to the mantel and brought the box to Mr. Bruce, who opened it and identified the paper (satisfying himself that it was the identical one which had been placed in the box, and which he had torn from the pad and held) by reading his name which he had written thereon in his own handwriting. Mr. Bruce then unfolded the paper and read a message, written on both sides, I think, and he announced that it was from his father or son, I do not remember which, and that the name was written in full. I did not see the message myself; Mr. Bruce kept possession of it.

On the same occasion Mr. Bruce desired to try again what the spirits would do, and so we went through the same performance. This time there was a different-looking spirit present, and I described it. He appeared again to recognize it, and wanted to announce the name in advance, but I requested him to allow the spirit to speak for itself. When the spirit had disappeared, I again brought the box to Mr. Bruce, who verified the paper, and read a shilly-shally message, and appeared much pleased, and said it was from Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. It was Mr. Bruce who named Scotland's hero, and not me. I considered it ridiculous, and so expressed myself, being rebuked by Mr. Miller and Miss Williamson for doing so. I did not ask to see the message, for I cared nothing for it, and, in fact, have never seen it. That message ended the séance, if such it could be called, and Mr. Bruce asked what my charges were. I told him I was not a professional medium, but merely an investigator for truth, and that I made no charges. Mr. Bruce forced, or rather, urged me to take a dollar, stating that my time was worth that to him.

I have sat with this gentleman about five times. One sitting, if I remember rightly, was a failure, no manifestation having been made. On the other occasions he received messages in the manner described, purporting to come from different relatives, with a full name attached to each message. One in particular, which I considered remarkable, purported to have come from, or rather was written by, the first wife of Mr. Bruce, who, he stated, had passed away forty years or so previously. She wrote her full name on the bottom of the message.

One afternoon I called upon Mr. Bruce at his house to see him about a lady doctor who lived near by. On that occasion Mr. Bruce stated to me that the evening previous he had held a circle at his house, and that the spirits had rapped or tipped the table, giving alphabetically a confirmation of the messages he had received independently in my presence.

Now I ask you, in all fairness, if this corresponds with Mr. Bruce's statement that I procured names from newspapers. I can conscientiously and honestly make affidavit of the facts hereinbefore stated. To show you the character of this gentleman's statements, I will cite the fact that he claims a letter, which he had written to Mr. Miller, was turned over to me. The truth is I have never seep the letter, even to this period of writing, and can so prove by Mr. Miller himself. I at least claim to be a gentleman, and any letter requiring my attention would at once receive it.

One would infer from the letter of Mr. Bruce, that he is about the only person who ever sat with me, and though I have not been uniformly successful, yet there are many who have received spirit messages, independently, in my presence, as well as many who have not received them. I do not exaggerate. I simply make a truthful statement, which I can substantiate. I have held public circles where there have been from thirty to fifty persons present to witness and investigate the phenomenon of independent writing, and some surprising results have been obtained. On one of these occasions, a Dr. Comings, with whom I am not acquainted, who is an admirer of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and who was present, obtained what was deemed at the time a very remarkable performance, even for a departed spirit. I do not know that I do right in mentioning Dr. Coming's name, as I have not seen the gentleman since, and possibly he would not care to have his name mentioned in this connection, but for the sake of truth, I feel that he would not hesitate to furnish you with the particulars if you address him privately. His address is as follows: "Isaac M. Comings, M. D., 354 9th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Bruce accuses me of adroitly opening sealed letters. Let us see for a moment what truth there is in this accusation. He apparently does not wish to state that the sealed letters are placed in a box, with paper and pencil, in the presence of one or two witnesses, and if any answer is made to them, it must be by spirits (and not mortal agency), and that said answers, as a general thing, are written in the handwriting the spirits possessed when in earth-life, with *fac similes* of signatures.

I am in receipt of many commendatory letters from people who are not Spiritualists, who have sent to my care sealed letters, which they claim have been satisfactorily answered, even to them, and which I can produce, if occasion requires, though some of the parties would not care to have their names made known in that connection.

I have been obliged to return many sealed letters, which have been opened and sealed up again with paste in the various post offices, and some which I have forwarded to correspondents have never reached them, and some again have reached them in a defiled condition. Many letters I have been obliged to return, from which no spiritual manifestation whatever has arisen, and, of course, the results have been failures.

Here permit me to state that, in no instance, have I ever tampered with, or sought to open a sealed letter, deeming the sanctity of such letters sacred and beyond the approach of any one but a consummate and contemptible scoundrel.

Now, permit me to say a few words of myself individually. I am not a professional medium. My business is that of real estate, and large sums of money are constantly passing through my hands by way of rents, etc., and what time I have to spare outside of that business, I have been devoting to the investigation of the truths of Spiritualism. I have been persuaded sometimes to sit with people against my inclinations, as I discovered it was their curiosity, and no more worthy motive, which impelled them. I have had, and do still have, many failures, the causes of which I am at a loss to understand, except upon the hypothesis that mortals have no control over spiritual phenomena.

I hold that mediumship for the return of departed spirits should not be made a business of; that trading in spirit manifestation is a profanation of the sacred rites of the dead or departed, and should be condemned; yet I am told that mediums who give up their time and life to the great work of demonstrating spirit existence and return, should be sustained. So say I, but do not let it be depended upon as a commercial business.

In conclusion I would state that I lay no claim whatever to any power to cause the return and manifestations of departed spirits, and that I do not know, nor do I have any knowledge of, any power by which such manifestations can be produced.

I do not know that any manifestation of departed spirits will ever again be made in my presence; all I know is what I have seen and what others have told me. If I should be called upon to confirm the past by future manifestation of departed spirits, I have no knowledge whatever that spirits would so manifest. What more can I say? I emphatically deny any and all fraud myself, and condemn it in others, holding that those who could wantonly profane the sacred feelings of others by deception or otherwise, should be driven out of society and held up to the contempt of man. GEO. COLE.

15 Willoughby St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"He doth protest too much." There is seemingly great anxiety on the part of Mr. Cole, that he should not be considered a public medium, yet he has been often so announced in Brooklyn, without objection from him. His circles have been announced over and over again in public by Mr. C. R. Miller, and the "Cole medium" immensely glorified, without any known objection from Mr. Cole. Whatever real estate business he may do—and good authority says it is very little—it is certain he does do business as a medium during the day, as well as evenings. Clearly, notwithstanding his thrice-repeated denial, he is a public medium, and does display his powers for pay. There would be no criticism of this, for mediums must live, but he denies it, and, as we are advised, falsely. If we were to apply the old rule, *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*, we might reject his statement altogether.

Besides declaring he is not a professional medium, he says he told Mr. Bruce he doubted if he were a medium at all. Recalling some statements of his, as to strange revelations made by him of phenomena occurring in his presence (notably the materialization of a dead broker, and the ruin of one who would not heed the spirit-warning to sell Erie stock), there is no escape from the judgment that Mr. C. in stating that he doubted whether he was a medium, stated a positive falsehood. These things cast a shadow over all the rest of his statements. Next, he ignores the very point which Mr. Bruce makes, of his turning his back, and possibly changing the paper before Mr. B. marked it for identification. Careful to mention all else, this key to the whole matter he is silent about. As to the spirit who appeared and wrote, as no one but Mr. Cole, who doubts whether he is a medium, saw it, it is not strange that Mr. B. questions the reality of the appearance. Nor does he take any notice of the fact stated by Mr. B., that the paper must be smooth on the edges, so that there shall be no ready way of detecting the counterfeit. Though Mr. Cole has not seen the explanation Mr. Bruce gives of how the thing was done, he is not ignorant of it, for he has heard it from others, and should have met every point, if he could.

As to successful, genuine manifestations in presence of Dr. Comings, or any one else, they are not now under discussion. It is not improbable that Mr. Cole is a medium; the sole question just now is, did he cheat Mr. Bruce. A million of genuine manifestations before or after, amount only to a general presumption. The one fact is what Mr. Cole should have answered to. The thing might have been done as Mr. B. says it was—Mr. Cole has not yet shown that it was done by spirit-power.

Mr. Cole's charge that his correspondence has been extensively tampered with by post office officials, will scarcely be credited by business men. That so obscure an individual, with at the best a relatively small correspondence, should have the experience he claims is certainly more than doubtful and only to be accepted after proof. About 150,000,000 letters were delivered and gathered up by the Chicago Post Office last year, and, so far as we can learn, not a single case of tampering with letters, in the way Cole relates, occurred. An official who tampers with a letter, destroys it, he don't leave his earmarks to be traced by a detective.

A Psychological Question.

A Problem for the Metaphysicians of Harrisburg to Solve.

In the experience of every skilled physician and surgeon in the treatment of cases where mental troubles are involved, now and then certain phenomena occur which apparently baffle all human explanation.

William H. Emminger, the popular and full-souled proprietor of the United States Hotel, in this city, than whom a nobler specimen of man in the ordinary walks of life was never born into this world, received his death-blow at the base of the brain just six weeks ago, by being thrown from his carriage. The blow destroyed or separated the intellectual faculties pertaining to the brain, leaving the animal or vegetable part of his life intact for the time being. This finally, at the end of six weeks, succumbed to the inexorable, and death became complete. When the blow came, death to the intellectual or spiritual part of his existence took place. In proof of this he was, to use a familiar expression not sensible at any time up to the death of the body. If the intellectual or spiritual life was separated from the body at the time of the injury it furnishes us with a guide to the reason why he could not recognize the surroundings of his own home, nor his most intimate living friends who were permitted to see him. He had a passive knowledge of the faces of his intimates as he saw them from the window of his chamber, but his association of them with living matters and things was incoherent and incomplete as far as any intellectuality was concerned. Yet his constant talk was about his deceased friends, and in this he seemed to be coherent at all times. Natural and sensible remarks concerning the dead; that he was with them yesterday, saw them to-day and seemed always pleased when he mentioned their names and incidents that he himself apparently only knew were told with evident natural coherency and with pleasure to himself. James W. Bosler, of Carlisle, and John W. Hutchinson of this city, both deceased in the past year, were two of his most intimate friends in life as he was of theirs, and it was his almost every day statement during the six weeks of animal life that he was with them both and had been the day before, etc. Other parties not known to his visitors or his nurse, he talked of, but in no case did he make any coherent mention of any person living. At no time could he be impressed with the fact that he was in his own house and surrounded by kind and loving friends. Could this variation in the treatment of the dead and the living be an hallucination of a disturbed brain?

Such an injury as he received upon the base of the brain is necessarily always fatal. The wonder is that he was not instantly killed, as is usual in such injuries. That he was not was due to his great vital power and physical endurance, which he possessed to a remarkable degree. The question to be solved is this: Can intellectual or spiritual separation from the body take place before the animal part dies? If a man receives such an injury and is rendered insensible at once and the body lives one hour, did not the intellectual or spiritual first leave the living body? Again, suppose that six weeks intervene, as in the case of Mr. Emminger, between the separation of the intellectual or spiritual and the death of the body, how shall we explain the phenomena as above detailed in this case? Are such instances faint "glimpses" of the spirit-land coming to us through channels not understood; not through faith in the unseen and unknown future, but in ocular proof stronger than holy writ? Or shall we say in the stereotyped phrases of the wiseacres, that these manifestations are the vagaries of a disordered brain?

My belief is that he died spiritually and intellectually the night that he was hurt, six weeks ago; that since that time he has experienced little or no suffering in his body, and that his (to us) apparent association with the dead was realistic to him in his condition, and "the spirit hovered over the body to claim its own."—*J. R. Hayes, M. D., in Patriot, Harrisburg, Pa.*

Mrs. White's Visions—A Seventh Day Advent Seer.

At Battle Creek, Michigan, is a large settlement of Seventh Day Adventists, making up some two thousand of the population in the western part of that thriving city, where there are also many Spiritualists. They have a great tabernacle, a large steam printing establishment, a college and an excellent water-cure well patronized, and they make that point a centre of their denominational efforts. Their strict temperance, industry and decent morals are worthy of all commendation. They are strongly opposed to Spiritualism, yet their affairs are largely shaped by the visions of a spiritual seer, in whom they have great faith. Mrs. G. White, wife of a late leading elder, is the person. A late *Detroit Post and Tribune* has a letter from Elder E. P. Daniels, of Grand Rapids, exposing some late misstatements of a Battle Creek correspondent and then making the statements touching Mrs. White's gifts which we copy. It looks like Spiritualism, with an addition of Adventism and supernaturalism; take away the addition and we have a case of spiritual seership where it is but partially, and imperfectly understood, yet it shows how naturally souls turn toward the heavenly light. Elder Daniels writes:

"Now as for Mrs. White's visions, there is not a minister of the S. D. Adventist denomination that does not fully and unhesitatingly indorse every one of them. Not on account of any secret influence which they are said to exert, but from an inward consciousness of their divine origin, as scripturally and practically true. To obtain a knowledge of whatever she has seen in vision and given to this people, either in reproofs, warnings or exhortations, visions of things past and of things to come, any person interested enough to do so can have it by simply applying for the same at the office of the *Review and Herald*, Battle Creek, Mich.

"There are at present four volumes of spirit of prophecy, thirty-one private testimonies and a book entitled The Early Writings of Mrs. E. G. White, which works contain a complete exposition of all her visions. There are no back stairs, secret paths, or trap doors employed in our work.

"Her work is no 'needle in a pottle of hay,' but a 'light set upon a hill that cannot be hid.' There is no screen, cloak, veil or shroud, employed in her mission, nor in the work of this ministry, for we cheerfully and gladly set the life, character and labors of this woman before the public, as you would set food before a stranger, to be received or refused at his pleasure."

The Transition.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Sunday, May 11th, at 11:15 A. M., I was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Silverston, 20 S. Ann St., when their babe passed to spirit life. I saw the transition from the mortal to the spirit life. I helped to lay the little one in its cradle from the mother's arms. Mr. Silverston had gone to call a friend. Mrs. S. sat on one side of the cradle, myself on the other. At first I saw a little ball of mist, like steam, but illuminated with a pale light, just over the child's head. Then three spirit forms came to the cradle, moving around it and making passes over the stilled form. I saw this ball of mist rise above the child some four or five feet, a small thread of light connecting it. At this moment I saw a venerable looking old lady come up to the cradle opposite to me, whom I described (Mrs. Silverston said it was Mr. S.'s mother), and who seemed to sit down on a chair. The spirit forms still making passes over the child, I saw the mist assume a form like that of the babe. At this time a little girl came to the cradle, and looked at the child, seeming to cover it in the cradle. Just then the spirit whom Mrs. S. had called her husband's mother, raised her hands as if to take the spirit babe. The girl who came to the cradle, from my description, Mrs. S. recognized as her dear child Lottie. Mr. Silverston now came back and Mrs. S. told him my vision. He moved away a little and at that moment I saw the babe placed in its grandmother's arms. She looked at her son, and over her head I saw these words: "I will take her to my home. You can come to her there." She arose with the babe, and left the room; the three forms also went. I then saw some Indians, who seemed to be familiar spirits, who gathered three blankets from the cradle, saying they were for the pappoose. After that several Indians approached, and said they came to clean the room. All this was so clear to my sight, that I could hardly realize that it was not material. D. ALLEN.

Fullerton, Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Kind Words from a Prominent Publisher.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have long observed the course of this paper, and think it level-headed—the only level-headed spiritual journal I know of. If there is any truth in Spiritualism its friends must stamp out the humbuggery and immorality that is taking advantage of it. There is no truth that we can afford to ignore or need be afraid of. Error alone is dangerous. If you believe you are right, the course the JOURNAL is taking is sensible; and if you have truth with you, you will find ways by and by to make the world see it.

New York City. I. K. FUNK.

"An Attractive Paper."

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, the well-known Spiritualist paper, is doing such a work in exposing fraudulent mediums as no other paper has ever attempted. It invites the patronage of all honest investigators of spirit phenomena. Colonel Bundy brings ripe scholarship to the editorial columns, and makes an attractive paper to even those who cannot accept the spiritual philosophy.—*New Northwest*, Portland, Ore., April 24th.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

At Polo, Ill., a barber was fined $5 and costs for having shaved a couple of men on Sunday.

Robert Griffin, of London, says the world will not be large enough to hold its population in a thousand years from now.

Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army has sent orders that every soldier at 12:30 every day shall make the sign of the letter S to show he is saved.

Henry George, who was invited by Rev. Heber Newton to lecture in his church, was refused admission by the wardens, who rescinded the invitation.

Henry Ward Beecher says that pie and civilization go hand in hand. If Mr. Beecher is correct civilization should procure a bottle of pain-killer at once.

Miss Millie Edwards, aged seventeen and weighing seven pounds, was married to Frank J. Flynn, aged twenty and weighing nine pounds, at Manchester, England.

W. T. Sutton, of Greenville, S. C., has been totally blind for a number of years, and yet freely drives about alone in a buggy and can manage all his multifarious affairs, which include running a saw-mill and a "gin" mill—of the cotton kind.

The New York *Herald*, referring to Charles O'Conor's exclamation, "My God," just before he expired, says: "It admits of argument whether this exclamation does not indicate mental surprise at some vision, rather than physical pain, as its source."

Enoch Whipple, of Ledyard, Conn., is sixty years old, was born deaf and dumb and is still deaf, though he speaks and is able to converse easily with any one when he can see the speaker's mouth. He addressed an audience of 5,000 at Mystic River two years ago.

The æsthetic Californians have been putting up a job on their Eastern affinities. Eggs from the California ostrich farms were bought and handsomely hand-painted and sent East at Easter as specimens of what the Western hen can do when she gets a special Easter order.

The Chinese hold the theory that by preserving a fellow creature from drowning, the rescuer is answerable in the next world for all the sins afterward committed by the person rescued, which literally means that a wise dispensation of Providence has been frustrated.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Douglass, who now are out of society as well as politics, are devoting themselves to the development of a negro tragedian who has appeared in amateur theatricals in Washington as Macbeth, Richard III., and Ingomar, and is pronounced by colored society to be better than Booth or Barrett.

The body of Walter Ream, a soldier who died twenty years ago, was removed to the soldier's lot in the Knoxville, Iowa, cemetery last week. It was completely petrified, the features being so well preserved that the body was instantly recognized by those who had known him in life.

"La Chocolatiere" is what the Young Women's Christian Association of Boston called their recent entertainment. It resembled the "Kettledrum" in many respects, and as part of the entertainment a "spoon drill" by about 500 young women dressed as waiters, was given, and a large sum added to the building fund.

David Langdon, of East Rockaway, L. I., is ninety years of age, and says he was never tired but once in his life, and that was in 1812, when on military duty. He was stationed at Sag Harbor, and when the forces disbanded he walked home, a distance of nine-one miles, without stopping. He has never applied for a pension.

A white squall caught a party of tourists moving across a lake in Scotland and threatened to capsize the boat. When it seemed that the crisis was really come, the largest and physically strongest of the party, in a state of intense fear, said: "Let us pray." "No, no, my man," shouted the bluff boatman, "let that little man pray; you take an oar."

When "Chinese" Gordon first visited the Seychelles Islands, and saw the curious grove of palm trees there—which grow in pairs, and if one is cut down its mate also dies—he at at once indited an official dispatch announcing that he had discovered the original Garden of Eden, in which trees of good and evil were still flourishing.

The Methodists stand by precedent and custom in the matter of women preaching. The conference at Philadelphia lately adopted a report declaring the proposed new departure inexpedient. This is a good word, as it leaves the door open and conveys the impression that the conference does not care to pass upon the question of right or wrong in the matter.

The Salvation Army in Bridgeport, Conn., has ruined the domestic bliss of another family. The wife of Francis Nichols, a hard-working mechanic, neglected her home to attend the meetings of the army, and the husband, becoming disgusted at the condition of affairs, left home, whereupon she caused his arrest on the complaint of non-support. The case was nolled, as she testified that her husband had regularly remitted $3 per week to her since his departure.

The Presbyterian Assembly at Saratoga has referred the disturbing question of Sunday papers to a committee. The committee would do well to study the question on its merits. Mere prejudice counts for absolutely nothing in the discussion of such a question. As there are Sunday papers without number, the committee are to consider whether it is better for the high-grade Sunday papers, exerting a good influence, to give up the field to low-grade papers, exerting a bad influence. This is a practical view of the matter.

The Vatican has just granted permission to a publishing house at Pirna to photograph and reproduce the portraits of the Popes in the very interesting "Chronologia Summorum Romanorum Pontificum." The portraits affect to come down from the earliest times, and therefore some of them are certainly traditional, if not conjectural. But there is no doubt of their value and interest. The "Chronologia" itself only brings the series down to 1675, but Herr Scholtz has wisely determined to bring his book up to date, and to add a short descriptive letterpress.

Some men never forget their caution. For example, at a recent revival a minister said that he was the conductor of a salvation train, the accommodations were first-class; that there were no misplaced switches to fear, and that Peter was waiting to receive them at the depot at the other end of the line. Thereupon a tall, gaunt, keen-visaged man in the outskirts of the crowd, addressing the clergyman, said: "I'm a good deal consarned in what yeou hev to say, stranger, and ef yeou kin git me a back seat on enny of them air keers for half price, I'll buy a ticket."

What Is Heaven?

"What is Heaven?" I asked a little child:
"*All joy!*" and in her innocence she smiled.

I asked the aged, with her care oppressed:
"All suffering o'er, oh! Heaven, at last, is *rest!*"

I asked a maiden, meek and tender-eyed:
"It must be *love!*" she modestly replied.

I asked the artist, who adored his art:
"Heaven is all *beauty!*" spoke his raptured heart.

I asked the poet, with his soul afire:
"'Tis glory—*glory!*" and he struck his lyre.

I asked the Christian, waiting her release:
A halo round her, low she murmured: "*Peace!*"

So all may look with hopeful eyes above,
'Tis beauty, glory, joy, rest, peace and love!
—Philadelphia Call.

A Hot Place. A writer in *Appleton's Journal of Science* thus describes the heat of the sun: "This is something stupendous. The amount of heat which is emitted from the entire solar surface, calculated from the average quantity which it is proved we receive from him, would be sufficient to boil seven hundred thousand millions of cubic miles of ice-cold water each hour. Were a cylinder of ice, forty miles in diameter, projected into the sun at the rate of two hundred thousand miles in length each second, that is, with the speed of light, the heat which the sun radiates away would be sufficient to melt it as fast as it came, while the stellar furnace would not be cooled a single degree. Of the thermal energy which our central star thus pours out with the prodigality of the Infinite, we of the earth, although complacently supposing that it is all on our account, get only a paltry fraction—one-twenty-three-hundred-millionth part—enough to boil three hundred cubic miles of ice-water each hour."

A Little German Sensitive. In the early part of the century a certain man had a little daughter of some six years of age. This child was much beloved by her uncle, a Roman Catholic priest, the brother of her father. The priest fell ill, and the child frequently went to see him. He died. To the surprise of every one, he had left no money, or very little if any. The child soon wished to go back to the house of her dead uncle to play there in the garden. As she ran about it was observed that she walked up and down with an out-stretched arm, as if some person were leading her by the hand. She said to her parents, "But uncle is not dead; he took me about the garden." This occurred on a second occasion; the child's father then told her that the next time that her uncle was in the garden she was to ask if he had not something to say to her. This she did; and the answer made by the uncle was that if they would dig in a certain field on a mound where hemp was beaten, they would find something there. Search was made by digging at this spot, and there was discovered a box filled with Government securities, which some person or persons had removed from the house of the priest at the time of his death. On the next occasion that the little girl went to the garden, she returned home, complaining that her uncle had not come to play with her.—*Blätter aus Prevorst*, Vol. ix.

The Value of Spiritualism. Amid all the contradictions, difficulties, trivialities, spiritual falsities, and doubts attending spiritual inquiries, on casting our eyes over the broad field of Spiritualism and noting the facts which stand up like islands in an ocean, we perceive, with profound satisfaction, that these facts, developed in various times and places, and occurring to different persons, even in continents and parts of the two hemispheres widely separated, and in individuals unknown to each other, nevertheless, present a singular identity of character; a family feature unmistakable, and such as demonstrate their origin in certain fixed and eternal laws. These are the permanent results of a vast and world-wide experience; the rudiments of a science, yet to be perfected to give truth to a living science of psychology constructed, not of abstractions, but of realities accessible to the inquiries of all men. Herein lies the true and indestructible value of Spiritualism. All that is false in it will die off like the fogs from a morning landscape, and leave the landscape clear and beautiful under the full resplendence of the unclouded sun of truth. Whatever is false will perish because it is false; whatever is true will remain because it is true.—*William Howitt.*

The Late Princess Alice. Some passages in the letters of Princess Alice to the Queen indicate faith in the hereafter partaking the nature of positive knowledge. "A thousand thanks," she writes "for your letter. How well I understand your feelings. I was again so sad yesterday, and had such a longing for a look or word from dear papa. And yet how much harder it is for you; but you know, dear mamma, he is watching over and waiting for you. The thought of the future is the one relieving point for all." Again—"O, mamma, the longing that I sometimes have for papa surpasses all bounds. In thought, he is always near me; we are only mortals, and as such we long at times to see him in reality. Take courage, dear mamma, and feel strong in the thought that you need your whole moral and physical strength to continue the journey which brings you daily nearer home and him. I know how tired you feel, how you long to rest your head on his dear shoulder, and to have him with you to heal your sick heart. You will find this rest again, and how blessed will it be!" *—Darmstadt: Recollections and Letters of the late Princess Alice.*

Snake Worship in India. As I walked on men and women seemed to be frantic in the same degree that I had witnessed when they were pressing to the temple of Kali, at Kalighat, only there was something more ominous in the faces of the people. They did not clamor for "backsheesh." They all seemed to be pressing to a small, gray, evidently ancient temple in the distance. Thither I followed. To my surprise I found no obstacle to my penetrating as near as I wished to the altar of this temple. The image there stood alone—a huge, five-headed serpent. This monstrous cobra in stone, blackened by time, was the sole deity of the temple near Daharwanga. A crowd, mainly women, was prostrated before this weird form. It was the first time I had seen serpent worship pure and simple. There was a horrible splash of blood on the pavement in front of the entrance. What poor animal it was that had there shed its blood as an offering to the old serpent, I know not, but I know that there the human heart had shed its pity, and reason sunk lower than the brute it sacrificed.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A NEW BRIDGE ACROSS NIAGARA RIVER has been opened within a few weeks which makes an important link in a great railroad line, and is itself reckoned an engineering wonder. It is situated a few hundred feet south of the old suspension bridge, and was built to give the Michigan Central railroad a complete line between the New York Central and Chicago. The connection is over the Canada Southern, now a part of the Michigan Central, between Niagara river and Detroit, and whole trains are now run through between the ends of Vanderbilt's famous four tracks and the Garden city. The new route will prove specially attractive to passengers because of the opportunity it gives for seeing the great cataract. There is a fine view of the falls from the bridge itself, and then trains run up by the river on the Canadian side and stop at a station called Falls View, where is a platform from which all can take an observation.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican*, April 11, 1884.

A Methodist mother in Israel, contrasting a century ago with the present, said: "Then we had golden sermons in wooden pulpits; now we have wooden sermons in golden pulpits."

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Mr. Beecher said in his sermon last Sunday: "If some angelic reportorial band could write the mother's fancies of her child, with all her imaginings and her thoughts, it would be fit reading for the library of heaven."

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Dr. Desprez, of the Hospital de la Charité, Paris, though a free-thinker, deprecates the exclusion from the hospitals of persons connected with the religious bodies, and says that the lay assistants are far inferior in skill to the Sisters.

The magical cure of colds and coughs, by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, is indisputable.

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So easily is a cold taken that not infrequently one is at a loss to tell when or how it has originated, and is prone to expect it will go as lightly as it came. Perhaps it may go easily, if helped a little; but every cold that comes is *liable to stay.* It may happen just at a time when, from other causes, the normal strength of resistance in the system has been lowered. A little inattention or delay may give it a dangerous hold. Let it once become firmly seated, and the work of dislodgment will be very difficult. The simple Coryza, or cold in the head, may develop into a Catarrh, and is indeed exceedingly likely so to do. That such is the case is evidenced by the fact that seven persons out of every nine, in the Atlantic and Middle States, have catarrh in a severe form. Or, if it does not take that turn, the little cough that is at first but an annoyance, is almost certain to become dry, hard, racking and constantly recurrent, worrying in waking hours, banishing sleep, and momentarily weakening the patient. The larynx, vocal cords, and tonsils, become inflamed. The inflammation extends into the bronchial tubes. "Laryngitis" and "Bronchitis" are the easiest words that the doctor, called in about that time, will use. The trouble goes on working down the bronchial tubes to the lungs, ultimately threatening Pulmonary Consumption. Or, perhaps, the malady assumes the quickly fatal phase of Pneumonia. Just about as unwise a thing as an ordinarily sensible person can do, is to neglect a "little" cold or cough and give it a chance to develop in any of these ways. And when it comes to the treatment of children, neglect is criminality. All the dangers to be feared from colds and coughs may be averted, in the very outset, by the administration of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a medicine ineffably beneficent, which allays the coughing, soothes to refreshing rest, and brings back health.

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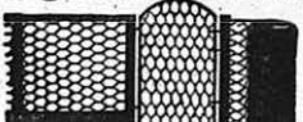

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sensitive persons. It may be unwittingly done, and it may be charlatanry. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of," says Shakespeare; and there are many ways of stirring up our stuff to very queer dreaming.

The ghost beheld by Macbeth is in point. The king had just learned from his paid assassin, that Banquo had been put to death. He goes to supper with the vivid thought of his murdered kinsman in his mind. As he looks to the royal seat, there he beholds the *simulacrum* of Banquo! The nobles of Scotland are there, not one of whom can see the vision. It was produced from the brain and fancy of the guilty king.

Sometimes these spectacles are witnessed by several at a time. This may often be due to some common relation, some magnetic sympathy between them, by virtue of which an idea vivid in the mind of one can be made a visible shape, according to the law which has been indicated. The ghost of Hamlet would seem to fall within this category.

SECOND SIGHT.

The faculty of second sight has often been instanced. We, most of us, have somewhat of a belief in its existence. Indeed, it is a common and general belief of human beings in the various shades of culture, except they are wholly agnostic as well as anoétic. "Coming events cast their shadows before," says the poet Campbell. The faculty of prescience, however obscured, is part of our nature, as inhabitants of the region which is beyond time. There are individuals able to read somewhat of the future of others. In the winter of 1857-8, when a monetary crisis overspread the country, I heard William Fishbough predict that it would be temporary but would be followed speedily by a civil war, in which slavery would fall; after which would ensue a great social demoralization, and finally another fearful pecuniary crash. Literature abounds with such things. Jung-Stilling tells of a woman in Strasburg who predicted the French Revolution. She saw Admiral Coligny, the Huguenot leader, who was assassinated at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew two centuries before. He was exceedingly active in it. She added that the French Republic would not last nor the *regime* of the Bourbons return. Indeed, it had been foreseen before our own American Revolution that the Royal Family of France would be dethroned.

THE GUARDIAN GENII.

The guardians of human souls attend them on every hand. "We are compassed about with a multitude." They often avert perils which we have no conception of, and put us on our guard. Sokrates recognized him by a significant curbing, which kept him from doing a wrong or unsuitable action; never, however, prompting him to do any thing. Professor Tholuck, of the University of Halle, related an instance of such interposition in the case of his colleague, Professor De Wette. The latter was one of the most unimaginative of men. One evening he left his residence and went to pay a visit, returning at a later hour. As he came to the house, he observed his study lighted up. He had locked the door, and the key was now in his pocket. Watching carefully, he presently saw a figure come to the window and look out. It was the *simulacrum* of himself. Resolved to see the matter out, he engaged a room for the night in a house across the way, which commanded the window of his study. He saw his double at work apparently after his own manner and finally retire for the night.

Early the next morning, De Wette hurried home, went to his study, unlocked the door, and found every thing as he had left it the previous evening. Not yet certain of himself, he went into his sleeping apartment. Here, to his utter astonishment, he found that the wall had fallen upon the bed, crushing it to the floor. The counterfeit De Wette had saved the other. "I doubt this no more," said Tholuck.

ARTIFICIAL SUPERNATURALISM.

I doubt very seriously whether it is wise or even justifiable to seek for tangible, objective revelations. The art is a kind of sorcery. The preternatural visions and other phenomena seem to be incident to peculiar temperaments or constitution of body, rather than as indicating or proceeding from an extraordinary moral or spiritual excellence. Anciently the "witch-herbs," poppy, belladonna, hemp, henbane, etc., were used to develop them; others made use of music, fasting and exciting dances to produce the enthusiastic frenzy. I doubt whether revelations procured in this way were harmless, or very reliable. The mesmeric visions, often created by reckless, immoral and ignorant individuals, must be classed in the same light. I mean every counterfeit, every mimetic act; not true in its inception.

PROPHECY AND FOREKNOWING.

Let us not, however, like bats, repudiate the presence of the sunshine, and only consent to believe in midnight and twilight. While discarding hallucination and morbid hankering after superior communications, the true soul will wait patiently and be always ready to know by the normal faculty that which is beyond. The power to know is inherent, and is dormant only because of our immaturity and the absorbing the attention in the matters of the material world. There are intuitive perceptions of eternal verity in all, which are rightly acknowledged to be primary revelation from the Divine. "All prophecy," says Maimonides, "makes itself known to the prophet that it is prophecy indeed, by the strength and vigor of the perception; so that his mind is freed from all scruple about it."

It is apparent that there is a faculty possessed by men that is capable of cultivation and development, till we are able to receive normally the communication of interior wisdom and to perceive, as by superhuman endowment, what is good and true, as well as appropriate for the immediate time. Some may regard it as a superior instinct; others suppose it to be a supernatural power. We need, however, both discipline and experience in this as in other faculties, for our powers all are limited. It is more than possible, besides, to mistake vagaries of the mind and hallucinations for monitions and promptings from the eternal region.

As we get older we take on new relations with the universe. The germs of faculties, doubtless, exist in us, the presence of which, perhaps, has been hardly expected. They are certain, however, to be developed sometime. Perhaps much that we have intimated is abnormal and precocious, but it is not altogether supernatural, as the word is understood. There is after all an instinct, a kind of fortune-telling proclivity, the outcrop or rudiment of a function yet to be more fully evolved. "Where there is Nature," says Aristotle, "there is also divine mind." Nature is not energy, but power—a capacity to evolve. It exists because of Divinity, and it will never cease till it has evolved that which is divine.

There are and there will be, intrusion into this world's history from the realms beyond; and there will be eventually, if there has not been already, a sensibility to occult forces developed, which will enable the key to be used by which to understand the whole matter.

THE BETTER WAY.

Nevertheless, I think that there is a more excellent way to the better knowledge. It is the perfect disciplining of the entire nature. There is a certain wholesome condition of the mind and affections, which produces, as by its own outbirth, those sentiments of reverence and justice, those deep principles of unselfish regard for the well-being of others, which render the individual in every fibre of the being, pure, good and true. It is thus that we come to the knowledge of our own selfhood—not as an egoism, but as oneness with the divine being.

If we are so constituted as to be susceptible to peculiar states of spiritual exaltation, there are normal conditions for entering them. The intuitive faculty, as has been already declared, is the highest of our powers. In its perfect development it is the instinct peculiar to each of us, matured into an unerring consciousness of right and wrong, and an equally vivid conception of the source and sequence of events. We may possess all these by the proper discipline and cultivation of ourselves. Justice in our acts and wisdom in our lives are, therefore, of the greatest importance. These will in due time bring us to that higher perception and insight which appear like a child's simplicity to those possessing them, but as an almost miraculous attainment to others.

Assertions and half-truths, emotion and mad excitement, are not sufficient. The law of the good is the leader to the True and Right. These possessions of the mind are permanent. Old age will impair physical endowments; wealth will be destroyed by accident or misfortune; but the Golden Knowledge is the possession of that which is known, and therefore indestructible. Perhaps, we may not be quite certain whether the interior monitor is our own spirit quickened into infinite acuteness of perception, or the Infinite Wisdom acting through and upon us; nor need we be careful to inquire, for the two are one.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." They dwell in eternity, and live a life not amenable to the conditions of time and space; therefore, they are capable of beholding Eternal Realities, and coming into communication with Absolute Beauty, Goodness and Truth—in other words, with God Himself.

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asked for the granting of favors, because he knew what things we had need of before we asked him. He represented this spiritual Father as being perfect in every spiritual attribute. In love, in truth, in purity, in holiness, in justice, in fidelity, in mercy and in loving kindness, he is the absolute fountain, from which the spirit of all these is a proceeding. And he taught, as a fundamental principle, that all are required to love this spiritual Father supremely; and to give evidence of such love, by loving his fellow beings as he loves himself; and that one could know his own status in respect to this spiritual Father, by knowing his status toward, or in respect to, any fellow being. He taught that completeness of human life and character could be attained only by becoming perfect in each and all of our relations to our fellow men. In short, that the status of spirit existing in us in respect to those about us, became a revelation of our status in respect to God; that those who entertained feelings of unkindness, of ill-will, or of contempt toward any fellow being, were living in a state of inharmony and irreconciliation with the heavenly Father; that one who entertained lustful feelings and desires toward any one was, in heart, guilty before God of the crime implied in such desires, that one who cherished feelings of anger, malice and unforgivingness toward any, need not pray to be forgiven of the heavenly Father. Said he, If, when you bring your gift before the altar, you there remember that there is aught in your mind against any brother, leave your gift unoffered, and go your way; first become reconciled to your brother, and then make your offerings unto God. Your spiritual status must be, always and everywhere, one of supreme love of God, and equal love of neighbor; and you must love God supremely before you can your neighbor as yourself; therefore, when you find in yourself any purpose or motive which would induce in you actions not in harmony with this supreme-universal love, be assured that you are in a state of antagonism, not only to God and his government, to your fellow beings and their well being, but to your own divine destiny, and you are walking in that broad road which leads to spiritual death.

His entire system of truths is based upon the hypothesis, that the supreme good of the individual can be attained only by such a state of the affections, purposes and actions, as will cause the individual to seek with, all his mind and might, the highest good of all, —friends and foes. And his instructions as to the way in which this is to be accomplished are summed up in the two commandments, first, Love God supremely; and second, Love your neighbor as you love yourself. And he taught what it is that constitutes supreme love of God; and that is, supreme love of the Divine Attributes, as the attribute of truthfulness, of purity, of holiness, of justice, of fidelity, of mercy and of loving kindness. He taught that this love of the Divine Attributes must be so absolute, that you will permit nothing to come between your soul and its loyalty to the supreme government of the universe. Your spiritual status in this respect must be such as will cause you to say to all tempting influences, Get thee behind me, Adversary! Said he, If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off. If thy right eye, pluck it out. If thy earthly life demand exemption, yield it up. The way to the Father in the heaven is a straight and narrow one; but, to the loyal heart walking therein, it is of infinite and eternal value. It makes the subject an inheritor of all things, in the earth and in the heaven. It brings him to Christ; that is, to that spiritual status in which the Divine of the universe becomes an abiding conscious presence therein, and which, as the spirit of truth, will abide forever, leading the individual spirit into all truth. Said Jesus, speaking from the Christ status, Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy and my burden light.

Now, whoever desires to know whether this is so or not, must, for himself, make the experiment. And no one can authoritatively deny this doctrine, who has not made the experiment and found its falsehood in its failure. The first step to be taken by one resolved to know whether this Christly system is true or false, is that of self-renunciation; by which is meant, a resolution of the heart, that self-indulgence, self-gratification, self-enjoyment, self-advantage and self-gain, shall be held in subjection to the requirements of truth, of purity, of holiness, of justice, of fidelity, of goodness, of mercy, of loving kindness; until one comes to that spiritual state in which he can love his enemies, can do good to them that hate him, can pray for those who despitefully use him and persecute him, and thus, in spirit, become the child of his Father in heaven. The Christly system of truth teaches that all men can find the heavenly Father, when they invest their all in the effort to become perfect as he is perfect; that is, perfect in the spirit of the moral virtues; and that no one can find him in any other way. It teaches that the way is open to all, and that whosoever will may come to the Christ status, and become filled with all the fullness of God, and be crowned with honor, and glory, and immortality, and eternal life.

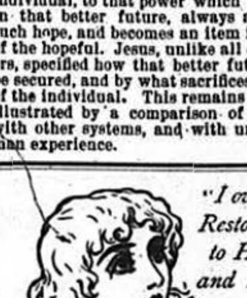
The Christly system makes faith and obedience essential to all who would seek and find the spiritual treasure, that pearl of inestimable value, in the perfect destiny to which every soul may attain. By faith is meant a conviction that there is such a destiny possible to every soul; and that there are means by which all may attain thereunto. This faith also embraces the means by which such attainment becomes possible, which means, according to the Christly system, consist in becoming perfect in the moral virtues; which implies faithfulness in all our relations to mankind, socially, intellectually, morally and religiously. By obedience is meant, a dedication of oneself to the service of humanity in every known way possible, by means of which our influence, our property, our strength, our talents, our all, are held by us as stewards in the mansions of our heavenly Father, to be so applied by us, that we may be able to render an account for all these talents intrusted to our keeping; knowing that we shall be blessed according to the fidelity with which these talents have been exercised.

The Christ of God is the divine presence in one who, through perfect obedience of divine law in all things, has attained, in life, in purpose and act, to oneness of spirit with the divine of the universe; and has, through the baptism of the holy spirit, become filled with all the fullness of God, and who in spirit dwells in the Father and the Father dwells in him. He only who has attained this status, has come to Christ—has put on Christ—has his life hid in Christ, and thus has become the Christ of God. This only is the Christ that saves from sin, and, hence, from the consequences of sin.

But this is not the Christ of the theologian; the one they teach mankind to look unto, and to expect in the coming future. He is not the Christ the Jews were looking for, who was to come from the loins of David, and was to sit upon his throne at Jerusalem. He is not the Christ, even, that the disciples supposed him to be, and that the theologians of the church have been preaching about for the last eighteen hundred years. He is not the Christ which appears in the theological dogmas of the Chinese—the Hindoos—the Persians—the Egyptians—or other peoples, about which so much is written by the unbelieving philosophers and students, who have been investigating, and doubting, and denying, and striving to annihilate the hope that there is or may be, a saving Christ for humanity, yet to be revealed. The Divine Christ never appears as an individual. It only appears in the individual, who through faith and obedience, has become spiritually cleansed and purified, thus presenting the spiritual body as a temple for the indwelling presence of the Divine Father, who comes therein consciously as Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.

The theologian has been teaching, and is still teaching, of some individual being, who either has already come or is hereafter to come, and become Christ for the world. He talks of a Christ that has died and has arisen again from the dead, and has withdrawn from the world to come again in the end of the world; but such is not the Christ of which Jesus spake; that Christ was never to die, but rather was so to give life, that the dead should live, and the living should not taste of death. The Christ of which he spake, gave of his flesh and blood to be eaten and to be drank, to the end that it should become an essential part of the individual selfhood in whom the Christ was to become its eternal life; meaning the Christ which redeems and saves me, must become a living, essential part of me, in the same sense that the food I eat must become, through a vitalizing process, transmuted into an essential portion of that selfhood of which it becomes a part before it can nourish, build me up, and sustain life in me. The Christ can save only those who come to Christ —who put on Christ—whose individual life becomes hid in Christ.

There is a religious intuition present in all minds sufficiently advanced in spiritual growth, which leads to the hope, and perhaps the expectation, of something better in the future; that which is expressed in the song: "There is a good time coming." This hope "springs eternal in the human breast," and lies at the basis of all forms of religious faith. It has its source in that ultimate status which is possible to every human spirit, and, hence, the gravitation of the spirit is in that direction. The idea of sacrifice on the part of the individual, to that power which is to bring in that better future, always accompanies such hope, and becomes an item in the faith of the hopeful. Jesus, unlike all other teachers, specified how that better future was to be secured, and by what sacrifices on the part of the individual. This remains to be fully illustrated by a comparison of his system with other systems, and with universal human experience.



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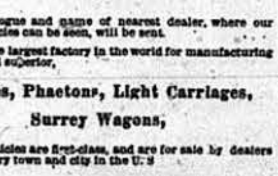

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